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MOUNT WASHINGTON IN WINTER.

By Edward L. Wilson.

NINE months of the weather on Mount Washington are held in the clutch of winter. Nearly every day, during that period, on its summit, or within sight of it, the snow flies. Its height is 6,286 feet above the sea-level. As Mount Hermon stands related to the Anti-Lebanon range, so stands Mount Washington related to our Appalachian mountains; it is the Jebel-esh-Sheikh—"the old chief"—for it is nearly always hoary-headed, and its broad shoulders reach far above and beyond those of its neighbors.

The tens of thousands of people who visit its summit, after the tree-line is passed, see only a confusion of rocks on the steep inclines—naked, hard, sharp, time-worn, and weather-beaten rocks—on every side. If Nature ever tried to vary the scene by the power of her creative forces, the wind and storm have long ago mercilessly swept away every bush and blade, and torn loose every vestige of clinging moss and curling lichen. Only the barren stone and the detritus of centuries lie there, all as desolate as death. From the distance and from the mountain air the pleasure-giving comes. Only a few of those who have thus seen "the crown of New England" know anything of its winter glories; while fewer still have climbed over the snow to its summit. The day is coming, though, when the popular winter resorts will include Mount Washington, and the hotel on its summit will be well patronized by delighted climbers. For over a dozen years a winter visit was made less hazardous by the establishment of a United States Signal Service station there; for it was some moral help to the adventurous visitor to know that, should rough weather overtake him while making his explorations, he could find a place of refuge and a soldier's welcome until it was safe to make the descent. It would be madness to make the winter visit at the present time, however, for the Government station has been abandoned, and there is no place of refuge there. When a better state of things prevails again, or when food and fuel are taken along, then it will be possible for others to share the pleasures and beauties I will try to describe—provided only, however, that a good supply of health, strength, and courage, sound lungs, a manageable heart, an experienced guide, and a cheerful method of taking disappointment are also guaranteed. The weather and the condition of the highway vary; therefore cold and storm may change every plan and close in upon every prospect of pleasure on the summit, after all the labor and fatigue of the climb are accomplished. Under such hard circumstances the philosophical mountaineer will form a plucky resolve to try for better fortune the next time winter comes along.

The best time to make the ascent is during the first week of March. Then the sun begins to play more warmly upon the snowy slopes and the coolness of the nights forms a splendid crust upon which to climb. Moreover, less new

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snow is apt to fall after February turns its back. Of course the bare rocks afford better going than either crust or snow; but then, if the rocks were bare, it would not be Mount Washington in winter.

Mount Washington in March.

More than twenty-five years ago I met a friend who was just learning to focus a camera. I did not know much about photography or mountain-climbing then; but ever since we have studied their possibilities together, and they have drawn us into many a strange adventure. This weathering of so many years has strengthened a friendship which cannot be broken. I could not write what I have planned without associating the name of this friend—Benjamin W. Kilburn—with it. Together we have ascended and descended Mount Washington five times, in winter. The glories and incidents of those bright spots in our lives I want to place on record and illustrate some of them with the work of the third individual of our compact—the camera.

The start was made from Littleton about 7 P.M., March 2, 1870. The night was clear and cold, and the wind had fallen to a minimum. Through the long avenues of snow-clad evergreens we sped, getting out of the sleigh and trudging after it when we came to the higher hills in order to make it easier for our willing horse and to warm our feet. How the frozen snow screeched as the sharp steel ran over it and cut it asun-

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der. I think I never saw so many stars. They were undimmed by any intervening vapors, and they sparkled with unusual brightness. Their light, caught by the freezing vapor which arose from the body of our little horse, formed a nimbus about her head; her nostrils seemed to send forth streams of phosphorescence as she sped along. It was so still too. The creaking and cracking of the ice, disturbed by the swelling of the Ammonoosuc from the melted snow which had been sent down from the heights during the day, and the ever-constant roar of the distant cascades broke the quiet of the night, but everything else was still. The lights were all out, even in the camps of the wood-choppers by the way, and we seemed to have all the world to ourselves. It grew colder and colder as the three hours rolled by, and we found ourselves alternating with the lunch-kettle and a tramp after the sleigh to keep up circulation. It was a new experience to me, and sometimes I wished it was not quite so oppressively lonely. Just after we crossed the river we were startled by a crashing noise among the broken tree-limbs which protruded from the snow. We had surprised a noble deer that was coming down into the valley to find water. As he disappeared into the forest he gave that shrill, defiant snort with which we were so familiar, and we felt that, having no rifle with us, we had missed one of the great opportunities of our lives.

To lessen the fatigue of the ascent, we planned to halt at the White Mountain House over night. It was ten o'clock when we reached there. We were not sure that even a watchman would be in the hotel at that season of the year, but we took the chances. After considerable pounding at the door, an upper window was opened and a head appeared. It was evidently a dazed head, for in answer to our application for admission it said, "I guess I can't let you in, for the fires are all out and I am alone." Upon being assured that we both knew how to build a fire, and that we were not dangerous characters, the gigantic wood-chopper who had the place in charge came down to the door in his bare feet and admitted us, although, he averred, "it looked like a foolish kind of bizniss to try to go up that maountin." We thawed away his theories, however, and sealed a contract with him to "kerry" us to the base of Mount Washington next morning on his wood-sled, and to take good care of our horse until we returned. Then we "turned in."

Bright and early the logger's sled and two strong horses awaited us at the door next morning, and long before the sun rose, our faces were turned toward our far-away objective point. In less than an hour we came to deep snow, and the horses began to fret and flounder. At times the drifts were so deep that all

On the Way Up Mount Washington, near the tree line.

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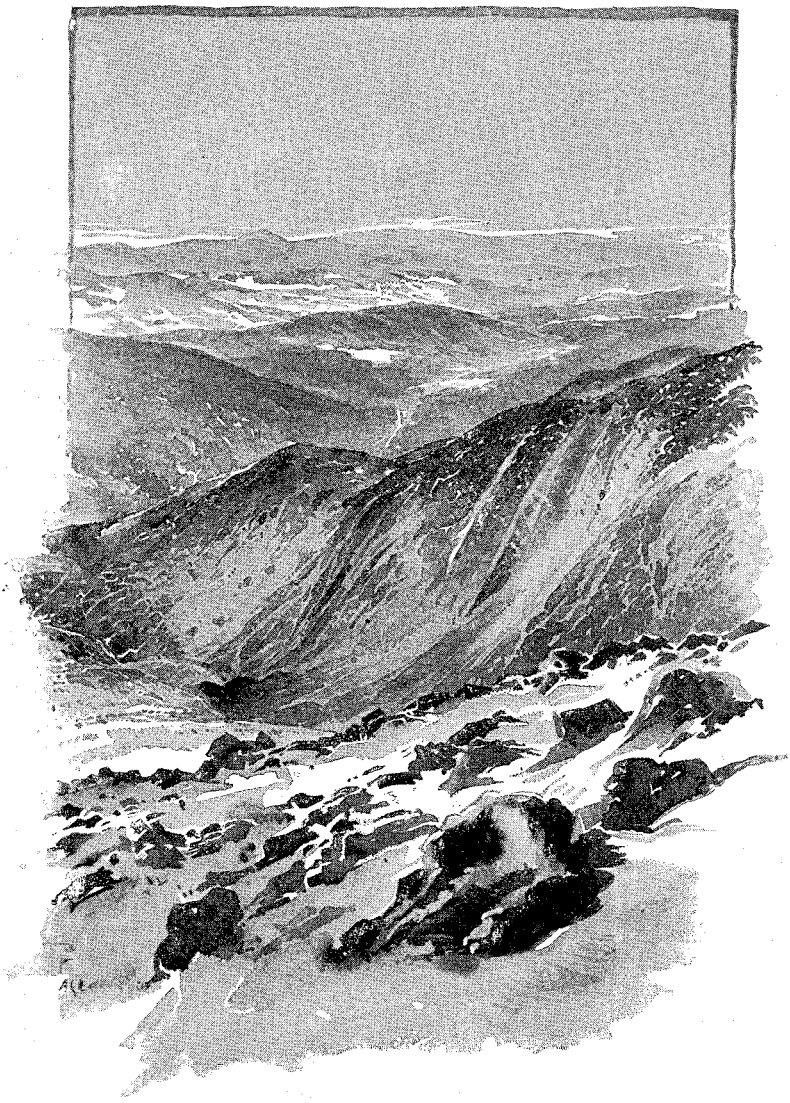
hands were obliged to help shovel a way for the horses to pass through. Every mountain was shut in when the journey began, but when the sun came up the clouds grew uneasy and rolled about. At intervals they opened and revealed the snowy tops of the mountains, with the glorious blue over them. Then they closed in again, swathed the great domes, and drove the light back. The quick changes, with their strange contrasts, were exceedingly striking, and occupied our entire attention. With what systematic intermittence creation and destruction seemed to work! The clouds often hung like a tunic upon the mountains, with just their heads appearing, and then they would rise diagonally like the knife of a guillotine, only to fall quickly, and cause the violent struggling and writhing to be repeated. At intervals the sun obtained the mastery, charging once more with his brigades and divisions; at the point of the bayonet he



Tuckerman's Ravine from Mount Washington.

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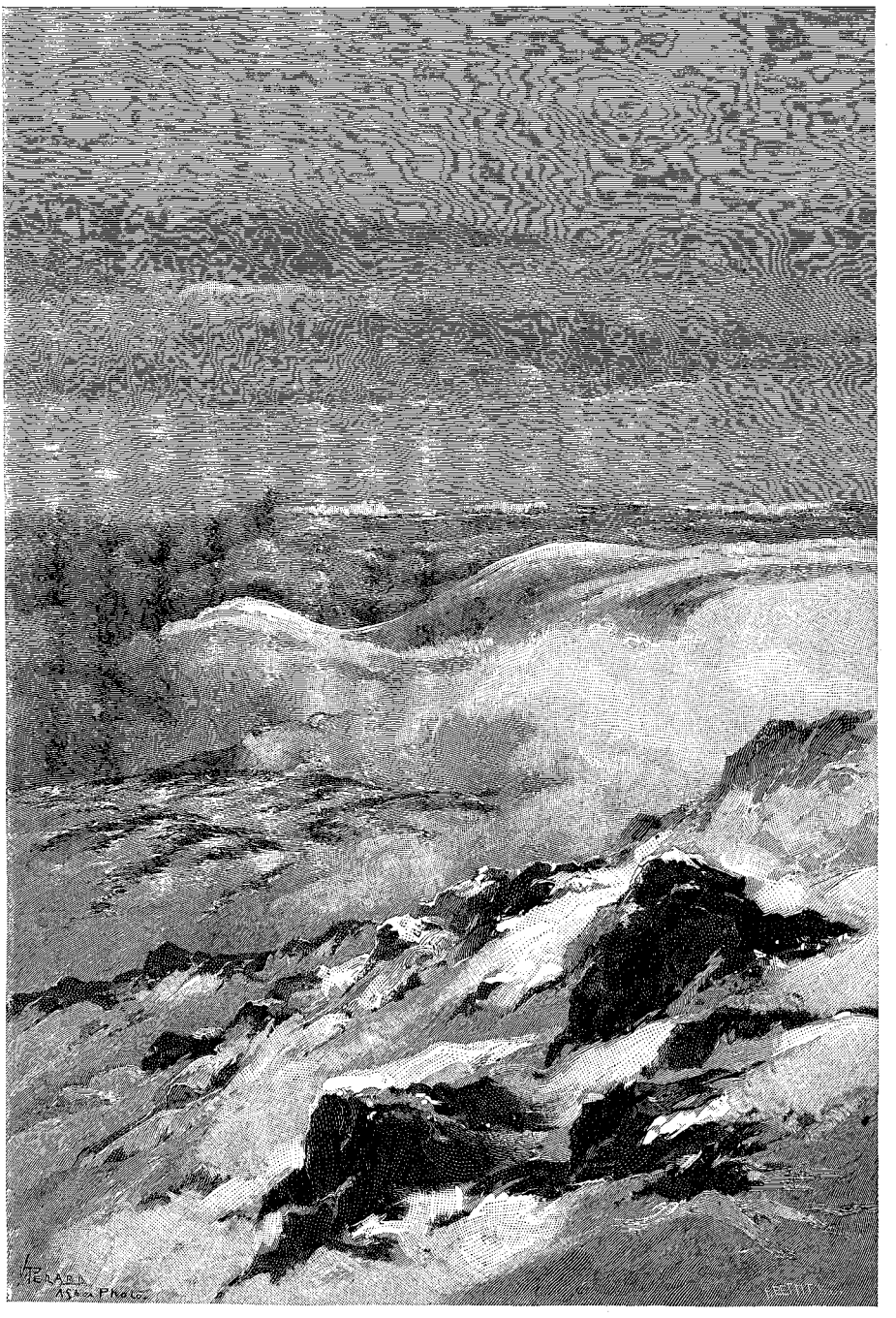

DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD. ENGRAVED BY F. A. PETTIT.

A Snow-storm Below.

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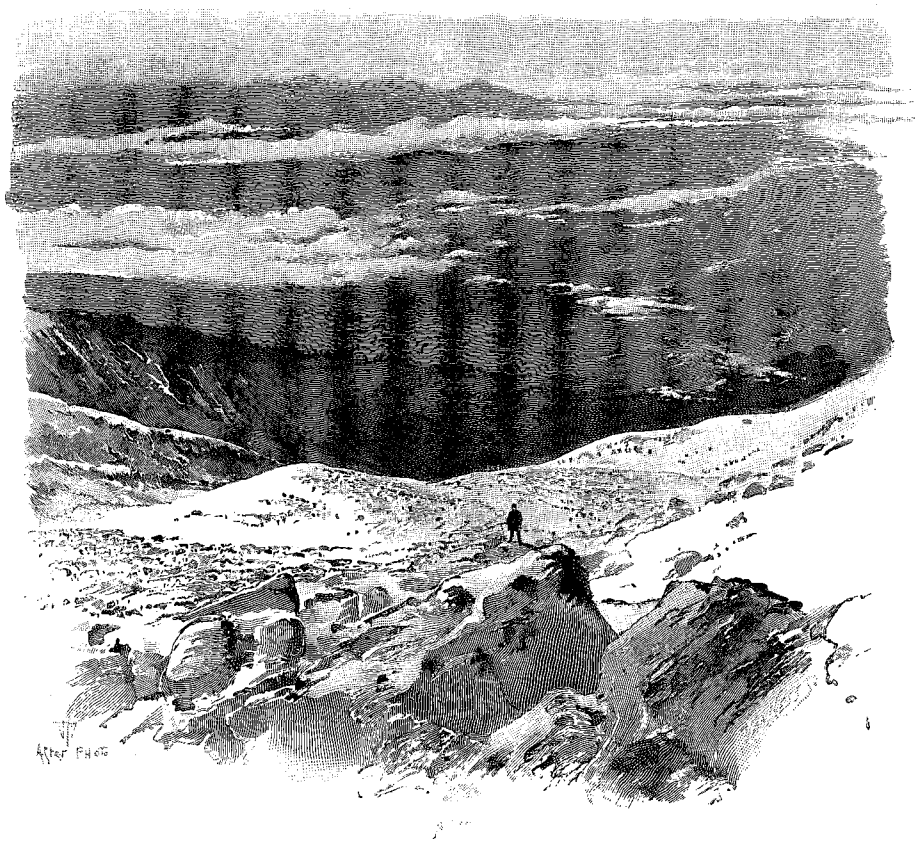
swept down the swaggering haze, and not even the smoke of battle remained. At rare moments it was beautifully clear, when a magnificent panorama was spread before us. In such sharp detail did



Valley of the Ammonoosuc, from Mount Washington.

Mount Washington then stand out that, even with our experience, we fairly shuddered at the thought of climbing up its bleak and broken incline. The sun, acting like the developer upon the photographic plate, brought out the delicacies of light and shade with astonishing power.

As we neared the base of the mountain we found that a fresh, deep snow had fallen during the night, through which it was impossible for the horses to pass. We sent them back to their stable, took to the snow-shoes and pushed on. It was then snowing hard, but there was nothing discouraging about that. We knew there was a loggers' cabin in the woods near the old railroad depot, where we could rest and recuperate. We reached it just as "John," the caterer in the camp, had poured the water on the coffee for dinner. We were invited to partake of the humble meal of corn-bread, potatoes, coffee, boiled pickled pork, and black molasses. But I was too hungry to depend on such fare, and secretly sneaked out to the wood-shed where we landed our luggage, and made a requisition on the lunch-kettle we had brought from Littleton. (It is only fair to the warm-hearted loggers to say, that when I returned from the summit, a few days after, I was so changed, in some way, that I heartily enjoyed their food.)

A consultation was now held as to the propriety of making the ascent. "Mike," one of the sturdy woodsmen, said the weather was threatening, "but

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we might git up before the storm caught us." The crust was all we could desire, as no snow had fallen upon the mountain during the night. It was determined to push on and follow the railroad track, only diverting from it when we discovered a better crust, or the deep drifts made it dangerous. It was a mercy to us that the sky was overcast, for our eyes were thus spared much pain. Mike accompanied us "to help carry the traps," I was informed; but in reality, as I afterward discovered, to help to carry me, in case I should "faint by the wayside." At first I was not allowed to bear any of the luggage. Even my overcoat was carried for me when the work grew warm. But as I displayed my power to endure, first my coat, then the lunch-kettle, and then portions of the apparatus were gradually piled upon me, until I bore a full share of the load. The "wet" photographic process was all we knew about then, and our developing-tent and apparatus aggregated some seventy-five pounds in weight. Modern "dry"-process workers would abandon their pleasant hobby if forced to carry such a load as that. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the climb until long after the tree-line was passed and we came out into the "open country." The snow grew softer, even though the sun was not shining. When we could, we took to the rocks in preference. Sometimes they were slippery with ice, when it seemed wiser to walk around them and hold on to them. As to one walking along a muddy path, or over a pavement covered with slush, the opposite side ever seems the most enticing, and he, constantly changing his course from side to side, lengthens his journey with but little gain; so, when ascending a mountain in winter weather, one is always tempted to diverge from rocks to snow, and *vice versa*. Hands and knees were sometimes applied to the rocks. Occasionally a broad platform of clear, gray granite afforded a place of rest and an opportunity to look down upon the white world from which we had risen. But when we turned toward the summit of the "chief," only gray clouds met the view. Not long before we reached the "Half-way House," an advance-guard of great snow-flakes came down upon us. They flew about as frantically as hornets. The wind became as fitful as a madcap, and drove us to the leeward of some of the higher rocks to escape the shaking it threatened. Now the snow seemed ground to powder and was spirted into our faces with cutting force.

Overlooking the Clouds.

"Medford" to the Rescue.

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Then we entered a falling cloud, just as we veered to the right for the last long climb, when a cold northeast sleet-storm assailed us on the left. I never heard such a grinding din as wild nature then made. We could not see a yard ahead, and the noise was so deafening we could hardly hear each other speak.

Frost Feathers under the Railway Trestle.

"Keep the railway in sight, gentlemen, or we are in danger of losing our way," said the cautious Mike.

We were now perspiring "like August horses,"—on the side turned from the sleet. On the side toward the storm our beards were gradually lengthening to our hips. Suddenly the wind grew more violent and erratic, and it became darker than twilight. We could not stand alone. Joined arm in arm, one following the other sidewise, we made our way with great difficulty up the now steepest part of the climb. We had looked for "Jacob's Ladder" as a landmark to guide us, but the driving sleet hid it from us, and we passed it by unwittingly. We bore to the left to try to find it and get our direction; but failing, we turned to the right again, and tried to make a bee-line across the great curve of the railway to the summit. We floundered about there, confused and bewildered by the storm, and were sometimes compelled to stop, bend forward and turn our backs until the gusts had spent their strength. We were never cold, and made up our minds to gather all the enjoyment we could from this new experience. Many a battle with the elements had been fought by us all in the days and nights gone by, so it was now rather exhilarating than otherwise. The real danger of the situation, while it did not make us afraid, caused us to cling closely while we made one more effort to gain ground against the storm.

"Mike, do you know where we are?"

"Yis, sur, to an ell," he said.

What a noise was going on then. A thousand whirling stone-crushers, with hoppers filled with the granite of Mount Washington, could not make a greater racket. What a giddy shambling followed Mike's last honest effort to bring us to a place of refuge. Suddenly we came into collision with an immovable body. The shock separated us. I saw a black, square something nearly facing me. Involuntarily I put my arms out and made a desperate effort to embrace it. When I recovered I found it had embraced me. I had fallen into the open doorway of the old depot building wherein was located the first signal station of Uncle Sam's weather bureau. My companions followed with less demonstration. In five minutes we stood over the Government cook-stove, thawing out the icicles from our whiskers. The quarters of the observers then consisted of one room, with double floor and padded sides in the southwest corner of the

Frost Feathers on the Tip-Top House, Mount Washington.

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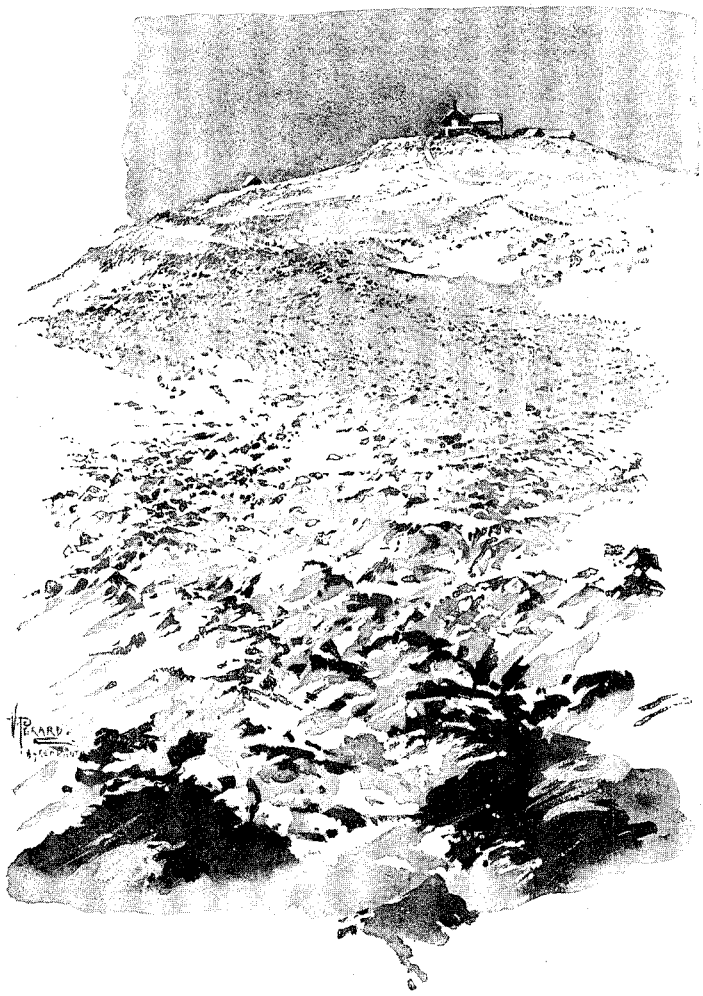
building. Two stoves were used to keep the apartment warm, and very often they failed. Sometimes the wind drew all the heat up the chimneys as a cork is drawn from a bottle. We were made welcome by the observers, who were expecting us. I thought I had never seen other, and were stuffed nearly full with blankets. Yet one could scarcely keep wedged in or warm; to sleep was impossible.

The ascents which followed varied but little in general method, except that the



The Last Half Mile—the Summit in View.

so comfortable a place; but, in fact, I never passed so terrible a night. The great frame building rocked to and fro like a ship at the mercy of the sea, and the growling of the storm was more frightful than anything I had ever experienced on the water. The sleeping-places—deep, well-fastened bunks—were arranged at the south end of the room, one over the start was always made in the morning long before daylight, and good weather blessing us, as a rule, we were favored with such natural phenomena as come only in the mountains, and to those who love them enough to arise early in the day to greet them.

Our fifth and last ascent was made March 2, 1886. Modern inventions as-

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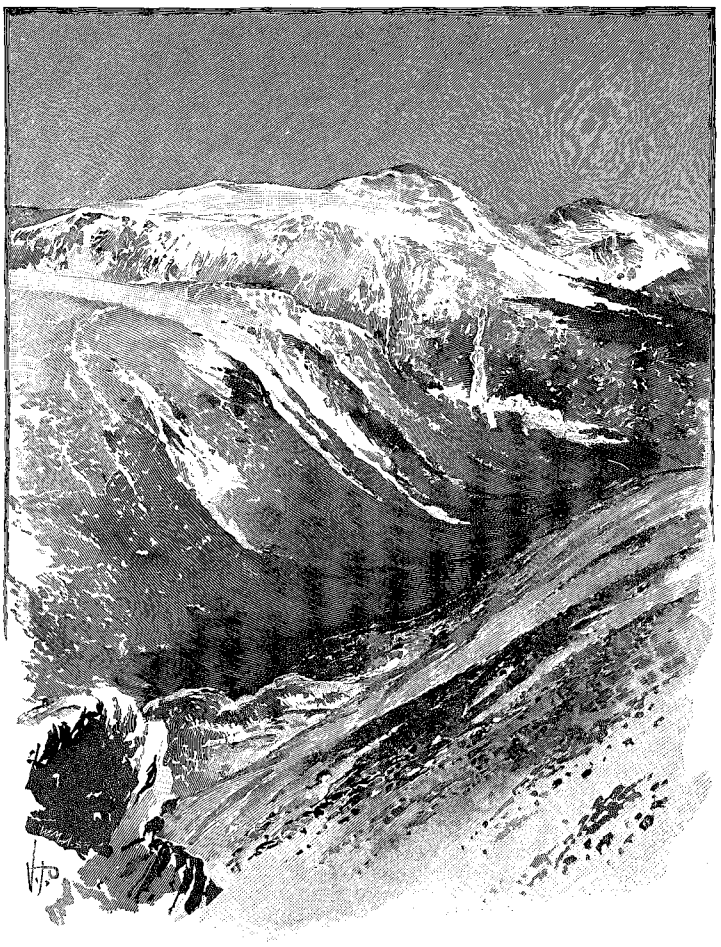

The "Presidential Range" and Gulf of Mexico, from Mount Washington.

sisted. The "dry" processes of photography were employed, and the journey to the base of Mount Washington was made, mostly before daylight, by the inglorious means supplied by a caboose on a lumber train. A deep snow had fallen upon the mountain the night before, so the ascent had to be started on snow-shoes. We followed the sled-road of the loggers for nearly a mile before reaching the railway. The trees were magnificently loaded. Falls and pitfalls were frequent as soon as we reached the mountain, because the new snow fell upon that which a rain-storm had soaked the day previous. Before we left the trees we heard a blast from an Alpine horn, and then we saw the great St. Bernard dog, "Medford," come bounding down through the snow, barking a welcome. He was our old friend, and quickly secured the friendship of John's black Newfoundland by having a frantic tussle with him in the snow. Medford was followed by two of the members of the Signal Service. We had telegraphed our start from the base, and they came down to meet us. The snow-shoes were left at the tree-line, where we took to the rock and crust. But both were so despairingly wet and slippery that we left them and tried the cog-rail. It was too dangerously icy; so our last resort was the cross-ties, upon which there remained a few inches of new snow. Thus we ascended the rest of the way, helped by our alpen-stocks each step in advance, straining and cling-

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ing and bowed down to the work. It required a desperate effort to hold our own against the wind betimes, and a continuously cool head was needed to grasp the situation. When crossing "Jacob's Ladder" we were compelled to resort to "all fours," and more than once to lie flat and warmly embrace the ice-clad sleepers until the gusts had spent their strength. Taken altogether, this was the most difficult ascent we made. Aching muscles testified for a week afterward that snow-clad railroad cross-ties do not supply the choicest kind of going to the mountain-climber.

It was fortunate for us that we did not plan to make our excursion three days earlier, for on February 27th one of the most violent storms ever known on the mountain took place. The "boys" thought their last day had come. When we tapped at the observatory door the sun shone so brightly, and the air was so clear, that it was hard to realize that it was ever any other way there. We had often realized differently, however. I must now turn to the account of some of our experiences in the neighborhood.

So restless are the elements on Mount Washington that one must move alertly in order to keep pace with the strange mutations which they bring about. A sight once lost is lost forever, for history is never repeated exactly there. The usual excursions made by summer tourists are possible in the winter-time. The "Presidential Range" — Mount Clay, Mount Adams, Mount Monroe, and Mount Madison, lying shoulder to shoulder, apparently within rifle-shot distance—affords a fine climb with better going than is possible in summer, provided there is plenty of snow. Between it and Mount Washington lies a ravine over a thousand feet in depth, which bears the misnomer of the "Gulf of Mexico." Its sides are precipitous and rocky, and the many springs which ooze from them supply the material for magnificent ice formations of varied colors. The tints are imparted by the mineral substances through which the streams find their way. It is "a spot of danger," and requires good courage and a faultless head to explore it; but the trained climber will like the excitement. When, now sideways, now grappling on all fours, and occasionally lengthwise, descending, you have gained the top of some great jutting rock, then lie down. Holding fast lest the wind catch you off guard, peer over into the abyss and bear witness to the details of its wild environs. You will then believe any superstitious tale that is told you about the groups of demons which are seen dancing down there on moonlight nights, madly screeching in strange consonance with the roar of the hundred cascades at the bottom of the great pit. From a rock similar to the one I have spoken of, I saw a magnificent display of the winter forces one day. The exhibition began with a crash! crash! crash! underneath me. The time for the release of the stalactites hanging to the rock had come, and they started down the icy slope below. As the descending masses broke into fragments of color and rolled in the wildest confusion down, glittering in the sun, the scene baffled description. A channel was cut through the ice and snow deep into the side of the ravine; the moving mass then started on every side a cannonade of rocks which was simply terrible. Enough ice was wasted to make a millionaire—sufficient granite was torn to fragments to build a block of New York flats—all rattled down into the gulf at once with maniacal fury, as if their mission were to burst the sides of the great gulf asunder. Some of the masses of ice, striking rock or crust, rebounded like billiard-balls, and, whizzing in the sunlight, glistened like massive diamonds and amethysts and emeralds afire. The horrible grinding of the rocks amid the dust of the snow was even more exciting. Sometimes the rock masses overtook one another in the air, and by the awful collision reduced each other to small fragments. The line of fire was wide enough to sweep a brigade of infantry from the face of the earth. How still it was when the last projectile had spent its force against the rocks far down in the depths of the Gulf!

Such exhibitions are liable to occur on a March day, when the sun shines, and they make the descent into the ravine dangerous unless the shadows are resorted to for protection.

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The wildest place of all the surroundings of Mount Washington is the well-known Tuckerman's Ravine. It affords grand opportunities in winter for witnessing some of the most curious meteorological phenomena. In five minutes after the summit of the mountain is left you are out of sight of all the buildings thereon. The confusion of rocks is the same in every direction, and you are in chaos. The brisk cannonading I have described is of frequent occurrence here; but even more mysterious is the manœuvring of the clouds. Witnessed from a good stand-point far down in the ravine, on a favorable day, nothing could be more grand. Boiling and seething, they rise and ride and drive without apparent purpose. I have seen the great masses separate, and one section continue on its hasty journey, until, as though realizing its loss, suddenly it would stop, then go back, make fast to the lost section, and continue on its course around or up the mountain. Sometimes the wind tears the great gray masses asunder and carries them in various directions as easily as a spider hauls a fly across her web. When they have reached the places willed by the invisible power, the detached masses are sent whirling about the neighboring mountains as though in search of some lost member of their force. In the summer time they are not so placid as in winter, for the rattling thunder accompanies such contentions almost any time after the mercury reaches "sixty above."

On a cold day, when the clouds have all been sent on distant missions and no haze obscures the view, the side of Mount Washington toward Tuckerman's Ravine resembles a steep cathedral roof with thousands of buttresses as white as the finest Carrara marble, and as glittering as the alabaster of the Nile. After a new snow on such a day, and with the right sort of wind, the most wildly exciting of all exhibitions, takes place. The snow begins, with an ecstatic gyration, to rise from the crest of the ravine in the form of a slender column. It gathers body as it rises, and like the clay in the hands of the potter, seems to swell as though it was a cylinder, and the snow was rising inside it, increasing its diameter. How it spins —then struggles—then with awful speed approaches the verge of the ravine and leaps out into space. Only a little imagination is needed now to picture the monster reaching out its arms frantically and shrieking. It hangs aloft for a moment, trembling and vibrating; then the wind receives it in its broad lap, and with relentless hand sows it broadcast over the terrible ravine. One after the other the snow monsters quickly follow—down to their doom. Thus snow-squalls are born, and thus the depth of snow to a thousand feet is packed down in the bottom of Tuckerman's Ravine to shape the great "snow-arch" which so many visit every summer.

Every day new experiences, always marvellous, may be had when the storms permit a visit to these deep places. It is never safe to go down into them alone, unless calm and clear weather are assured. You may feel that your experience has enabled you to place all confidence in your own eye, in judging of snow and slide, and in unravelling the time-worn and time-scarred passages; you may feel satisfactorily conscious of the power of your strong arms to hack and hew your way through difficulties; memories of former tastes of the glorious luxury of being entirely alone, where all nature is beautiful, may tempt you; but at high elevations in winter you should draw the line. Self-reliance is a good element, but it is always best to pool your supply with another of equal mettle. You take your life in your hands when you attempt "snow-work" alone. A misstep may break a leg or hold you fast. Yet, battling with the elements on Mount Washington is the most exhilarating exercise one can take —with wise precautions. A journey down to the "Lake of the Clouds" gives the wind a fair chance at the ambitious climber and is a fine experience. The broad expanses on every side cause one to shudder at the thought of being driven down one of them with no power of resistance. In the coloring of the air, so peculiar to this westerly side of the mountain, and in the grandeur of the great sleeping masses which lie down toward the Crawford Notch, and upon

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which the colors fall, no matter when you look upon them, you are sure to find revealed grand features that lift up your soul to a new majesty.

A much more picturesque series of excursions is afforded by the "Glen" carriage-road. At night and day, a visit at any look-out on this road well repays for all the labor entailed, and for some measure of risk. On a clear day, when the sunbeams glide over the peaks and up the valleys unrestrained except by the broad shadows of the mountains, the distant views, all the way down "to the earth," are very fine. Toward evening, or close on to a storm coming, the gauzy haze begins to soften the outlines and dilute the coloring of the mountains. Then the mist, rising and thickening, joins forces with the wind, and the creation of the most peculiar of all the results of the cold begins. I allude to what the observers term "frost-feathers." I have often stooped to "talk" to tiny ones in the Alps, but I believe they are not known elsewhere as large as those found on Mount Washington. The absolute transformation brought about by them is bewilderingly lovely. One hour after the wind has driven every vestige of snow from the summit, and the buildings are as clear of snow as when newly constructed, they may all become covered with frost-feathers so profusely that every rigid outline is gone and every object appears like a confused mass of eiderdown. More than three-fourths of the time the summit is cloud-enveloped, on account of the warm air which arises "from the world" and condenses overhead. When a certain degree of humidity is reached, the mist freezes the instant it touches anything. We will suppose that the wind drives it against a telegraph-pole. A frozen layer is deposited upon this, and is instantly followed by another and another until, if the wind does not change, a "feather" branches out horizontally from the telegraph-pole until the strange creation points out into the air, one, two, three—five feet or more. Over this and under it, and alongside of it, other formations go on, shaped like the wings of sculptured angels, or like the tails and wings of doves in the old time tomb-marbles, every bit as pure and white, and soft as alabaster. Their growth is very rapid. If a flat surface is chosen by the eccentric sculptor, then the feathers radiate irregularly from a central point, and are moulded into fascinating patterns as delicate as fern leaves and the feathers of birds, and always at an angle over each other. They are not like ice, or snow, or frost. They bend like tendon, and they are as tough as muscle. When melted, the most pure water possible is the result. Where fractured, their glistening, granular substance looks like marble or alabaster. Everything becomes covered and coated by them. When you tread upon them they are found to be elastic, and a peculiar nervousness takes possession of you. A latticed window covered with them is more charming than an Arabic Mashrebeyeh screen, with its delicately pierced patterns and its intricately chiselled bars. The feathered side of a tall rock appears like an obelisk high in air; every inch is hieroglyphed by deep cut characters, which, though beyond the ken of your philology, are full of meaning and make plain a lesson of the beautiful. As soon as the wind changes these lovely creations droop, drop, and disintegrate, while others form in their places, always on the windward side of the objects which they choose to glorify. Never does the summit of Mount Washington and the objects about it appear in such imposing glory as when lustred by frost-feathers. If you will walk back of the signal station on a moonlight night, before the moon is very high, when the frost formations are favorable, and look down the railway, the draped telegraph-poles will resemble a procession of tall spectres—or, if you choose, monks or one-armed dervishes, half in shadow and half in the glittering light, marching to the shrill fifing of the wind or gliding along with the rich contra-basso which comes up from the wide mouth of the ravine. What a bejewelled world it all makes!

If there was no other diversion on Mount Washington, watching the intermittent extinction and generation of the clouds affords sufficient interest to occupy much of the time. There are "best days" for this, however, as well as for the other sights. The summit of

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the mountain must be clear and the sun should shine brightly. Then, if a snow-storm forms, say a mile below, one of the most enchanting of all natural convulsions delights the observer. The unsubstantial formations rival in grandeur the solid mountains themselves. Disturbed by the warm air below them, and chilled by the cold blasts above, the great seas of vapor begin to roll and tumble and pitch, until a regular tempest forms and sways them all. The billows form great swells and depressions. They break angrily against the rocky mountain, and their snowy spray flies high in the air. Rising and falling, twisting and tangling, they tell of the falling flakes and grinding snow-dust with which the earth is being visited. The more the commotion, the more active is the fall going on below. How they toss and tumble, and how magnificent are the changes of light and shade!

I witnessed the finest show I ever saw of this nature, one afternoon, about half an hour before sunset. The great orb seemed to sink into a sea of saffron; yet it shone with almost painful brilliancy. Suddenly, upon the cloud surface in front of my stand-point, a mile below my feet, a great mass of shining light appeared. It was as brilliant as the sun, and of about the same color. It was a "sun-dog"—the image of the sun reflected on the white bosom of the snow-storm. It remained in sight for some time and was caught by the camera. The snow-storm continued, and the sun departed amid an attendance of clouds equal in glory to any summer sunset I ever saw. The coloring upon the upper surface of that raging snow-storm was beyond the gift of the painter to counterfeit. As soon as its life went away, the stars began to appear, for night comes quickly. I heard a great screech down in the valley, and saw a tiny glow coming toward me, like a "will-o'-the-wisp." It was the headlight of a locomotive on the Grand Trunk Railway at Gorham. Then the nearly full moon grew stronger, and a vast triangular shadow of the mountain was projected upon the cloud surface, black and solid and threatening, where but a few moments ago I saw the boiling color. Soon the snow-like sphere cleared the mountain-top, and all space on every side was illuminated, down as far as the clouds. But they continued to boil and drive and snow.

From a point opposite I have watched the clouds at break of day and have tramped my circuit in order to keep warm, while the process of sun-rising and cloud-dispersion went on. Few have ever beheld such transcendent glory at sunrise as Mr. Kilburn and I did one March morning from Mount Washington. At first the cloud masses seemed to reach from us, ninety miles, to the Atlantic, over Portland way. A crimson glow, blended into orange and gray, then arose like a screen—a background for the enchanting scene which approached. The clouds grew uneasy at this, but joining forces, resisted, and, for a time hindered, the progress of the drama. Then yielding, they separated here and there, and we could, with the field-glass we had, catch glimpses of light through the rifts. The earth was in full sunshine. We saw the streets of the villages. Men, pygmy-sized, were shovelling snow, and tiny horses and sleighs passed in sight. Then the clouds shut in and the mountain was in twilight once more. A great cloud-parting took place, and the mass below us broke into a thousand fragments. These gambolled and rolled wildly from side to side, and carried with them fragments of gaudy spectra which resembled broad segments of rainbows. Every moment there was a change of form and color. Again through the rifts we saw the world. Now the many tints became more scattered as the clouds rose with the light and interfered with its course. Only the snow-storm equalled the billowy confusion—nothing ever equalled the coloring. At last a gleam of light shone in the observatory window and caused our sleepy hosts to turn under their blankets. The sun has risen on Mount Washington.

Another phenomenon I witnessed, once only. It began between 10 and 11 A.M., and lasted almost an hour. At first a great, broad, gray ring, quite luminous, appeared around the sun. It was a "clear" day, but the firmament was scarcely blue. A secondary ring, as large and as broad, and nearly as lumi-

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nous as the other, formed, with the sun at its eastern edge and half within the ring. At three other points of this ring, and with the sun dividing it into four equal segments, were "sun-dogs," very bright, with a prismatic corona around them.

One of the ordinary diversions "on the hill" is to stand on "Observatory Rock," west of the signal station and just a little below, to see the great pyramidal shadow of the mountain cast by the rising sun on the snow just before the rosy glow comes shooting over the frost-feathered ridge-pole of the Signal Service station. It is as black as the shadow of the real pyramid cast by the sun or moon upon the yellow sand of the desert of Gizeh. When the atmosphere is sufficiently clear, as it frequently is, the mountains nearly a hundred miles away appear sharp and near. The whole White Mountain range is unobscured.

"Oh! the mountains! the mountains!" exclaimed my enthusiastic companion, when we witnessed the last sunset together there. "I never saw them look as they have looked to-day." This was an oft-repeated saying, but it was always true; for in fact the mountains never appear two days the same. Either sun or storm, or cloud or the seasons, or all combined, work up a composite for each day, always full of character but never twice alike. Therefore the mountain-lover, unlike the fisherman, is "always in luck." He always finds "peace, beauty, and grandeur" harmoniously blended, and he is ever "brimful of content." Whether breasting a storm or standing victorious upon some hardly gained height, he is always sure to be repaid well for all his endurance by the glories which surround him. Truly has that stanch climber in the Alps, Professor Tyndall, said: "For the healthy and pure in heart these higher snow-fields are consecrated ground."

Almost everyone is familiar with the duties and the functions of the observers of the Signal Service. But on Mount Washington their duties are peculiar. Seven observations must be made daily. The recording-sheet of the anemometer must be changed at noon. Three of the seven observations must be forwarded in telegraphic cipher to the Boston station. Routine office work—letters received and sent—must have attention between times, and several blank forms must be filled with statistics. The battery and the wire of the telegraph plant must receive careful attention, and the matter of repairs is no inconsiderable one. The station on Mount Washington is the bleakest, and, with one exception, the coldest in the service. Three to four men, including a cook, are usually there, with one cat and one dog. Life would be very hard to bear there were it not for the click! click! click! of the telegraph instrument, which is the active connecting link with the world—the main-stay and hope of these recluses. And then flirtations with the world's operators is a necessity. A regular consternation occurs in camp when a storm breaks the wires and connection is lost. In such cases the observers risk their lives in storm and cold in search for the break rather than be without the assurance of safety which the click seems to impart. The men live on as good food as can be. The larder is supplied in September, and the "refrigerator" (the top story of the observatory) is stocked at the same time. Meat and poultry are placed there already frozen, and they do not thaw "during the season." The water-supply comes from the frost-feathers. Care is taken that two or three barrels of these are stored in the back shed always, and a boiler full of them in half-melted condition is ever upon the cook-stove. A water famine has been known to occur, when, from the oversight of the cook the supply of frost-feathers has been allowed to go down, or "poor weather for frost-feathers" comes along. A drink of this all-healing feather water can always be found on the stove, icy cold, if the cook attends to his duty.

A hurricane at sea is hardly less frightful than a big blow on Mount Washington. I was literally blown out of bed one night. I was about to accuse my bed-fellow of kicking me out when instantly he came following me. The grind outside was frightful. We knew the airy structure was cabled and anchored to the rocks by ship's chains,

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but they seemed to expand so that it shook like an aspen leaf and creaked like an old sailing-vessel. The wind tussled with the double windows and capered over the roof like a thousand ogres. There was no sleep for anyone when there was "such a knockin' at de do'!"

Morning was always a relief after such a storm, even if it brought no cessation and but little light. Sometimes the feathers so obscure the windows that the lamps must be lighted in daytime. At other times the wind tears so through the building that the lights cannot burn. With all the fires going the mercury has been known to fall 23 degrees below zero inside the observatory. On December 16, 1876, the temperature outside fell to 40 degrees below. The mean temperature for the day was 22.5 degrees below. The wind was at 80 miles at 7 A.M., 120 miles at 12.22 P.M., 160 miles at 4.57 P.M., 100 miles at 9 P.M., and 180 miles at midnight. The force of the wind was terrible, and at times masses of ice were blown loose, making it extremely dangerous to stand under the lee of the building. The window on that side was fastened with planks in case of accident.

One of the greatest storms ever known occurred in February, 1886. The mercury dropped to 51 degrees below zero, and the wind rattled around at the rate of 184 miles an hour. It tore down one of the buildings and fired its parts against the observatory, threatening to break in all its doors and windows and the roof. But the stanch little building had a tough, thick coating of frost-feathers then, which proved to be a real protection to it, and so escaped. It was no pleasant task, however, to sit there and hear the twisting and crunching of the timbers of the neighboring building as they fell a prey to the angry elements. The anemometer on the roof was carried away from its bearings that night. A few days afterward a similar storm came up, but not quite so violent a one. Mr. Kilburn and I made the ascent the day before. A strong rope was tied around the waist of Sergeant Line when he climbed to the roof to make his afternoon observations, with all but one of us anchored at the other end of the rope. The camera caught him in the act. The wind-cups of the anemometer were spinning around so they could not be seen with the naked eye, and yet in the photograph they plainly show as a blurred circle, or resembling more a tube bent into circular form.

But for these excitements "the boys" would suffer from *ennui*. They insist that their life "on the hill" is not the most happy one in winter. It has frequently been broken into by sorrow and sadness too. One observer died there February 26, 1872, and his companion was alone with his dead body for two days before the storm would allow anyone to come up to him. A coarse coffin was made, and a rude sled, and then a solemn procession moved slowly down the mountain-side, over the snow, that the mortal remains of a brave boy might be deposited under the earth.

It was a matter of "turn" with the observers who should go to the base periodically with and for the mail. These journeys were often attended with much peril, and necessarily were frequently prolonged so as to cause much anxiety. The relation of one such incident will suffice to show what it meant sometimes to be a member of the Signal Service stationed on Mount Washington.

Never was there a kinder heart engaged in the service than that of Sergeant Wm. Line, now stationed at Northfield, Vt. He served on Mount Washington for quite five years (from 1872 to 1877), and I met him there several times. As near as I can remember them, I will, in his own words relate the story of what he considers as his most perilous ascent. It occurred November 23, 1875. The day was unpromising. Against his judgment he left Fabyan's at about 9 A.M., with the mail accumulated, for the summit. The team engaged to take him to the base could only pass a little beyond Twin Rivers, so from there he took to the snow-shoes. Arriving at the base he found every building deserted. At 11 A.M., without a word of cheer from anyone, and alone, he began the ascent. The old Waumbek Station-house was passed, and the foot of Jacob's Ladder was gained in safety after two hours of pretty hard work. The snow was then three or four feet deep, and the gusts of wind began to increase in power and in

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frequency. A few steps only could be made in the lulls between the gusts. When the hard blows came he was forced to lie down until they had gone over him. An hour was consumed in climbing the next half mile. When the Car House (used for storing tools and railway appliances) came into view, Sergeant Line tried to reach it. A gust carried him to the railroad track. He caught the T rail in his hands, when his body was blown up against the cross-ties and held there for some time. The next lull allowed a little progress and the Gulf Station-house could be seen; but it could not be reached. Said Sergeant Line:

"I found I was being swept rapidly toward the Great Gulf, so I floundered myself over against a rock and succeeded in coming to a halt. After resting awhile, assisted by my pike pole, I tried to reach the house, but it was impossible. I could not breathe facing such a wind, so I lay down and backed up the snow-drift which had piled up near the building, feet first. Such procedure was slow, but sure; thus the house was reached. I could not see it, but I knew when I had reached it, for I fell about six feet down the inside incline of the drift and brought up at the house. The wind had driven the snow clear away from the building, all around it, for some distance. I was unharmed and quite content to be out of the power of the wind. At 3.30 P.M. I started on the journey again, having recuperated my strength in the house. Hardly had I opened the storm-door when it was banged shut again with such force as to break it in two. The wind subsided somewhat in an hour, when I made another start. After many efforts I gained the top of the bank of snow only to be whirled back and lodged under one of the supports of the building. I concluded it was useless to try to reach the summit before night, so I returned to the house, and gathering what wood I could, I proceeded to make a fire. When prepared to strike a light, to my horror I found my match-box was gone. It had rolled out of my pocket during one of my tussles with the wind. A frantic search revealed in my vest pocket a single match, which had been given me in the morning with a cigar. It was damp; but knowing that my life depended upon it, I carefully dried it between thumb and finger, and with anxious heart tried to ignite it. Gentle frictions gradually restored it—it ignited—I was saved. At 7 P.M. I had a good fire. I found an old teapot containing some tea that was steeped four months before. It tasted like turnips. But with it and some cakes Mrs. Line had put in my knapsack in Littleton I made a fine supper. I was tired by my day's work, and soon after I fell asleep. It was 7 A.M. before I awoke. In a few minutes after I was on my way again. I was making good progress and was near the summit when I met my companion, Mr. King, coming down the mountain to search for me. I am sure he was glad to be relieved of a great anxiety, such as we had all shared in the past when searching for the bewildered and the lost. Hardly had we reached the platform in front of the hotel on the summit when we heard voices. Immediately three men appeared coming up out of the fog. They were Mr. B. W. Kilburn, of Littleton, and Messrs. Band and Gallagher. The last two had been requested by Mr. Kilburn to join him in his search for me. He had been awakened, near midnight, by the telegraph operator, with the intelligence that I was lost on the mountain. Immediately and alone he started in his sleigh for Fabyan's, travelling all the rest of the night in the storm and cold. From Fabyan's he walked to the base. He lost his way once in the meadows before reaching Fabyan's, as it was then so dark and so rough was the storm. He searched the mountain for me and saw where I had rested on the way. Had he been an hour earlier he would have passed me while I slept. No one appreciates better than I do what heroism it required to undertake such a search. While we breakfasted together and related our experiences, an inquiry came from headquarters at Washington as to my whereabouts. In a few minutes after, a message from Littleton came, announcing that six men had left there to help Mr. Kilburn. Then a third message reported that the railroad company had detailed fifty men, with pick and shovel, to search for the man who was

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lost. But my brave friend headed off all these generous enterprises by quickly returning to the base with the intelligence that the lost was found."

Many times the observers risked their own lives to rescue the perishing. A telegram was always sent from Littleton when anyone started "up the hill," and if a fairly prompt arrival was not made a searching party was at once sent out from the observatory. Help from Littleton was also called for. Brave hearts always responded promptly in such cases.

One descent, which I shall describe, was eventful, and typical of all the similar journeys I had made. With long, swinging strides we started down the slope, crushing at every step enough beauty and glory to excite the wonder and admiration of the world. The sky was blue and the weather-makers promised us a "clear day." The dawn had developed into glorious morning, and the sun was pouring its libations of gold and purple over the mountains and down into the frozen valleys. Again we saw the loftier heights tinged with rosy hue, while the limitless shadows which fell upon the snowy slopes caught and repeated the soft azure of the sky. The crust was hard, the rocks were glacéd, and long fields of ice stretched between them, which made the descent a dangerous one. We passed from snow-crust to ice, and from ice to rock alternately. The thin ice upon the rocks, over which the melted snow had trickled the day before, was the most troublesome and required great caution. Once with my alpen-stock I made a mighty advance-longe at such a rock, in order to obtain a stop for breath when I had leaped upon it. Alas! the ice was not so thick as I anticipated. The steel point glanced, and my staff went from my hand, leaping through the air and ringing like a bell as it went. I soon forgot my loss in watching its strange antics. For a moment it glided over the broad ice-slope below, half erect; then it fell and bounded up and down like a rod of iron, until, striking another rock end first, it came up all standing again, then again flew through the air as before. It turned and rolled over and shifted end for end, slid sideways, bounded and leaped, gaining speed as it went, far away from my recovery. The last bound I saw it make was into a ravine. Fortunately we had bound duplicate staffs upon our shoulders, so that no inconvenience followed the escapade.

Seeing a wide field of ice below us, and which we must cross, we halted upon a broad-topped rock to take breath and to tighten our luggage before we attacked it. We had passed the frost-feather line now, and the rocks protruded more nakedly through the snow. As we looked back there was a noble amphitheatre with clean-swept stage. The crags and spurs supplied the accessories; the backgrounds and screens were of light and shade most mysteriously composed. In all positions the actors stood, some in simple garb, others with costumes laced delicately and embroidered fantastically by icy needles in hands more deft and skilful than ours. It was a gorgeous scene. How many storm dramas had been enacted there!

But there was a difficulty behind us, and we must turn and face it. It was an ugly spot, and neutralized the pleasure of examining the surroundings somewhat. We made up our minds to glissade the slope, and glissade we did. Before we began my careful companion gave me this piece of advice: "Keep your mind wholly upon your feet and upon your staff. Press down upon the first with all your might and main, and have the other every instant of the time in good position to press it down, hard, in case you fall. If you slip, turn quickly upon your face, sprawl all you can, to make yourself as wide as you can; push the point of your staff with both hands hard into the ice under you; this will probably stop you. Under no circumstances allow yourself to slide on your back." I did not slip until I came within a few feet of the foot of the slope.

Instead of obeying the rules I allowed my mind to rest upon embracing a narrow rock ahead as soon as I came to it. I came to it, face down, sooner than I calculated. The heavens scintillated while I dreamed, and when I came to my wits again I was lying on my face astride the narrow rock for which I had aimed.

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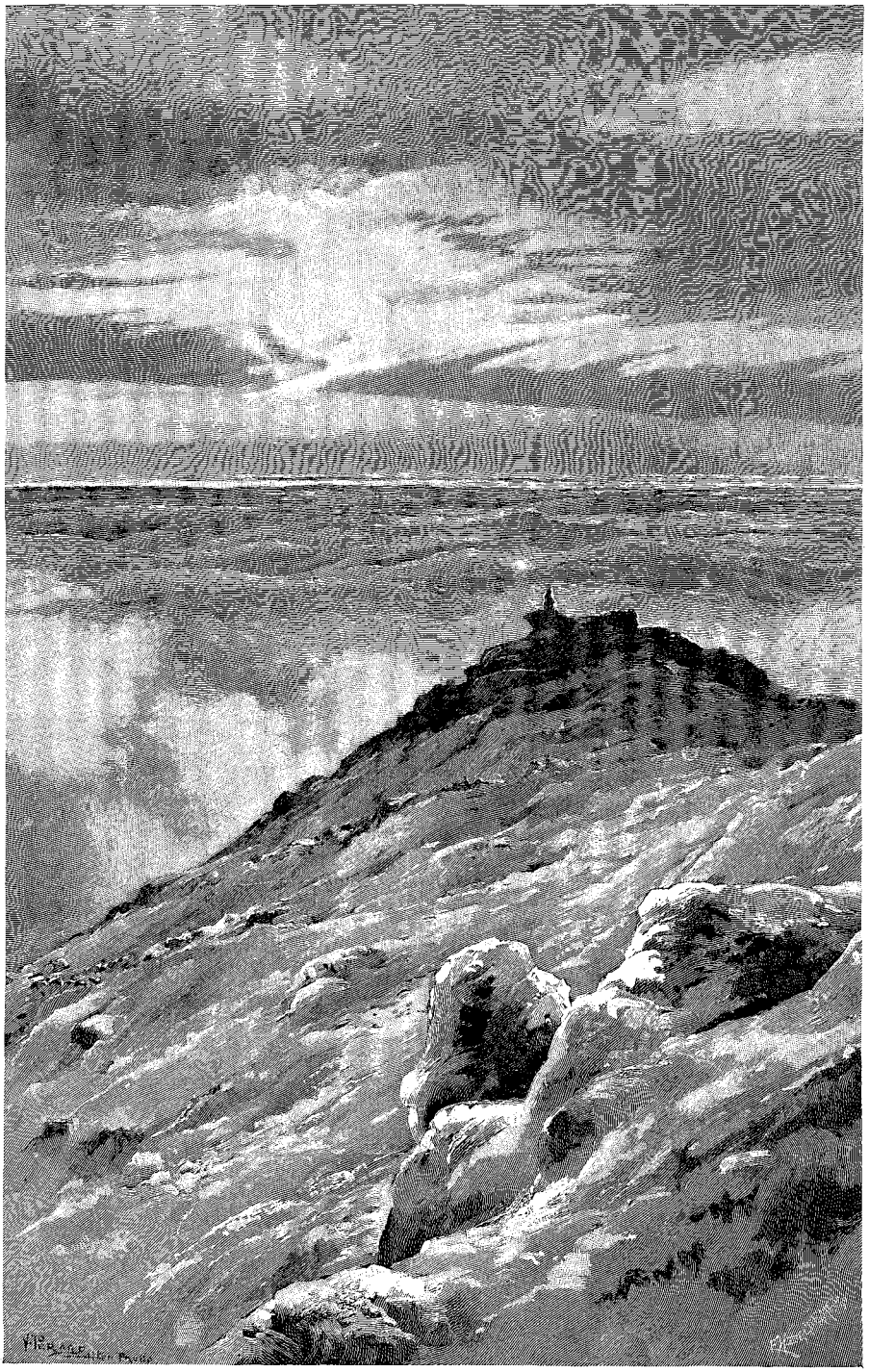

DRAWN BY VICTOR PÉRARD. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

Sunset. A Sun-dog on the Snow Clouds.

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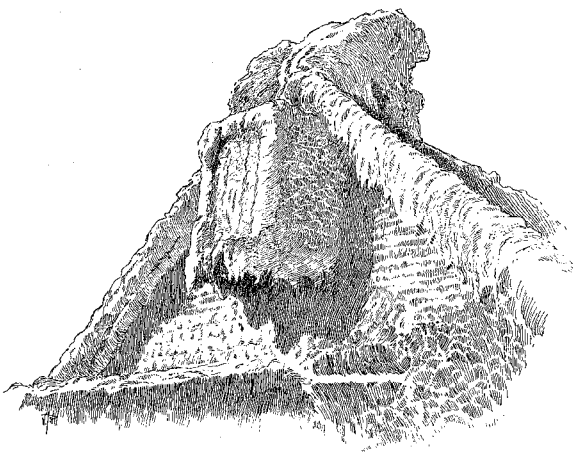
My plan had succeeded, but the ways and means employed differed somewhat from the details of my drawings. Glissading is an upright and manly diversion—at least it should be upright—but success does not always crown the first attempts at it. The start should be made with the alpen-stock held firmly in both hands and trailed after you at one side. Do not allow the head to change places with the feet; resist all intimacy on the part of the ice. Have no collision with it. The stars belong to the heavens, and should only be seen with the eyes cast upward. Do not sit down to work nor "take a header" willingly. Press the steel point of your staff vigorously into the ice, if you falter, and secure a soft place for recuperation before you fall.



Mount Washington Signal Station.

Perhaps if I had not been thus brought to a stand-still we should never have obtained the sublime views we had over the bristling trees across the country and down into "the lower regions," as the observers say. Turning our eyes to the summit we saw veils of thin clouds winding around the mountain in folds which excited our æsthetic fervor. Then they thickened into long furrowed lines, dark and threatening, and these began to roll and toss about. "The whispering grove betrays the gathering elemental strife," the book of "Weather Proverbs" used by the Signal Service says. The truth of this was verified to us now, because, as if in sympathy with the disturbance gathering about the summit, the groves a half mile below us began "whispering" ominously. We knew what it meant. The sky was yet clear, but the wind began to blow furiously from the west-southwest. It had been snowing from there down to the base for two or three days, and we no sooner left the ice-slopes than we had to meet the deep drifts. The great trestles of the railway were snowed full, and we dared not try descending on them. For descending they are always dangerous. We had to flounder through the deep snow the best we could. We could not make our way to the little tool-house where our snow-shoes had been left. Up to the waist, then, we plunged. Our progress was very slow. It grew suddenly much colder, though it was below zero when we started. The wind increased rapidly and came in thundering gusts. From the rising snow-columns we could see the gusts coming. Before they reached us we locked arm in arm, turned our backs, bent forward and allowed them to sail over us. Gradually our mustaches froze over our mouths, and our eyes were sealed so we could not see. Frequent halts were made to thaw in some daylight, and secure breath. Sometimes a treacherous drift led us to an icy bottom, when we slipped and became almost buried in the snow.

The contest for position in this world was reins-trying, but we thoroughly enjoyed it, and more tears and frozen eyes were caused by our laughter than by the snapping, irascible wind and cold. Once in a while, when I squeezed the arm of my companion, with whom there was no fear necessary, he would reach his spare mittened hand to his mouth, thaw out his voice, and say: "Do not be afraid, I am right here by your side."

It is always safer to go around a mountain drift than to go over it. Only long experience enables one to understand when it is safe to attack drifted snow. It is at times very treacherous.

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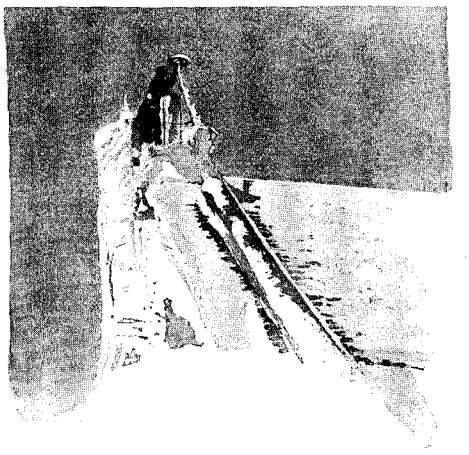
It may slip while you are pushing your way over it, and, avalanche-like, rush down some steep incline with you; or, it may have become separated from the rocks which it covers, by the melted snow running underneath on warm days, when it is liable to crush in with you and overwhelm you. It is a good plan to test it with the alpen-stock before risking life upon it. With my experienced friend I never felt that there was any danger of going into a pit unless he went too. His strong arm has rescued me from danger many a time, and as frequently has he carried me over the rough places on his shoulders. There is a great contrast in our make-up. He, broad and strong and muscular as an ox —I, tall and slender—light-weight and wiry. Both had attained a quick and springy step, and a mutual trust had sprung up between us which made it out of the question for one to oppose himself to the other in time of peril.

At last we reached the woods, and hugged as closely to the railroad as we could; for now and then the wind had cleared a sort of "path." But the frequent pitfalls twisted our legs and bruised our feet, so that as soon as possible we turned to the right and made our way down into the sled-road then in use by the wood-choppers. One time I took a run down a slope which seemed to have a crust upon it, but presently I broke through and fell forward. As I yielded to circumstances I intuitively put out my hands. They went into the snow up to my shoulders and there I had to remain, face down, all fours fastened in a drift more than a dozen feet deep, until Mr. Kilburn came to my release. Soon after we heard the ringing of the woodsmen's axes, and in twenty minutes more we were at the base, safe and sound. It was like a spring day there. The little river, cajoled by the benign warmth of the sun, had burst its bonds, and piled the "anchor-ice" several feet high on either side. Countless rivulets of melting snow were pouring into it. The commotion was almost equal to that at the mouth of an Alpine glacier. It was like the closing of some magnificent scenic opera. The soft, sweet music caused by the explosion of the bubbles bewitched the air. Each swollen, sparkling stream came along charged with individual ring and resonance—each one came cheerily to contribute its melody to the orchestral tumult farther on.



Measuring the Wind.

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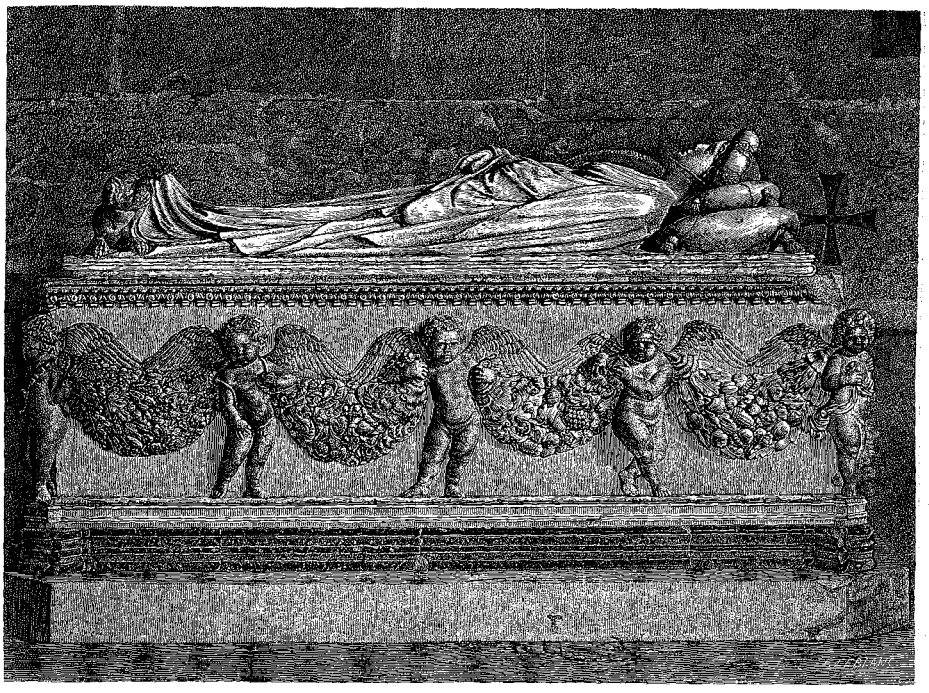

Monument, by Giacomo della Quercia, to Ilaria del Carretto, wife of Paolo Giunigi, in the Cathedral at Lucca.

THE TOMB OF ILARIA GIUNIGI.

By Edith Wharton.

Ilaria, thou that wert so fair and dear
That death would fain disown thee, grief made wise
With prophecy thy husband's widowed eyes
And bade him call the master's art to rear
Thy perfect image on the sculptured bier,
With dreaming lids, hands laid in peaceful guise
Beneath the breast that seems to fall and rise,
And lips that at love's call should answer, "Here!"

First-born of the Renascence, when thy soul
Cast the sweet robing of the flesh aside,
Into these lovelier marble limbs it stole,
Regenerate in arts sunrise clear and wide
As saints who, having kept faith's raiment whole,
Change it above for garments glorified.

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THE WATER-DEVIL.

A MARINE TALE (Concluded).

By Frank R. Stockton.

IT seems unnatural, and I can hardly believe it when I look back on it, but it's a fact, that I was beginning to get used to the situation. We had plenty to eat, the weather was fine—in fact, there was now only breeze enough to make things cool and comfortable. I was head-man on that vessel, and Miss Minturn might come on deck at any moment, and as long as I could forget that there was a Water-devil fastened to the bottom of the vessel, there was no reason why I should not be perfectly satisfied with things as they were. And if things had stayed as they were for two or three months, I should have been right well pleased, especially since Miss Minturn's maid, by order of her mistress, had begun to cook my meals, which she did in a manner truly first class. I believed then, and I stand to it now, that there is no better proof of a woman's good feeling toward a man, than for her to show an interest in his meals. That's the sort of sympathy that comes home to a man, and tells on him, body and soul."

As the marine made this remark, he glanced at the blacksmith's daughter; but that young lady had taken up her sewing and appeared to be giving it her earnest attention. He then went on with his story.

"But things did not remain as they were. The next morning, about half an hour after breakfast, I was walking up and down the upper deck, smoking my pipe, and wondering when Miss Minturn would be coming up to talk to me about the state of affairs, when suddenly I felt the deck beneath me move with a quick, sharp jerk, something like, I imagine, a small shock of an earthquake.

"Never, in all my life, did the blood run so cold in my veins, my legs trembled so that I could scarcely stand. I knew what had happened, the Water-devil had begun to haul upon the ship!

"I was in such a state of collapse that I did not seem to have any power over my muscles; but for all that, I heard Miss Minturn's voice at the foot of the companion-way, and knew that she was coming on deck. In spite of the dreadful awfulness of that moment, I felt it would never do for her to see me in the condition I was in, and so, shuffling and half-tumbling, I got forward, went below, and made my way to the steward's room, where I had already discovered some spirits, and I took a good dram; for although I am not by any means an habitual drinker, being principled against that sort of thing, there are times when a man needs the support of some good brandy or whiskey.

"In a few minutes I felt more like myself, and went on deck, and there was Miss Minturn, half-scared to death. 'What is the meaning of that shock?' she said; 'have we struck anything?' 'My dear lady,' said I, with as cheerful a front as I could put on, 'I do not think we have struck anything. There is nothing to strike.' She looked at me for a moment like an angel ready to cry, and clasping her hands, she said, 'Oh, tell me, sir, I pray you, sir, tell me what has happened. My father felt that shock. He sent me to inquire about it. His mind is disturbed.' At that moment, before I could make an answer, there was another jerk of the ship, and we both went down on our knees, and I felt as if I had been tripped. I was up in a moment, however, but she continued on her knees. I am sure she was praying, but very soon up she sprang. 'Oh, what is it, what is it?' she cried, 'I must go to my father.'

"'I cannot tell you,' said I, 'I do not know, but don't be frigthened; how can such a little shock hurt so big a ship?'

"It was all very well to tell her not to be frightened, but when she ran below she left on deck about as fright-

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ened a man as ever stood in shoes. There could be no doubt about it, that horrible beast was beginning to pull upon the ship. Whether or not it would be able to draw us down below, was a question which must soon be solved.

"I had had a small opinion of the maid, who, when I told her the crew had deserted the ship, had sat down and covered her head; but now I did pretty much the same thing; I crouched on the deck and pulled my cap over my eyes. I felt that I did not wish to see, hear, or feel anything.

"I had sat in this way for about half an hour, and had felt no more shocks, when a slight gurgling sound came to my ears. I listened for a moment, then sprang to my feet. Could we be moving? I ran to the side of the ship. The gurgle seemed to be coming from the stern. I hurried there and looked over. The wheel had been lashed fast, and the rudder stood straight out behind us. On each side of it there was a ripple in the quiet water. We were moving, and we were moving backward!

"Overpowered by horrible fascination, I stood grasping the rail, and looking over at the water beneath me, as the vessel moved slowly and steadily onward, stern foremost. In spite of the upset condition of my mind, I could not help wondering why the vessel should move in this way.

"There was only one explanation possible: The Water-devil was walking along the bottom, and towing us after him! Why he should pull us along in this way I could not imagine, unless he was making for his home in some dreadful cave at the bottom, into which he would sink, dragging us down after him.

"While my mind was occupied with these horrible subjects someone touched me on the arm, and turning, I saw Miss Minturn. 'Are we not moving?' she said. 'Yes,' I answered, 'we certainly are.' 'Do you not think,' she then asked, 'that we may have been struck by a powerful current, which is now carrying us onward?' I did not believe this, for there was no reason to suppose that there were currents which wandered about, starting off vessels with a jerk, but I was glad to think that this idea had come into her head, and said that it was possible that this might be the case. 'And now we are going somewhere,' she said, speaking almost cheerfully. 'Yes, we are,' I answered, and I had to try hard not to groan as I said the words. 'And where do you think we are going?' she asked. It was altogether out of my power to tell that sweet creature that in my private opinion she, at least, was going to heaven, and so I answered that I really did not know. 'Well,' she said, 'if we keep moving, we're bound at last to get near land, or to some place where ships would pass near us.'

"There is nothing in this world," said the marine, "which does a man so much good in time of danger as to see a hopeful spirit in a woman—that is, a woman that he cares about. Some of her courage comes to him, and he is better and stronger for having her alongside of him."

Having made this remark, the speaker again glanced at the blacksmith's daughter. She had put down her work and was looking at him with an earnest brightness in her eyes.

"Yes," he continued, "it is astonishing what a change came over me, as I stood by the side of that noble girl. She was a born lady, I was a marine, just the same as we had been before, but there didn't seem to be the difference between us that there had been. Her words, her spirits, everything about her, in fact, seemed to act on me, to elevate me, to fill my soul with noble sentiments; to make another man of me. Standing there beside her, I felt myself her equal. In life or death I would not be ashamed to say, 'Here I am, ready to stand by you, whatever happens.'"

Having concluded this sentiment, the marine again glanced toward the blacksmith's daughter. Her eyes were slightly moist, and her face was glowing with a certain enthusiasm.

"Look here," said the blacksmith, "I suppose that woman goes along with you into the very maw of the sunken Devil, but I do wish you could take her more for granted, and get on faster with the real part of the story."

"One part is as real as another," said

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the marine; "but on we go, and on we did go for the whole of the rest of that day, at the rate of about half a knot an hour, as near as I could guess at it. The weather changed, and a dirty sort of fog came down on us, so that we couldn't see far in any direction.

"Why that Water-devil should keep on towing us, and where he was going to take us, were things I didn't dare to think about. The fog did not prevent me from seeing the water about our stern, and I leaned over the rail, watching the ripples that flowed on each side of the rudder, which showed that we were still going at about the same uniform rate.

"But toward evening the gurgling beneath me ceased, and I could see that the rudder no longer parted the quiet water, and that we had ceased to move. A flash of hope blazed up within me. Had the Water-devil found the ship too heavy a load, and had he given up the attempt to drag it to his under-ocean cave? I went below and had my supper; I was almost a happy man. When Miss Minturn came to ask me how we were getting along, I told her that I thought we were doing very well indeed. I did not mention that we had ceased to move, for she thought that a favorable symptom. She went back to her quarters greatly cheered up. Not so much, I think, from my words, as from my joyful aspect; for I did feel jolly, there was no doubt about it. If that Water-devil had let go of us, I was willing to take all the other chances that might befall a ship floating about loose on the Bay of Bengal.

"The fog was so thick that night that it was damp and unpleasant on deck, and so, having hung out and lighted a couple of lanterns, I went below for a comfortable smoke in the captain's room. I was puffing away here at my ease, with my mind filled with happy thoughts of two or three weeks with Miss Minturn on this floating paradise, where she was bound to see a good deal of me, and couldn't help liking me better, and depending on me more and more every day, when I felt a little jerking shock. It was the same thing that we had felt before. The Water-devil still had hold of us!

"I dropped my pipe, my chin fell upon my breast, I shivered all over. In a few moments I heard the maid calling to me, and then she ran into the room. 'Miss Minturn wants to know, sir,' she said, 'if you think that shock is a sudden twist in the current which is carrying us on?' I straightened myself up as well as I could, and in the dim light I do not think she noticed my condition. I answered that I thought it was something of that sort, and she went away.

"More likely, a twist of the Devil's arm, I thought, as I sat there alone in my misery.

"In ten or fifteen minutes there came two shocks, not very far apart. This showed that the creature beneath us was at work in some way or other. Perhaps he had reached the opening of his den, and was shortening up his arm before he plunged down into it with us after him. I couldn't stay any longer in that room alone. I looked for the maid, but she had put out the galley light, and had probably turned in for the night.

"I went up, and looked out on deck, but everything was horribly dark and sticky and miserable there. I noticed that my lanterns were not burning, and then I remembered that I had not filled them. But this did not trouble me. If a vessel came along and saw our lights she would probably keep away from us, and I would have been glad to have a vessel come to us, even if she ran into us. Our steamer would probably float long enough for us to get on board the other one, and almost anything would be better than being left alone in this dreadful place, at the mercy of the Water-devil.

"Before I left the deck I felt another shock. This took out of me whatever starch was left, and I shuffled below and got to my bunk, where I tumbled in and covered myself up, head and all. If there had been any man to talk to, it would have been different, but I don't know when I ever felt more deserted than I did at that time.

"I tried to forget the awful situation in which I was; I tried to think of other things; to imagine that I was drilling with the rest of my company, with Tom Rogers on one side of me, and old Hum-

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phrey Peters on the other. You may say, perhaps, that this wasn't exactly the way of carrying out my promise of taking care of Miss Minturn and the others. But what was there to do? When the time came to do anything, and I could see what to do, I was ready to do it; but there was no use of waking them up now and setting their minds on edge, when they were all comfortable in their beds, thinking that every jerk of the Devil's arm was a little twist in the current that was carrying them to Calcutta or some other desirable port.

"I felt some shocks after I got into bed, but whether or not there were many in the night, I don't know, for I went to sleep. It was daylight when I awoke, and jumping out of my bunk I dashed on deck. Everything seemed pretty much as it had been, and the fog was as thick as ever. I ran to the stern and looked over, and I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw that we were moving again, still stern foremost, but a little faster than before. That beastly Water-devil had taken a rest for the night, and had probably given us the shocks by turning over in his sleep, and now he was off again, making up for lost time.

"Pretty soon Miss Minturn came on deck, and bade me good-morning, and then she went and looked over the stern. 'We are still moving on,' she said, with a smile, 'and the fog doesn't seem to make any difference. It surely cannot be long before we get somewhere.' 'No, miss,' said I, 'it cannot be very long.' 'You look tired,' she said, 'and I don't wonder, for you must feel the heavy responsibility on you. I have told my maid to prepare breakfast for you in our cabin. I want my father to know you, and I think it a shame that you, the only protector that we have, should be shut off so much by yourself; so after this we shall eat together.' 'After this,' I groaned to myself, 'we shall be eaten together.' At that moment I did not feel that I wanted to breakfast with Miss Minturn."

"Mr. Cardly," said Mr. Harberry to the school-master, "have you ever read, in any of your scientific books that the Bay of Bengal is subject to heavy fogs that last day after day?"

"I cannot say," answered the school-master, "that my researches into the geographical distribution of fogs have resulted——"

"As to fogs," interrupted the marine, "you can't get rid of them, you know. If you had been in the habit of going to sea, you would know that you are likely to run into a fog at any time, and in any weather; and as to lasting, they are just as likely to last for days as for hours. It wasn't the fog that surprised me. I did not consider that of any account at all. I had enough other things to occupy my mind." And having settled this little matter he went on with his story.

"Well, my friends, I did not breakfast with Miss Minturn and her father. Before that meal was ready, and while I was standing alone at the stern, I saw coming out of the water, a long way off in the fog, which must have been growing thinner about this time, a dark and mysterious object, apparently without any shape or form. This sight made the teeth chatter in my head. I had expected to be pulled down to the Water-devil, but I had never imagined that he would come up to us!

"While my eyes were glued upon this apparition, I could see that we were approaching it. When I perceived this, I shut my eyes and turned my back—I could look upon it no longer. My mind seemed to forsake me; I did not even try to call out and give the alarm to the others. Why should I? What could they do?

"If it had been me," said Mrs. Fryker, in a sort of gasping whisper, "I should have died right there." The marine turned his eyes in the direction of the blacksmith's daughter. She was engaged with her work, and was not looking at him.

"I cannot say," he continued, "that, had Miss Minturn been there at that moment, that I would not have declared that I was ready to die for her or with her; but there was no need of trying to keep up her courage, that was all right. She knew nothing of our danger. That terrible knowledge pressed on me alone. Is it wonderful that a human soul should sink a little under such an awful load?" Without turning to ob-

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serve the effect of these last words, the marine went on. "Suddenly I heard behind me a most dreadful sound. 'Good Heavens,' I exclaimed, 'can a Water-devil bray?'

"The sound was repeated. Without knowing what I did, I turned. I heard what sounded like words; I saw in the fog the stern of a vessel, with a man above it, shouting to me through a speaking-trumpet.

"I do not know what happened next, my mind must have become confused. When I regained my senses, Miss Minturn, old Mr. Minturn, and the maid were standing by me. The man had stopped shouting from his trumpet, and a boat was being lowered from the other ship. In about ten minutes there were half a dozen men on board of us, all in the uniform of the British navy. I was stiff enough now, and felt myself from top to toe a regular marine in the service of my country. I stepped up to the officer in command and touched my cap.

"He looked at me and my companions in surprise, and then glancing along the deck, said, 'What has happened to this vessel? Who is in command?' I informed him, that, strictly speaking, no one was in command, but that I represented the captain, officers, and crew of this steamer, the *General Brooks*, from San Francisco to Calcutta, and I then proceeded to tell him the whole story of our misfortunes; and concluded by telling the officer, that if we had not moved since his vessel had come in sight, it was probably because the Water-devil had let go of us, and was preparing to make fast to the other ship; and therefore it would be advisable for us all to get on board his vessel, and steam away as quickly as possible.

"The Englishmen looked at me in amazement. 'Drunk!' ejaculated the officer I had addressed. 'Cracked, I should say,' suggested another. 'Now,' spoke up Mr. Minturn, 'I do not understand what I have just heard,' he said. 'What is a Water-devil? I am astounded.' 'You never said a word of this to me!' exclaimed Miss Minturn. 'You never told me that we were in the grasp of a Water-devil, and that that was the reason the captain and the crew ran away.' 'No,' said I, 'I never divulged the dreadful danger we were in. I allowed you to believe that we were in the influence of a current, and that the shocks we felt were the sudden twists of that current. The terrible truth I kept to myself. Not for worlds would I have made known to a tenderly nurtured lady, to her invalid father, and devoted servant, what might have crushed their souls, driven them to the borders of frenzy; in which case the relief which now has come to us would have been of no avail.'

"The officer stood and steadily stared at me. 'I declare,' he said, 'you do not look like a crazy man. At what time did this Water-devil begin to take you in tow?'

"'Yesterday morning,' I answered. 'And he stopped during last night?' he asked. I replied that that was the case. Then he took off his cap, rubbed his head, and stood silent for a minute. 'We'll look into this matter!' he suddenly exclaimed, and turning, he and his party left us to ourselves. The boat was now sent back with a message to the English vessel, and the officers and men who remained scattered themselves over our steamer, examining the engine-room, hold, and every part of her.

"I was very much opposed to all this delay, for although the Englishmen might doubt the existence of the Water-devil, I saw no reason to do so, and in any case I was very anxious to be on the safe side by getting away as soon as possible; but, of course, British officers would not be advised by me, and as I was getting very hungry I went down to breakfast. I ate this meal alone, for my fellow-passengers seemed to have no desire for food.

"I cannot tell all that happened during the next hour, for, to tell the truth, I did not understand everything that was done. The boat passed several times between the two vessels, bringing over a number of men—two of them scientific fellows, I think. Another was a diver, whose submarine suit and air-pumping machines came over with him. He was lowered over the side, and after he had been down about fifteen minutes he was hauled up again, and down below was the greatest hammering and

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hauling that ever you heard. The *General Brooks* was put in charge of an officer and some men; a sail was hoisted to keep her in hand, so that she wouldn't drift into the other ship; and in the midst of all the rowdy-dow we were told that if we liked we might go on board the English vessel immediately.

"Miss Minturn and her party instantly accepted this invitation, and although under ordinary circumstances I would have remained to see for myself what these people found out, I felt a relief in the thought of leaving that vessel which is impossible for me to express, and I got into the boat with the others.

"We were treated very handsomely on board the English vessel, which was a mail steamship, at that time in the employment of the British Government. I told my story at least half a dozen times, sometimes to the officers and sometimes to the men, and whether they believed me or not, I don't think anyone ever created a greater sensation with a story of the sea.

"In an hour or so the officer in charge of the operations on the *General Brooks* came aboard. As he passed me on his way to the captain, he said, 'We found your Water-devil, my man.' 'And he truly had us in tow?' I cried. 'Yes, you are perfectly correct,' he said, and went on to make his report to the captain."

"Now, then," said the blacksmith, "I suppose we are going to get to the pint. What did he report?"

"I didn't hear his report," said the marine, "but everybody soon knew what had happened to our unlucky vessel, and I can give you the whole story of it. The *General Brooks* sailed from San Francisco to Calcutta, with a cargo of stored electricity, contained in large, strongly made boxes. This I knew nothing about, not being in the habit of inquiring into cargoes. Well, in some way or other, which I don't understand, not being a scientific man myself, a magnetic connection was formed between these boxes, and also, if I got the story straight, between them and the iron hull of our vessel, so that it became, in fact, an enormous floating magnet, one of the biggest things of the kind on record. I have an idea that this magnetic condition was the cause of the trouble to our machinery; every separate part of it was probably turned to a magnet, and they all stuck together."

"Mr. Cardly," said Mr. Harberry to the school-master, "I do not suppose you have given much attention to the study of commerce, and therefore are not prepared to give us any information in regard to stored electricity as an article of export from this country; but perhaps you can tell us what stored electricity is, and how it is put into boxes."

"In regard to the transportation," answered the school-master, speaking a little slowly, "of encased electric potency, I cannot——"

"Oh, bless me," interrupted the marine, "that is all simple enough; you can store electricity and send it all over the world, if you like; in places like Calcutta, I think it must be cheaper to buy it than to make it. They use it as a motive power for sewing-machines apple-parers, and it can be used in a lot of ways, such as digging post-holes and churning butter. When the stored electricity in a box is all used up, all you have to do is to connect a fresh box with your machinery, and there you are, ready to start again. There was nothing strange about our cargo. It was the electricity leaking out and uniting itself and the iron ship into a sort of conglomerate magnet that was out of the way."

"Mr. Cardly," said Mr. Harberry, "if an iron ship were magnetized in that manner, wouldn't it have a deranging effect upon the needle of the compass?"

The marine did not give the school-master time to make answer. "Generally speaking," said he, "that sort of thing would interfere with keeping the vessel on its proper course, but with us it didn't make any difference at all. The greater part of the ship was in front of the binnacle where they keep the compass, and so the needle naturally pointed that way, and as we were going north before a south wind, it was all right.

"Being a floating magnet, of course, did not prevent our sailing, so we went along well enough until we came to longitude 90°, latitude 15° north. Now

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it so happened that a telegraphic cable which had been laid down by the British Government to establish communication between Madras and Rangoon, had broken some time before, and not very far from this point.

"Now you can see for yourselves that when an enormous mass of magnetic iron, in the shape of the *General Brooks* came sailing along there, the part of that cable which lay under us was so attracted by such a powerful and irresistible force that its broken end raised itself from the bottom of the bay and reached upward until it touched our ship, when it laid itself along our keel, to which it instantly became fastened as firmly as if it had been bolted and riveted there. Then, as the rest of this part of the cable was on the bottom of the bay all the way to Madras, of course we had to stop; that's simple enough. That's the way the Water-devil held us fast in one spot for two days.

"The British Government determined not to repair this broken cable, but to take it up and lay down a better one; so they chartered a large steamer, and fitted her up with engines, and a big drum that they use for that sort of thing, and set her to work to wind up the Madras end of the broken cable. She had been at this business a good while before we were caught by the other end, and when they got near enough to us for their engines to be able to take up the slack from the bottom between us and them, then, of course they pulled upon us, and we began to move. And when they lay to for the night, and stopped the winding business, of course we stopped, and the stretch of cable between the two ships had no effect upon us, except when the big mail steamer happened to move this way or that, as they kept her head to the wind; and that's the way we lay quiet all night except when we got our shocks.

"When they set the drum going again in the morning, it wasn't long before they wound us near enough for them to see us, which they would have done sooner if my lights hadn't gone out so early in the evening."

"And that," said the blacksmith, with a somewhat severe expression on his face, "is all that you have to tell about your wonderful Water-devil?"

"All!" said the marine; "I should say it was quite enough, and nothing could be more wonderful than what really happened. A Water-devil is one of two things: he is real, or he's not real. If he's not real, he's no more than an ordinary spook or ghost, and is not to be practically considered. If he's real, then he's an alive animal, and can be put in a class with other animals, and described in books, because even if nobody sees him, the scientific men know how he must be constructed, and then he's no more than a great many other wonderful things, which we can see alive, stuffed, or in plaster casts.

"But if you want to put your mind upon something really wonderful, just think of a snake-like rope of wire, five or six hundred miles long, lying down at the very bottom of the great Bay of Bengal, with no more life in it than there is in a ten-penny nail.

"Then imagine that long, dead wire snake to be suddenly filled with life, and to know that there was something far up above it, on the surface of the water, that it wants to reach up to and touch. Think of it lifting and flapping its broken end, and then imagine it raising, yard after yard of itself, up and up, through the solemn water, more and more of it lifting itself from the bottom, curling itself backward and forward as it rises higher and higher, until at last, with a sudden jump that must have ripped a mile or more of it from the bottom, it claps its end against the thing it wants to touch, and which it can neither see, nor hear, nor smell, but which it knows is there. Could there be anything in this world more wonderful than that?

"And then, if that isn't enough of a wonder, think of the Rangoon end of that cable squirming and wriggling and stretching itself out toward our ship, but not being able to reach us on account of a want of slack; just as alive as the Madras part of the cable, and just as savage and frantic to get up to us and lay hold of us; and then, after our vessel had been gradually pulled away from it, think of this other part getting weaker and

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weaker, minute by minute, until it falls flat on the bay, as dead as any other iron thing!"

The marine ceased to speak, and Mrs. Fryker heaved a sigh.

"It makes me shiver to think of all that down so deep," she said; "but I must say I am disappointed."

"In what way?" asked the marine.

"A Water-devil," said she, "as big as six whales, and with a funnelly mouth to suck in people, is different; but, of course, after all, it was better as it was."

"Look here," said the blacksmith, "what became of the girl? I wanted her finished up long ago, and you haven't done it yet."

"Miss Minturn, you mean," said the marine. "Well, there is not much to say about her. Things happened in the usual way. When the danger was all over, when she had other people to depend upon besides me, and we were on board a fine steamer, with a lot of handsomely dressed naval officers, and going comfortably to Madras, of course she thought no more of the humble sea-soldier who once stood between her and—nobody knew what. In fact the only time she spoke to me after we got on board the English steamer, she made me feel, although she didn't say it in words, that she was not at all obliged to me for supposing that she would have been scared to death if I had told her about the Water-devil."

"I suppose," said the blacksmith, "by the time you got back to your ship you had overstayed your leave of absence a good while. Did your captain let you off when you told him this story of the new-fashioned Water-devil?"

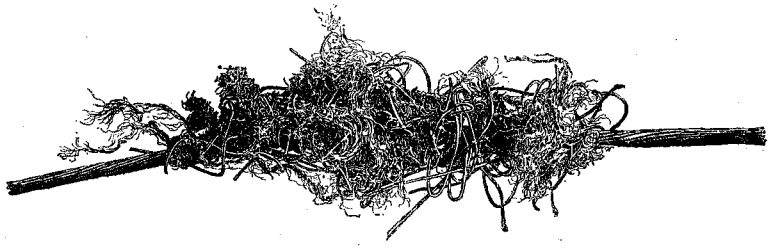
The marine smiled. "I never went back to the *Apache*," he said. "When I arrived at Madras I found that she had sailed from Calcutta. It was, of course, useless for me to endeavor to follow her, and I therefore concluded to give up the marine service for a time and go into another line of business, about which it is too late to tell you now."

"Mr. Cardly," said Mr. Harberry to the school-master, "have you ever read that the British Government has a submarine cable from Madras to Rangoon?"

The marine took it upon himself to answer this question. "The cable of which I spoke to you," he said, "was taken up, as I told you, and I never heard that another one was laid. But it is getting late, and I think I will go to bed; I have a long walk before me to-morrow." So saying he rose, put his pipe upon the mantel-piece, and bade the company good-night. As he did so, he fixed his eyes on the blacksmith's daughter, but that young lady did not look at him; she was busily reading the weekly newspaper, which her father had left upon the table.

Mr. Harberry now rose, preparatory to going home, and as he buttoned up his coat, he looked from one to another of the little group and remarked, "I have often heard that marines are a class of men who are considered as fit subjects to tell tough stories to, but it strikes me that the time has come when the tables are beginning to be turned."

THE END.



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JAPONICA.

THIRD PAPER.—JAPANESE PEOPLE (Continued).

By Sir Edwin Arnold.

The Illustrations by Robert Blum.

Japanese Girl Bringing Futon and Tobacco-box to Guests at the Golden Koi.

ALIKE in the street and the temple-court, the pretty, lively, laughing Japanese girl lights up the crowd with her bright dress, her happy, winsome face and shining tresses, splendidly elaborated. I have described her faithfully in the subjoined verses:

THE MUSMEE.

The Musmee has brown-velvet eyes,
  Curtained with satin, sleepily;
You wonder if those lids would rise
  The newest, strangest sight to see!
Yet, when she chatters, laughs, or plays
  Koto, or lute, or samisen—
No jewel gleams with brighter rays
  Than flash from those dark lashes then.

The Musmee has a small brown face—
  Musk-melon seed its perfect shape—
Arched, jetty eyebrows; nose to grace
  The rosy mouth beneath; a nape,
And neck, and chin; and smooth soft cheeks,
  Carved out of sun-burned ivory;
With teeth which, when she smiles or speaks,
  Pearl merchants might come leagues to see!

The Musmee's hair could teach the night
  How to grow dark, the raven's wing
How to seem ebon; grand the sight
  When in rich masses towering.

She builds each high black-marble coil,
  And binds the gold and scarlet in,
And thrusts, triumphant, through the toil
  The *Kanzâshi*, her jewelled pin.

The Musmee has small, faultless feet,
  With snow-white tabi trimly decked,
Which patter down the city street
  In short steps, slow and circumspect;
A velvet string between her toes
  Holds to its place the unwilling shoe,
Pretty and pigeon-like she goes,
  And on her head a hood of blue.

The Musmee wears a wondrous dress—
  Kimôno, *obi*, *imogi*—
A rose-bush in spring-loveliness
  Is not more color-glad to see!
Her girdle holds her silver pipe,
  And heavy swing her long silk sleeves
With cakes, love-letters, *mikans* ripe,
  Small change, musk-box, and writing leaves.

The Musmee's heart is slow to grief
  And quick to pleasure, love, and song;
The Musmee's pocket-handkerchief,
  A square of paper! All day long
Gentle, and sweet, and debonair
  Is—rich or poor—this Asian lass,
Heaven have her in its tender care!
  O medeto gozarimas! *

Turning aside a little from the picturesque and bustling "Cho," we easily come to Shiba, buried in groves of cryptomeria, an island of solemn peace and grandeur in the bosom of the city. Here, shut in by ponderous red gateways, built of mighty beams, with giant doors which turn upon huge hinges of copper, are the tombs and temples of six of the famous Tokugawa Shoguns, the ancient rulers of this land under the Mikado. It is like passing out of the rolling sea into a land-locked harbor, to step over the threshold of the massive vermilion porch, and to find yourself in the outer court of the Zojoji. Around

* "May it be prosperous with you!"

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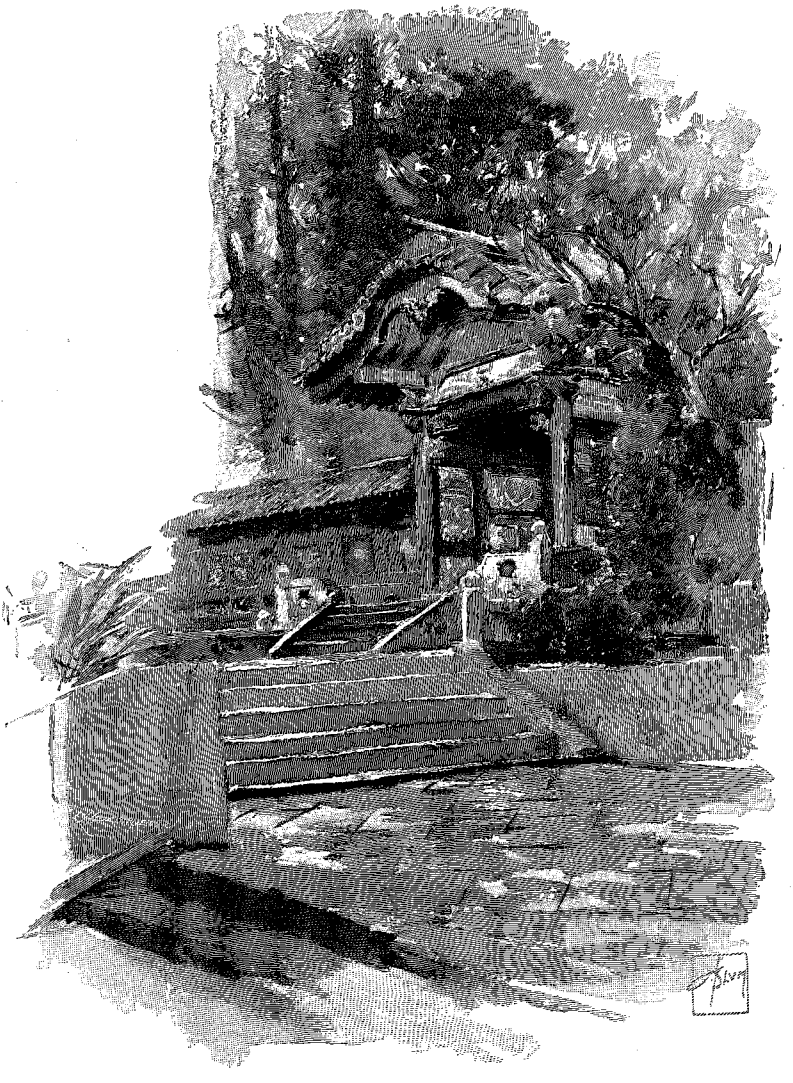
are hundreds of stone memorial *ishi-doro*—as many as two hundred in one alone of these pebbled inclosures, offerings to the princely deceased from their vassals. Screened walls and portals, presenting wonderful work in wood-carving, gilding, and lacquer, shut the outer courts from the inner. Each panel is enriched with a different subject—flowers, birds, and real, or fabulous animals, dexterously relieved by gold-leaf and color. Passing again through these walls, inner inclosures are reached where stand colossal bronze lanterns of high finish. Dancing-houses, treasure-houses, and libraries for the sacred books, exquisitely decorated; a vast washing cistern to be used before prayer, cut out of one block of stone, and lotus pools, which, in August, are full of the white and blue blossoms of the hallowed flower, attract the attention. By yet another gateway, sculptured and embellished to an extraordinary height, of semi-barbarous, but splendid beauty, the step



"A gateway, sculptured and embellished to an extraordinary height of semi-barbarous but splendid beauty."

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is led to the central shrine itself. All around are detached buildings, soberly but splendidly adorned with the very best which Japanese art could lavish on them, in perfect joinery, gilding, coloring, lacquer, metal-work, painting, and carving. The whole place is full of symbolism. On the outer screens, shutting off the first court, you may have noticed waves of the sea, done in brass, furiously running on the panels, with storm-birds hovering. It was an emblem of the unrest of life for all of us, as well as for Shoguns. But at the second wall the brazen waves were chiselled, rolling more quietly, and here, on the screen by which we enter the court of the chapel of *Iyenobu* and *Iye-oshi*, the waves are moulded as falling asleep; doves brood, in silver and gold; there is peace! Laying aside shoes, you may pass over the black-lacquered steps and floors, through golden doors, into the central shrine, spread with the whitest and finest of mats; and the walls and ceilings are so daintily and patiently wrought with wonderful workmanship that every square inch demands a special study. The great House of Death is finished off, in its minutest portion, like a flower-vase or a *netsuke*, and, perhaps, the very utmost that Japanese craftsmanship could ever accomplish, in its own special provinces, may here be seen and admired. Every incense-pole and lamp-stand is a lovely object, alike for its labor and design. The low stands on which the sacred books lie open have priceless enrichments; and one is glad to see the silent priests move about in gold and silver brocade, for ordinary dress in such a magnificent scene would appear incongruous. At the same time, the more you realize the artistic richness of this great group of temples and tombs, the more you are struck with the low-toned, sober, restrained *ensemble* of it all. The shrines themselves are but the Japanese hut idealized, the gold and the glittering brass, and the sharp colors of the carvings sink back from the sunlight under the massive eaves, and where a screen, or a painted side-wall would glitter too much, the heavy foliage of the cryptomerias casts a black curtain upon it. The character of the place is deeply impressive, a proud melancholy, a princely modesty, a sumptuousness royal to prodigality, not for ostentation, but for love of pensive beauty, show themselves everywhere. The Shoguns are certainly buried as if they were emperors, in the heart of this concourse of black and gold and lacquered chapels and cemeteries, shut from the busy city by the dark trees, the high walls, and the blood-red gateways.

Near Shimbashi we pass under the tall ladder of a fire-station, on the summit of which stands a watchman, looking north, south, east, and west to spy the rolling smoke which by daytime first denotes a conflagration. If he sees signs of a fire, *kwaji*, he will beat upon the gong at his side as many blows as, by a preconcerted code, denote the particular "cho" which is the scene of the disaster. Persons passing count the strokes and hurry homeward, if it be a case of

> "*tua res agitur quum*
> *Proximus Ucalegon ardet;*"

that is to say, if their own district be concerned. Next we turn into the "Ginza," the "Broadway" of the metropolis of Japan—a really fine thoroughfare, with paved sidewalks, tramways in the middle, and shops of a superior description. Here ebbs and flows the full business life of the city, and mingling with it, as elsewhere, the clattering pattens, the mothers and sisters with the babies on their backs; the children kite-flying; the traders sitting over their glowing charcoal braziers; the hawkers of fish, dried radish, cakes, persimmons, toys, pipes, kites, and flags; the coolies with their balanced loads; the blind old samisen-players; the Buddhist priests; the pretty *musmees*, with their hair like black marble and pigeon-feet; the imperturbable slit-eyed babies; the acquaintances meeting in the street and profusely bowing and saluting; the Japanese officers riding along, each with his *betto*, or groom; the flower-pedlers; the bullock-men; the bird-dealers; the tea-houses, the little funny house-fronts and opened interiors; the bath-rooms, the temples, the stone-yards, the basket-works, the gliding rice-boats—*tout le tremblement,*

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in fact, of the wonderful and ever-interesting capital city of Japan. Or we might have come into the Ginza across the Shiro, by any of its many entrances and exits, the *Tora Monor*, "Tiger Gate;" the *Sakurada-gomon*," Cherryfield Gate;" or the *Hanzo-go-mon*, which leads to the emperor's gardens and the imperial palace. This Shiro is a great feature of the city, in the midst of which it sits; a spacious and far-commanding fortified *enceinte*, everywhere surrounded by lofty embankments, planted with ancient firs, and walls of giant masonry, at the feet of which sleep broad moats, covered, in winter-time, with wild-duck and geese, bitterns and herons. Nothing can be finer in appearance, as embellishments of a capital, than these massive ramparts and green slopes of grass, overshadowed by the gnarled fir-trees. The masonry looks as solid as a sea-cliff, built out at all its angles with huge blocks of stone like the ram of an ironclad, in a curved projecting outline, so that the mighty blocks sit back immovable in their places, and it seems that not even an earthquake could have the smallest effect upon them. In the emperor's palace we might have seen the most perfect example of what Japanese carpenters and joiners can accomplish, and yet, through every ceiling there is a work of high art, divided by rich brown lacquer into panels exquisitely decorated, and the costliest silks and most splendid carvings are lavished all around; amid all that luxury of royal art you would observe the great square supporting posts of white fir, left simply handdressed in all their milky, pure, velvet-like beauty, delighting the eye with the natural grain and texture, as nothing manufactured by the wit of man ever could. And if we were attempting more than the merest stroll about the city, we ought to pass *Fugi-mi-cho*, where, near the monument—a vast bronze bayonet, erected to the soldiers slain in the civil war—the city spreads out, of one interminable pattern and color as far as the eye can see. We should have gone to Uyeno to visit the great exhibition, and see the lotuses in blossom, and to Asakusa to view the imposing temple of *Kwannon Sama*, the Merciful Goddess; also the temples of the Five Hundred Sages, and of the God of War, *Hachi-man*, where we might have duly honored the shrine of *Kōbō-Daishi*, the too ingenious inventor of the Japanese alphabet. We might have stood on the famous *Nihom-bashi*, the central spot of the city, from which all distances are measured throughout the empire, and might have traversed, close by, Anjin Chô, or "Pilot Street," so named after the English sailor, Will Adams, who came here in the time of Shakespeare, married a Japanese wife, and grew to be a favorite of the emperor, and a great two-sworded Japanese nobleman. His letters from Japan, published by the Hakluyt Society, furnish the most delightful reading, being written in that large and quaint style which seemed to come naturally in

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth."

That the old navigator had well feathered his nest in Japan is clear, from an account given by another adventurer of his place of residence at Hemi, near Yokosuka. He there describes Will Adams's place thus: "This Hemi is a Lordshipp geuen to Capt Adams pr. the ould Emperour to hym and his for eaver, & confermed to hys sonne, called Joseph. There is above 100 farms or howsholds, uppon it, besides others under them, all which are his vassals, and he hath power of lyfe & death ouer them, they being his slaues; he hauing as absolute authoritie over them as any tono (or king) in Japan hath over his vassals."

But I must imagine that my gentle reader is already a little fatigued with the streets and *chôs* and temples which have been inspected, and would be not unwilling to dine *à la Japonaise* at some one of the many excellent restaurants which throng the city. Let us then turn aside from the main thoroughfares to choose a spot where will be fresh and good Japanese cookery, with retirement. Such a retreat may be found as well, perhaps, as anywhere, at the sign of the "Golden Koi" which sits upon the sea near *Shinagawa*, on Tokio Bay. We will, therefore, call *kurumas* and make our usual bargain to go and return. Like the elder Mr. Weller, whose knowledge

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"The whole place is full of symbolism."

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of London "was extensive and peculiar," these wonderful little men seem to be acquainted with every nook and corner of their vast labyrinth of wood and paper which is called Tokio. As for the "Golden Koi," it is too famous and respectable, of course, not to be familiar, and the small, brown, two-legged horses take a quick "bee-line" for the *Yadoya*, where we are to seek refreshment. We cross the railway line and are smartly wheeled into the garden of the inn, adorned with the artificial crags, dwarfed trees, and tiny lakes, with goldfish and fairy pagodas and bridges, in which the Japanese take such pleasure. As we approach the door all the waiting-maids of the establishment—the *musmees*—in pretty striped and flowered *kimonos* and *obis*, with glossy black hair "done to the nines," hasten to the threshold to receive us, uttering a chorus of "*Irrashai! Yoko irrashai mashta, o ide nasai!*" which is to say, "Condescend entrance! You are very welcome. Please make the honorable entrance!" You slip off your shoes, nor will you have been long in Japan before you learn to wear daily some foot-gear which comes off and on as easily as the native *geta*, and you also learn to carry a shoe-horn as regularly as your watch or cigar-case. Lifting their foreheads from the matting, or polished *plafond*, the *musmees* re-

"Screened walls and portals presenting wonderful work in wood-carving."

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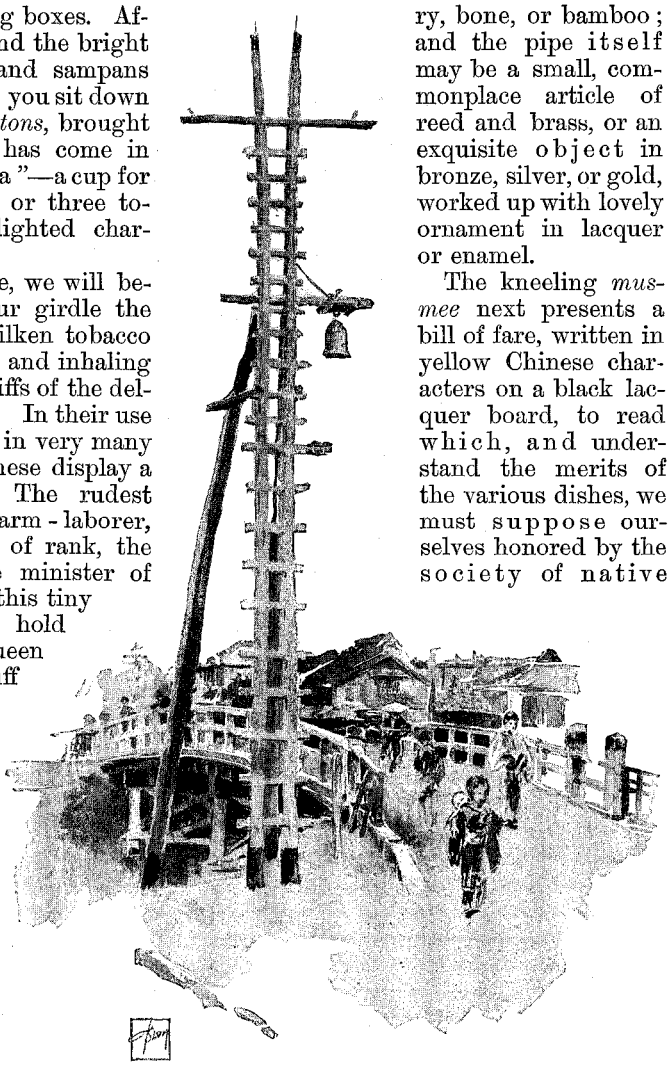
ceive hats and umbrellas and take you by the hand to lead you *nikai ni*, up the shining ladder-like staircase to the spotless apartment aloft, where the open *shoji* give directly upon the sea. It is fair and fresh here; wavelets are running in from the quiet gulf under the balcony, and three large sampans, drawn ashore, are discharging a good haul of fish, which their owners have made this morning. One man, stark naked, brings two tubs upon his shoulder to the side of the boat, and those within it ladle forth the great *tai*, and all sorts of other fish, with hand-nets out of the hold. Close by is a sea-pond where fresh catches are kept alive in floating boxes. After observing all this, and the bright seascape, with junks and sampans and great foreign ships, you sit down on the circular silk *futons*, brought by the *musmee*, who has come in with the "honorable tea"—a cup for each person—and two or three tobacco-mono bearing lighted charcoal.

To be quite Japanese, we will begin by taking from our girdle the little brass pipes and silken tobacco bags, filling the *kiseru*, and inhaling one or two fragrant whiffs of the delicate Japanese tobacco. In their use of the nicotian herb, as in very many other things, the Japanese display a supreme refinement. The rudest coolie, the coarsest farm-laborer, equally with the lady of rank, the pretty *geisha*, and the minister of state, are content with this tiny pipe, which does not hold enough to make even Queen Mab sneeze. They stuff a little rolled pill of the fine-cut leaf into a bowl smaller than the smallest acorn cup, thrust it in the glowing charcoal, and inhale deep into the lungs just one fragrant whiff of the blue smoke, which they expel by mouth and nostrils. Then they shake out the little burning plug into the bamboo receptacle and load up again for a second *ippuku;* valuing only the first sweet purity of the lighted luxury, and always wondering how we can smoke a great pipeful to the "bitter end," or suck for half an hour at a huge Havana puro. "*Kiseru no shita ni doku arimas!*" they say—"At the bottom of a pipe there lives poison." Much fancy and fashion are displayed in the appurtenances of the pipe. Ladies carry them in little, long, embroidered silk cases, with silken pouches attached, fastened by an ivory, bronze, silver, or jewelled clasp. Men wear, stuck in their girdles, a pipe-sheath of carved ivory, bone, or bamboo; and the pipe itself may be a small, commonplace article of reed and brass, or an exquisite object in bronze, silver, or gold, worked up with lovely ornament in lacquer or enamel.

The kneeling *musmee* next presents a bill of fare, written in yellow Chinese characters on a black lacquer board, to read which, and understand the merits of the various dishes, we must suppose ourselves honored by the society of native



"The tall ladder of a fire station."

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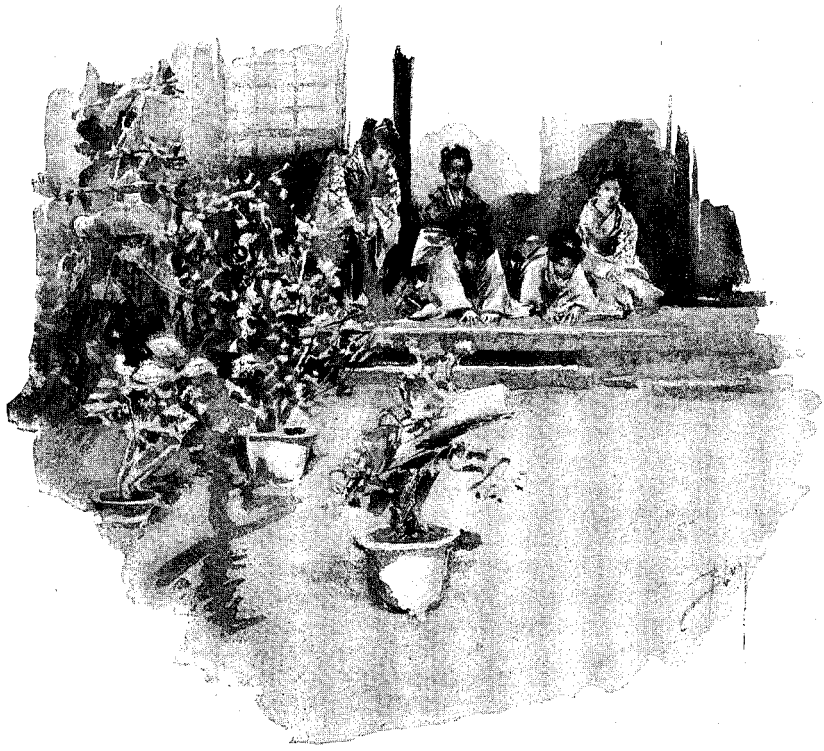
friends. In any case, be sure to order some *unagi-meshi*, the very nicest thing which they cook in Japan, consisting of small silver eels, from which the bones have been removed, split, spitted upon bamboo splinters, and roasted upon boiled rice, with a delicious sauce. We decide upon the usual four courses, with *saké* of the first very cargoes; the *betto* washing their horses in the sea; the brown, bare Japanese boys and girls disporting in it; and the servants of the hotel taking out from the fish-boxes the struggling materials of your dinner. Presently the *musmees* return, bringing the hot *saké* in a tall china bottle, placed within a wooden stand, and a tiny, delicate saké-



"Coming to the Golden Koi—waiting-girls receiving guests."

quality; and whoever gives the order will now fold up in paper, say twenty *sen*, for the *musmee*, and, if very liberal, thirty or forty for the *aruji*, or mistress of the house. "*Chisai mono!*" you mutter, pushing the folded papers to the girl, who goes down upon her nose and murmurs in reply, "*Domo arigato zonjimas*," "Really, most thankful," but does not touch them yet, as it is etiquette never to seem in a hurry to appropriate a gift. She disappears to convey the "honorable commands," and then there ensues a longish wait, during which you will smoke and chat again, and watch more fishermen arriving with their silcup for each guest, lying in a porcelain, bronze, or carved wooden bowl of water. They also bring a red or black lacquered tray, placing it before each guest, bearing a covered bowl full of *chawan*—a thin fish-soup boiled with mushrooms and sea-weed—and brand new chopsticks, not yet parted one from the other. Taking a saké-cup in both hands, the kneeling maid presents it to the chief guest, and afterward other cups to the others, in like manner, filling each to the brim, but careful not to spill a drop. You toss your first cup off, and, rinsing it in the water, offer it with both hands to each friend in succession, saying, "*Ippai ku-*

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"The Flower-pedlers."

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A Japanese Dinner at the Golden Koi.

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dasai." He or she takes your cup, lifts it to the forehead, holds it to be filled, drinks, rinses, and returns it; after which you must also drink. As this goes on all around, a good deal of the hot rice wine becomes absorbed before the meal commences; but this is quite Japanese. The *musmee*, kneeling before you, keeps her black eyes wide open to notice and fill up all empty cups, or a friend will perform that office for you—the strict rule being that you must never help yourself to the "honorable *saké*."

You now split apart your chopsticks, lift the lid of the *chawan*, and fish out a first morsel. Chopsticks, far from being awkward, are the most convenient as well as the cleanest table utensils, once the secret of their use is learned. It cannot be taught in words. There is an indescribable knack of fixing one stick firmly, and hinging the other with the first and second finger, so as to play exactly upon the fixed stick, which renders the little implements perfect for everything except, of course, juice or gravy, and soup. You can even cut with them by inserting the points close together, and then forcibly separating them; and as for handiness and precision of grasp, in a little wager at this very restaurant, even I myself picked up with the *hashi* twenty-two single grains of rice in one minute from a lacquered tray, being beaten by a Japanese lady, whose swift skill dexterously conveyed as many as forty-nine. You drink the soup, and find also on your tray a saucer of *kuchi-tori*, which is a sort of omelette, together with *kinto*, a sticky mass of beans and sugar; and perhaps some *kama boko*, fish pounded and rolled into little balls. Or there will be *su-no-mono*, sea-slugs (*Holothuria*) soused in vinegar. The *kinto* is prettily adorned with flower-leaves and colored strings of sugar.

Hereupon the *musmees* appear again with more lacquered trays, bearing more saucers and little dishes made of sticks of glass. On these will be forthcoming another sort of soup, *shiru*, of fish and sea-weed; or *sui-mono*, of bean curds; or *chawan-mushi*, a thick, yellow, and more substantial soup, together with *hashi-yakana*, large slice of broiled *tai*, and *tsubo* or *nori*, sea-weed, in strings or flakes, of which the Japanese are fonder than the foreigner is likely to prove. On another glass plate raw fish will tempt you, cut into delicate slices, with, close at hand, a small quantity of *wasabi*, the hot mountain horse-radish. Do not reject the raw fish until you have stirred a pinch of the *wasabi* into your porcelain soy-pan, dipped a flake of the fish into that sauce, and eaten it, with a touch or two of the *kono-mono*, the pickled egg-plant, cabbage-leaves, *daikon*, and cucumber, arranged

"Be pleased to bring the honorable account."

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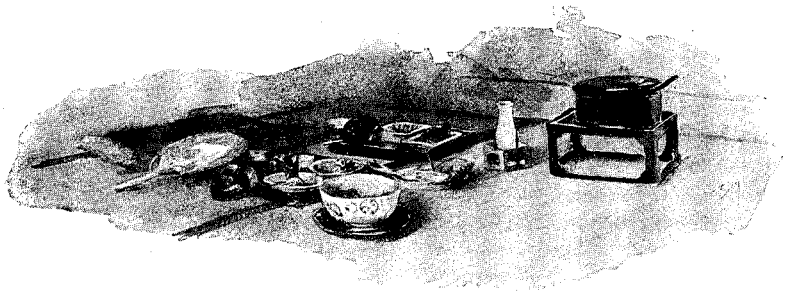
as neatly as a mosaic on a red tray. The raw fish is called *namasu*, and is not only very nice but very digestible. Around you by this time will swarm other little dishes; *sashimi*, minced fish, boiled lotus and lily roots, *aemono* salad, made with pounded sesamum-seed, and a peach, or persimmon, or orange in crystallized sugar, with, possibly, some salted plums. Do not be too much allured by these attractions, because the *unagi-meshi* has yet to come, for which you must keep a considerable corner. It is brought in boxes of gilded lacquer, the rice accompanying in a handsome bowl; and if you have not cared for the sea-ears and sea-slugs, nor much enjoyed the raw fish and the *daikon*, you might dine abundantly on this delicious dish alone. You are at last surrounded by twenty or thirty dishes, like a ship in harbor by a fleet of boats, and the best of a Japanese dinner is that, after flitting like a butterfly from flower to flower of the culinary *parterre*, you can not only come back to anything that has originally pleased, but leave off to smoke and chat, and then commence again, if you like, at the very beginning.

When everybody has had enough, particularly of *saké*, the substantial part of the repast has still to arrive, for the Japanese. The last *saké* bottle is removed and *gohan* is brought, the honorable, great, white tub with hot, boiled rice. Along with it reappears fresh tea, and each native guest will consume two bowls of rice, and then another, amply saturated with tea. I forgot to mention that with the first tea-service ornamental colored cakes are offered, *soba*, *shiruko*, and later on *sushi*. Lastly come the pipes again, and at the proper time some one says to the kneeling *musmee*, "*Kanjo okure nasai*," "Be pleased to bring the honorable account." At this moment the hostess will, no doubt, appear with lowly obeisances, and, thanking her guests, and deeply apologizing for "*O Machido Sama*," "the honorable Mr. waiting-time," though there will have been nothing to complain of as to the delay. The light account is discharged, the attendant *kurumaya* are summoned, and we depart in a sincere and gentle storm of "*Mata dozo O hayaku*," and "*Mata irrashai*," "Come again soon!" "Be pleased to come quickly again!"



A Japanese Dinner-Service.

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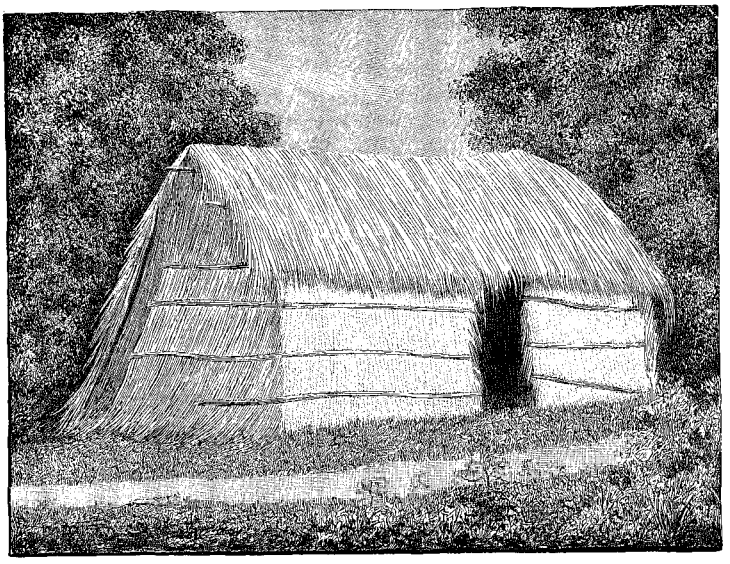

Facsimile of the Hut in which Dr. Livingstone died, May 2, 1873.
Built by his faithful servants Chumah and Susi during their visit to England in 1874.

ABOUT AFRICA.

By J. Scott Keltie.

AFRICA has been called many names—the Dark Continent, the Expiring Continent, the Last of the Continents, and even the Hopeless Continent. Whatever else it may be, it certainly is, take it all in all, the most interesting of all the continents. It has attracted and perplexed civilized humanity from the earliest times of which we have record; from the days of the Pharaohs and Joseph and Moses; of the Phœnicians and the Greeks and the Romans, down through the times of the Arab invasions and of Portuguese enterprise to the end of the nineteenth century, when it attracts more attention than all the rest of the world put together. The oldest civilization of which we have any precise record grew up in the lower valley of the long mysterious Nile; and later on, other civilizations fringed the northern shores of the continent. But till within the memory of many now living, the great interior was a blank, filled by imaginative geographers with a perplexing and impossible net-work of lakes and rivers and mountains, interspersed with pictures of monstrous animals, imposing cities, and monarchs with crown and sceptre seated in majesty on their thrones.

Why should this be? Africa has been known to Europe and to western Asia as long as these ancient seats of civilization and enterprise have been known to themselves, and yet, with one solitary exception, it is doubtful if their traders, travellers, and conquerors ever penetrated far beyond its northern border; though there is reason to believe that, long even before the Arab invasions, traders from India and Arabia had dealings with the east coast, and even settled themselves there in cities of magnificence.

A century after Columbus discovered America, its coasts were nearly all mapped, colonies had been founded, and the interior penetrated at many points. Now, only four hundred years after that ever-memorable event, America is the

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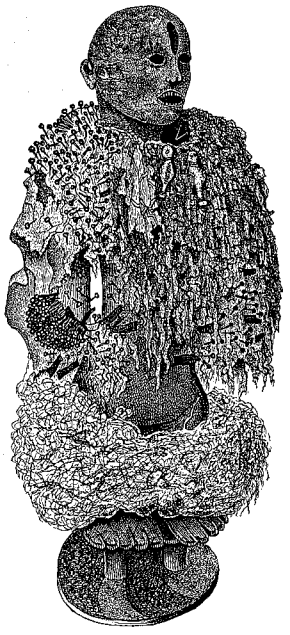
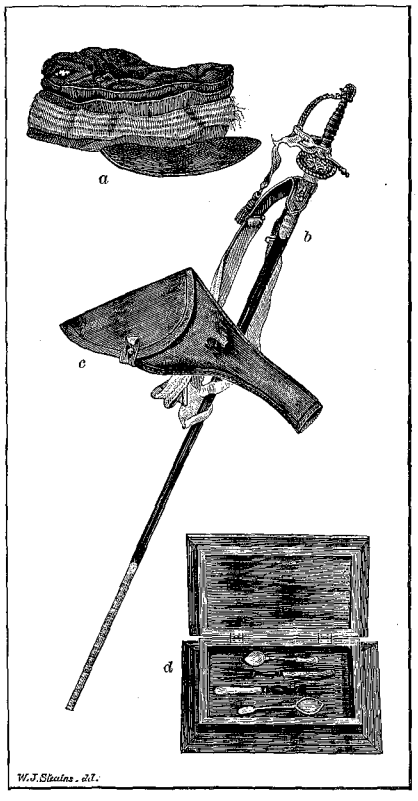
home of one of the greatest states the world has ever seen, and every inch of it is parcelled out among civilized governments. It is barely a century since the first settlement was made on the coast of Australia; now it is the home of millions of people of European origin, with all the civilized institutions of their old home, and an annual trade of some hundred and twenty millions sterling. That is a great deal more than the trade of the whole of Africa, which is four times the size of Australia, and was the home of civilization before history began. In America and Australia barbarism has been driven up into remote corners, and will soon be extinct; in Africa the corners are all that civilization can claim. The bulk of the continent is as much the home of the barbarian now as it was in the days, 2,400 years ago, when the Nassamonian youths were taken prisoners by the ancestors of those pigmies who so harassed Stanley and his men in their recent marches through the great Ituri forests. All this seems very remarkable. How is it to be accounted for? We cannot here discuss the subject in detail, but a walk through the African Exhibition in London may help to enlighten us a little, and will certainly give us a fair idea of what Africa is like at the present day.



Idol from Boma, Congo.



Relics of Dr. Livingstone.

a, Consular cap, worn by Dr. Livingstone to the date of his death. *b*, Consular sword worn by Dr. Livingstone. *c*, Leather pistol-case. *d*, Box containing forks and tea-spoons, used by Dr. Livingstone on his last journey, and brought home by his servants, Chumah and Susi.

There are many maps in this African Exhibition, and good maps, when properly understood, are full of interest and information. A glance at a good map of Africa will help to enlighten us as to why its interior is even now so comparatively little known. In the first place, it is evident that something like two-thirds of the continent lies within the tropics, and therefore has the sun vertical twice a year. No other continent is in the same position. Look at the coasts, how few openings there are into the land; look at the four great rivers, how they are impeded by shallows and broken by cataracts. See again, in the north of the continent, how some four million square miles are almost absolutely desert, spreading a broad barrier between the civilization of the Mediterranean and the savagery of the interior. These and other causes have been at work to prevent the white man from invading Central Africa and overspreading it, as he has done America, Australia, and even Asia. And, so far as

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we can see at present, it must always be so. The European can never colonize Central Africa as he has done North America; he may live there for a time and direct the work of the native, and so help to develop the resources of the continent. But the conditions are too tropical for Central Africa ever to become a permanent home of the white race; if not maintained by fresh supplies from the outside, the white man would be extinct in a generation or two. Alone among the continents, then, Central Africa must remain the peculiar home of colored humanity; but there is no reason why the natives should not be guided by their white brothers, and raised by European effort from their present low level of civilization. We may be sure that, had it not been for the almost insuperable barriers which exist, Africa would have been taken in hand by Europe long ago, and submitted to the same treatment as have been America and Australia.

What, then, has the white man so far done to open up Africa, and to bring his influence to bear upon the natives? Again the maps in the Exhibition will help us to some extent to answer this question. Here we have a series of maps which show the ideas which prevailed as to the geography of Africa from the time of Ptolemy, about the beginning of the Christian era, down to about the middle of last century. We give one [p. 182] which dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century, that of Sanuto, which may be taken as representing not only the knowledge of that time, but also the knowledge which existed thirteen hundred years before. Here we see the Nile represented as issuing from two lakes, which themselves are fed by a series of streams that flow down from a range of mountains to the south. The great problem is, do these lakes and these mountains represent any real knowledge on the part of the map-makers? We know that the Nile is fed by two lakes, the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza, and that on the south of the latter a great mountain mass rears its snowy head, of which Mr. Stanley has told us much under the name of Ruwenzori. These mountains in the old maps played an important part in the geography of Africa, even down to our own times; they are the famous Mountains of the Moon. Ptolemy himself only speaks of the Mountain of the Moon, and makes it to be a solitary mountain and not a range. That he had heard of two lakes and a mountain at the sources of the Nile, there can be little doubt; but whether it was all conjecture, or whether it was authentic information brought from the interior by traders or natives, we cannot tell. The Mountains of the

Bishop Hannington.
(From a photograph by R. H. Lord.)

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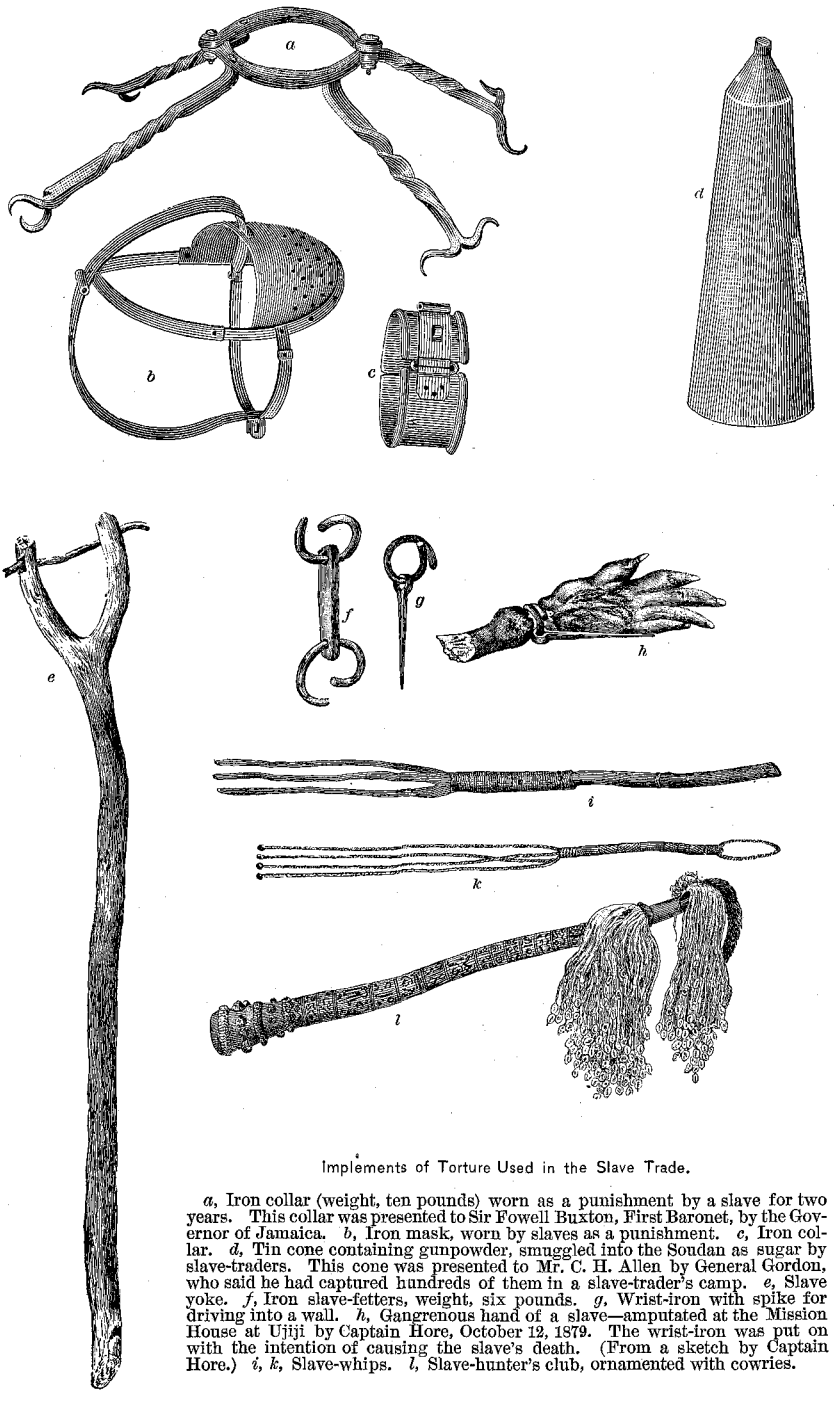

Implements of Torture Used in the Slave Trade.

a, Iron collar (weight, ten pounds) worn as a punishment by a slave for two years. This collar was presented to Sir Fowell Buxton, First Baronet, by the Governor of Jamaica. *b*, Iron mask, worn by slaves as a punishment. *c*, Iron collar. *d*, Tin cone containing gunpowder, smuggled into the Soudan as sugar by slave-traders. This cone was presented to Mr. C. H. Allen by General Gordon, who said he had captured hundreds of them in a slave-trader's camp. *e*, Slave yoke. *f*, Iron slave-fetters, weight, six pounds. *g*, Wrist-iron with spike for driving into a wall. *h*, Gangrenous hand of a slave—amputated at the Mission House at Ujiji by Captain Hore, October 12, 1879. The wrist-iron was put on with the intention of causing the slave's death. (From a sketch by Captain Hore.) *i*, *k*, Slave-whips. *l*, Slave-hunter's club, ornamented with cowries.

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Moon might very well have been the Mountains of Abyssinia, and the lakes also may have been those of that long-known country; or they may have been the snowy peaks of Ruwenzori, Kilimanjaro, and Kenia, and the great lakes near which these mountains stand; for the geographers even of the fourteenth century had no idea how to plot a map accurately.

But even before the Portuguese circumnavigated the Cape, much of the east coast of Africa was known, at least to the Arab geographers, and there can be no doubt that in the fifth century before Christ, Hanno, the Carthaginian, had crept down the west coast as far as the Gulf of Guinea. It was not, however, till toward the end of the fifteenth century that an approximate idea of the geography of Africa was obtained by the enterprise of Portuguese navigators. Scarcely anything is more stirring in the history of discovery than the series of advances along the coast of Africa initiated by Prince Henry of Portugal, after the siege of Ceuta (the apex of the west coast). We have such landmarks as the rounding of Cape Bojador in 1434; Cape Blanco, 1441; Cape Verde, 1445; Fernando Po, 1471; the discovery of the mouth of the Congo by Diego Cam, 1484; the Cape of Good Hope rounded by Dias, 1497; followed by Vasco Da Gama at Natal, Quillimane, Mozambique, Mombassa, and Melinda, in 1497–98. All the rest was detail; from that time the general outline of Africa has lain spread out before us in all its amplitude. From that time, too, the interior—on the maps at least—began to be rapidly filled up, until in the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, Africa was generally represented in atlases and books as in Dapple's map of 1680. The features are so fantastic that they look like a travesty of the truth. From one great lake, named Zembre, three rivers take their rise, no doubt representing the Nile, the Congo, and the Coanza. That the crowd of features laid down on these old maps was the result of actual observation by European travellers is not to be believed, though no doubt Portuguese missionaries did penetrate for some distance into the interior. But the majority of the lakes and mountains and rivers with which the interior is filled were either due to the imagination of travellers and geographers, or were simply set down from vague and untrustworthy native report. In short, the map of Africa seemed so fantastic a composition that the great French geographer, D'Anville, in the middle of last century, made a clean sweep, retaining only those features for the existence of which there was clear evidence, but leaving the great centre a complete blank. And so we may say it remained almost down to the time when Livingstone began his great work, and initiated what may be called the modern period of African exploration. Our second map, on page 183, will give some idea of what was known of Central Africa when Livingstone landed at the Cape in 1840. Let us briefly trace the rapid progress made during the last fifty years; not forgetting, however, that before this Bruce had explored Abyssinia, Mungo Park, Denham, Clapperton, Lander, Laing, and others had done much good work in the Niger region; while the brave and unfortunate Tuckey had ascended the Congo for over one hundred miles to the beginning of the Yellala Falls.

Fifty years ago, then, we must regard the map of Central Africa, from about five degrees north of the equator down to about the border of Cape Colony, as essentially a blank. True, Portugal had her colonies on the west coast to the south of the Congo, and on the east about the mouth of the Zambesi. Native travellers came and went to and from the interior to these colonies, and some of them may well have crossed the continent; but the Portuguese themselves knew little of any region beyond their own borders.

Livingstone went to Africa in 1840, and proceeding at once to Kuruman, Moffat's station, seven hundred miles north of the Cape, began those wanderings which ultimately carried him all over Central Africa, and rendered his name immortal as one of the greatest of all explorers. In two years after his arrival he had succeeded in reaching to within ten days' journey of Lake Ngami, and ultimately settled at Kolobeng, some two hundred and fifty miles north of the sta-

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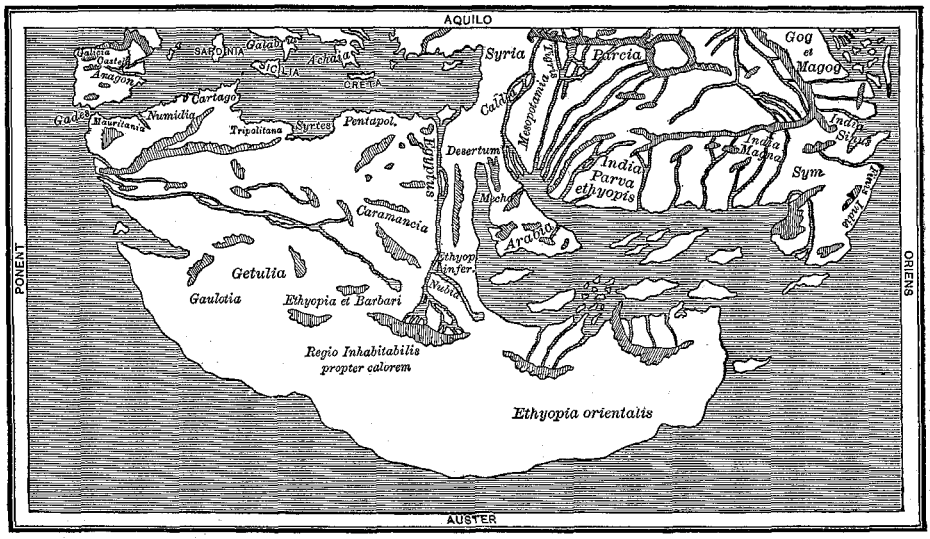
tion of Moffat, whose daughter he had meantime married. Here Livingstone found himself among those Bechuanas whose country has so recently become a part of the British empire. But he could not rest. In 1849 he undertook his first extensive journey, during which he discovered Lake Ngami and the Kalahari desert, bringing back with him a rich harvest for geography and natural history. Again on the move, in 1851 he made his way northward, winning the Kwango and other streams, Livingstone and his men, himself a "ruckle of bones," and nearly dead from dysentery and fever, suddenly—May, 1854—entered the city of Loango, much to the surprise of the Portuguese, who gave him a hospitable reception.

The narrative of this journey, which he sent home to the Royal Geographical Society, at once made him famous, and gained for him the gold medal of that body. The return journey was begun



Sanuto's Map of Africa, Made in the Beginning of the Fourteenth Century.

favor of chiefs and people by his gentle and gentlemanly treatment, until, to his surprise, he came on the great Zambesi, which no one had dreamt penetrated so far into the continent. There was no more rest for his eager spirit and restless feet until he had solved the mystery of this remarkable river. Sending his family home to England, and returning once more to the Zambesi in 1853, he gathered a band of loyal natives and patiently traced the river and its tributary, the Leeba, up to Lake Dilolo. Passing westward Livingstone crossed that "great sponge," as he called it, so unlike the ordinary notion of a watershed, in which multitudes of streams take their rise, some flowing southwestward to the Zambesi, some south to Lake Ngami, others west to the Atlantic, and others again north to the Congo. Crossing the in September. Livingstone spent some time in the Lake Dilolo region, studying the wonderful watershed of the country, which threw so much light on the river systems of the continent. A year later he reached his starting-point, but was not content to rest there. A few weeks later he started once more to trace the Zambesi down to its mouth in the Indian Ocean, and in the end of November made the great discovery with which, in popular imagination, his name is so intimately associated, the famous Victoria Falls. Pursuing what proved a weary journey down the great river, rendered more difficult in the region to which the Portuguese slavers had penetrated by the suspicion of the natives, he reached Quilimane, at the mouth of the river of that name, in May, 1856, completing, in two years and a half, one of

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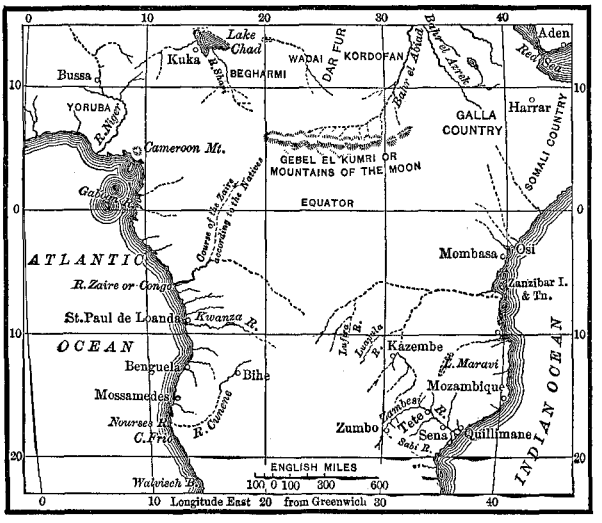
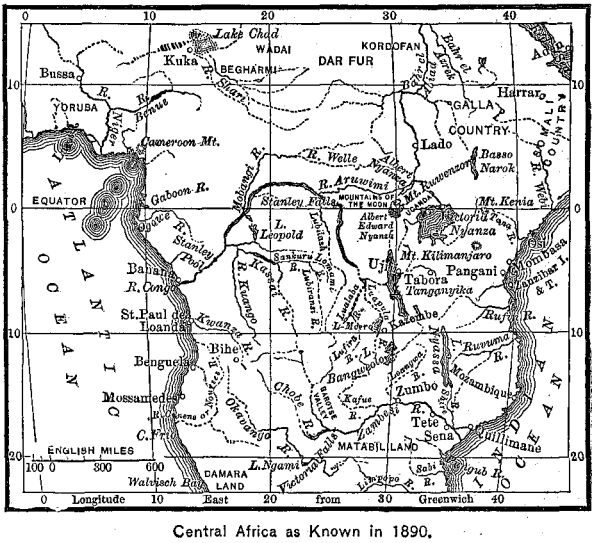
the most fruitful journeys on record. His observations necessitated the reconstruction of the map of Central Africa. He diagnosed, with his keen geographical instinct, the true configuration of the continent as a great hollow or basin-shaped plateau, whose outer edge dropped down in terraced escarpments to the low-lying land on the coast.



Map of Central Africa as Known in 1840.

Little more than a year after his arrival home, he was again on his way to the mouth of the Zambesi, in command of a great expedition fitted out at government expense. For six years did Livingstone and the able men of his staff, among whom was Sir John Kirk, explore the region to the north of the Zambesi, rediscovered Lake Nyassa (for it will be found in old maps), laying down the course of the Rovuma, revisiting the Victoria Falls and his old friends at Seshekke, and penetrating many miles to the northwest of Nyassa. These twenty years' almost incessant work of Livingstone made a very solid inroad in the blank space of Central Africa, and gave a stimulus to African exploration which has been gathering in strength ever since. We may therefore be pardoned for dwelling so long upon the travels of this greatest of all missionary explorers.

But let us see what was being done in other parts of the Dark Continent to let daylight in upon the mysteries of its unknown interior. On the west Mr. Francis Galton, as well as Baines and Andersson, did something to supplement Livingstone's journeys by pushing in toward Lake Ngami from Walfisch Bay, through Damaraland and the country over which Germany the other day cast the shield of her protection. Of the great lakes which we now know fill so large a space in Central Africa no certain information had ever reached Europe. Rumors of their existence had been filtering down to the coast, and between 1840 and 1850 several efforts had been made to reach them from Zanzibar. In 1848 the missionary Rebmann was struck with awe when he came upon the great Kilimanjaro, rearing its snowy head 20,000 feet high. Returning with his friend Krapf, they discovered the scarcely less grand Kenia, far to the north. Here, and in Mr. Stanley's Ruwenzori, we may perhaps discover the kernel of



Central Africa as Known in 1890.

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those "Mountains of the Moon" which for so long reared a barrier right across the centre of Africa. Rebmann and Krapf brought back fresh reports of the great lakes to the westward, and in 1857 Burton and Speke resolved to go in search of them. Burton had already done good work in the Harrar region, on the northeast corner of the continent, as well as in Zanzibar itself. Leaving Zanzibar in June, 1857, and after eight months of painful marching through silent and spectral mangrove creeks, melancholy mountains, desert and jungle, tawny rock and sun-parched plain, rank herbage and flats of black mud, the eyes of the pioneers were gladdened on February 13, 1858, with the first glimpse ever caught by white eyes, so far as we know, of the great Lake Tanganyika. Burton was in raptures at the beauty and richness and freshness of the scene, and at once caught the true character of the bed of the lake, a long, narrow rift or ravine, entirely similar in shape, and no doubt in origin, to Lake Albert Nyanza on the north, and Livingstone's Lake Nyassa on the south. The discovery of Lake Tanganyika by Sir Richard Burton deserves to take rank with Stanley's descent of the Congo, and it is to the shame of the British Government that one of the greatest of explorers was not allowed to retire on a pension long before his death. Since that day—thirty years ago—the route has been traversed by many an explorer and missionary; it is now a common highway, over which the post-runners from Lake Tanganyika carry their letters in a month's time to the coast, though the recent German troubles introduced a serious disturbing element. It took many years' observations before the true shape of the lake was made out, as the result of observations by such men as Livingstone, Cameron, Stanley, Thomson, Captain Hore, and others. The physical geography of this lake, with its remarkable oscillations of level, its unstable outlet, the Lukuga, its picturesque shores and islands, is of unusual interest. According to the ten years' observations of Captain Hore, the lake has fallen fifteen feet in that time, and yet the Lukuga keeps flowing out with a current more rapid than ever.

But Lake Tanganyika was not the only great discovery of the Burton and Speke expedition. On their way back to the coast Speke made a run northward in search of another great lake which was rumored to lie in that direction, and returned after having gazed on what he believed to be the long-sought-for source of the Nile, Lake Victoria Nyanza; and undoubtedly it is the great reservoir of that wonderful river. Thus still another broad space was rescued from the great blank of Central Africa.

Returning in 1860 with his friend, Captain (now Colonel) Grant, Speke still further extended our knowledge of Victoria Nyanza, and of Uganda, of Unyoro, Karagwe, and the other so-called kingdoms which fringe its shore, and of which we have recently heard so much in connection with Emin Pasha. The Nile was followed down to Khartoum. Meantime Baker (now Sir Samuel), another restless spirit, had set out from the north to seek for Speke and Grant. Making a round by northern Abyssinia, and exploring several tributaries of the Blue Nile, supplementing the work of Beke and many famous explorers whom we must pass over, he entered Khartoum in June, 1862. Proceeding up the river to Gondokoro, Baker met Speke and Grant, who fired him with the tale of their discoveries and of how much they had been compelled to leave undone. Travelling westward and southward through Ellyria, Luluba, Obbo, and other negro states which he explored for the first time, it was not till March, 1864, that Baker discovered the Muta Nzige, or Lake Albert Nyanza. It was not, however, till ten years later that Henry M. Stanley circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, and defined its real form; discovered still another lake to the southwest, the Alexandria Nyanza, which sends its contribution to the Nile, and a third lake to the south of Albert Nyanza, about all which lakes he has told us more since he returned from succoring Emin Pasha. We must here also mention the valuable work of Gordon Pasha, who explored so much of the upper Nile, and whose lieutenant, Gessi, circumnavigated Baker's Albert Nyanza. Emin Pasha himself, during

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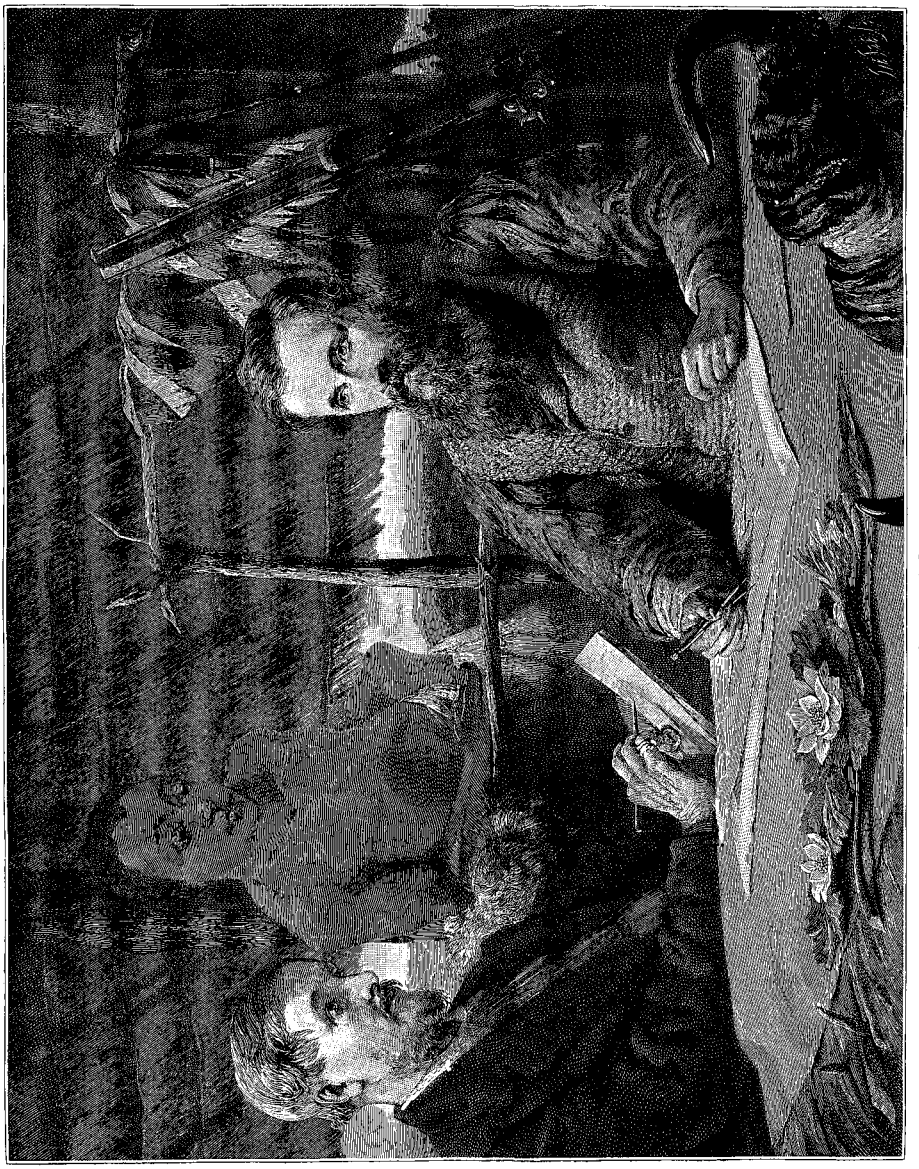

Speke and Grant.

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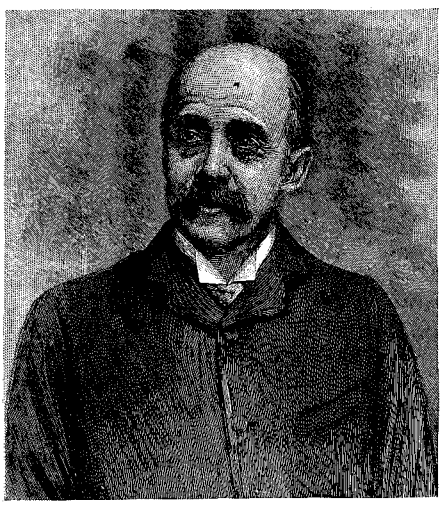
the long years that he held his extensive province, explored every mile of it; while his friend, Dr. Junker, had for ten

Captain Sir Richard F. Burton.
(From a photograph of a painting by Albert Letchford.)

years traversed the interesting region to the west and northwest of Lake Albert, the region watered by the Wellé and its tributaries, the problem of whose ultimate destination has only just been solved; for there seems at last to be no doubt that the Wellé is the upper course of the Mobangi, one of the great northern tributaries of the Congo.

Again, on the eastern side of Victoria Nyanza a great blank has recently been filled up by Mr. Joseph Thomson's remarkable journey from Mombassa, by Kilimanjaro, up through the country of the warlike, cattle-rearing, and cattle-stealing Masai, to Lake Naivasha and Mount Kenia, partly through a magnificent plateau and hilly country that reminded Thomson of his native woods and heaths, and so westward to the north-east shores of the lake, where, shortly after, the imprudent Bishop Hannington met his death. Others have followed Thomson so far, and only a few months ago a German, Dr. Meyer, succeeded in ascending to the summit of the ice-

Captain Clapperton.



Paul B. Du Chaillu.

covered crater of Kilimanjaro. To the south of this region again, between Kilimanjaro and the Rovuma, explorers, German and English, have been busy in recent years, so that we have been able to plot upon our maps the leading features of the region lying between the coast and the great lakes. I must pass over the many discoveries of English and German and other explorers to the north, on the various branches of the Nile, the Niam Niam country, in which many of these branches take their rise, and the valuable work of such men as Rholfs, Nachtigal, Schweinfurth, Barth, and Richardson, in the wide region of the Sahara, between the Mediterranean coast, Lake Chad, and the Niger, including the interesting countries of Sokoto, Bornu, and Wadai. The French, from

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Senegal, and the English explorers Baikie and Winwood Reade, supplemented the discoveries of Mungo Park, Denham, Clapperton, and others on the Niger, which have been still further extended by the late German explorer, Flegel.

To come down again to the great lake region, readers of Livingstone's "Last Journals" will remember his many years' wanderings over all that part of Africa. Ere Stanley succored him at Ujiji he had discovered Lakes Bangweolo and Moero, and the upper reaches of the Congo, or Lualaba. He had defined with something like precision the outline of Lake Tanganyika, had passed through Manyuema to Nyangwe, where his soul was harrowed by the horrors of the Arab slavers, and where again he saw a broad river sweeping its way northward, and was fain to believe, against all likelihood, that it must be the Nile. It was in search of the Nile Fountains—mentioned by Herodotus—that poor Livingstone went wandering south after Stanley left him, only to find his death in a rude hut on the swampy shores of Lake Bangweolo. Livingstone did more perhaps than any other single man to fill up the blank which he found on the map of Africa at the beginning of his thirty years' wanderings; but he died and left unsolved the mystery of that mile-wide river that swept away northward past Nyangwe. The next white man that found himself standing on the banks of that mysterious river at Nyangwe, and wondering where it went to after it disappeared among the primeval forests, was Commander Cameron; but he felt constrained to turn his back upon the great problem, and wandered away southward through the region watered by its upper waters, adding much to our knowledge of this country as he made his way slowly, with many halts, to the Portuguese settlements on the west coast.

Not long after Cameron, in October, 1876, Henry Stanley and his mongrel band of dusky and faithful followers found themselves face to face with the great problem at this same Nyangwe. Let us remember that before his expedition reached this point he had circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza; had sojourned many weeks with King Mtesa, of Uganda, and sent home thrilling accounts of his interviews with that wily potentate; had discovered another lake to the south of Baker's Albert Nyanza; and had done much valuable work on his way south to Lake Tanganyika. From Ujiji Stanley circumnavigated Tanganyika; then crossing the lake, marched through the Manyuema country to Nyangwe, where he found himself face to face with the greatest un-

Major Denham.

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solved problem in African geography. It is easy for us to say now that there was no problem at all; that there could be no doubt as to the ultimate destination of this northward flowing river. But if you read the writings of the time

Sir Samuel Baker.

you will find that very grave doubts indeed divided intelligent men into three camps. There were those who maintained that it could be no other than the upper Nile; others again were inclined to believe that it must flow into some great lake to the north; while a third party leaned to the belief of its being the upper Congo, which was then known to only a short distance from the coast, at the Yellala Falls. Stanley was not the man to turn aside from such a magnificent problem, the one great mystery that now remained for solution in the Dark Continent. Readers of his book will remember the dramatic scene in the hut with his one white companion, poor Frank Pocock. Six times they tossed a rupee, heads for the north and tails for the south; and six times it turned up tails for the south; with short and long straws they were equally unfortunate. "It is of no use, Frank, we will face our destiny in spite of the coin and straws. With your help, my dear fellow, I will follow the river." The hazard of the situation, here in the middle of the continent, with the great river sweeping past into unknown blackness, perhaps through virgin forests and swamps, peopled with cannibals and heaven knows what other horrors, is well expressed in the lines put into the mouth of Ulysses by Tennyson, and quoted by Stanley himself in connection with this great crisis. One can easily imagine Stanley addressing his dusky companions, who had faithfully followed him across the continent:

"My mariners,
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me,
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads: Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset till I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the happy isles
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.
Though much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are,
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

We all know the result. In eight months after leaving Nyangwe, Stanley had been able to trace down to the Atlantic the course of one of the greatest rivers of the world, to place upon the map of Africa its most striking feature; a river which is certainly destined to play a great part in the development of whatever resources Central Africa is able to produce.

Since then the exploration and partition of the African continent have gone on with ever accelerating speed. The scramble for Africa is now all but complete, and England has no reason to

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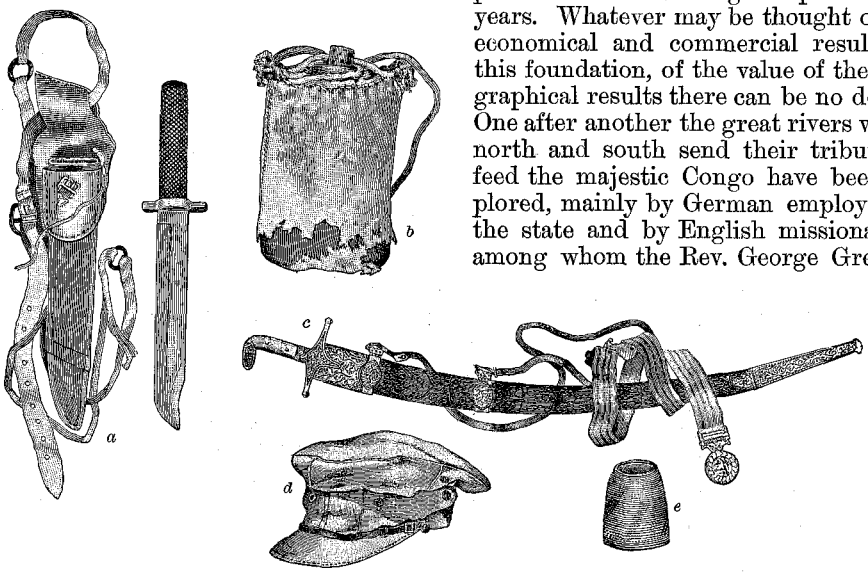
complain of her share of the spoil, such as it is; for those who know Africa best maintain that it is the least hopeful of all the continents. Stanley had scarcely had time to recover his shattered health when he was back again on the Congo, founding that so-called Free State, which has occupied so prominent a place in public attention during the past twelve years. Whatever may be thought of the economical and commercial results of this foundation, of the value of the geographical results there can be no doubt. One after another the great rivers which north and south send their tribute to feed the majestic Congo have been explored, mainly by German employés of the state and by English missionaries, among whom the Rev. George Grenfell deserves most honorable mention. On the south a complicated net-work of rivers, going to form the Sankuru-Kassai, has been laid down, flowing through a thickly peopled country of vast extent, containing tribes of those pigmies which we find scattered in small groups all over Africa, and of which Stanley has much to tell. These pigmies are probably enough the remains of the primitive population of Africa. The continent itself has been crossed several times since Stanley's great feat — by Serpa Pinto, Capello, and Ivens, from Loando to Natal and Quilimane; by Oscar Lenz, from the mouth of the Congo to the mouth of the Zambesi; and twice by Wissmann, one of the more prominent of the Congo State explorers, and since famous in connection with German enterprises; again, away down in the Zambesi region, by a Scotch missionary, Arnot, whose only weapon was a walking-stick; quite recently by Stanley for the second time; and a Frenchman, Captain Trivier, who followed the usual Congo and lake route. The feat is now



Relics of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, 1887–89.

a, Knife carried by Mr. Stanley during his journey. *b*, Mr. Stanley's water bottle. *c*, Sword, mounted in gold, presented to Mr. Stanley, in February, 1887, by the late Sultan of Zanzibar. This sword was recognized as a talisman by all the Arabs. *d*, Hat designed and made by Mr. Stanley from a piece of tenting at Fort Bodo in the Aruwimi Forest. *e*, Plaited drinking cup for "pombe."

Carved Axe from the River Lindy, East Africa.

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a matter of a few months—almost of a few weeks. Stanley himself has so recently told the story of his last wonderful expedition in these pages that there is no need to repeat it. It may only be said that, with much heroic endurance on the part of Stanley and his brave companions (Parke, Stairs, Nelson, Jephson, and Bonny), he succeeded in completing the work which he began at the north end of Lake Tanganyika, with Livingstone, nearly twenty years ago. He has defined clearly the basins of the Congo and the Nile, and so put the finishing touch to one of the greatest problems in African geography. One of our illustrations [p. 189] shows a few relics of this most remarkable expedition. Thus line after line of light has been projected across the face of the Dark Continent, with the result that the blank space of fifty years ago is nearly as thickly covered with features of all kinds as were the old maps before D'Anville's time; based, however, not on fancy and rumor, but on actual observations made at the cost of much suffering and many lives.

In a word or two I must refer to the region lying to the north of the lower Congo, which, under the name of the Gaboon, or French Congo, has fallen to France as part of her share of African spoil. Only some fifty years ago did France raise her flag at the mouth of the Gaboon. Here, thirty years ago, one of the most famous of African travellers, Paul Du Chaillu, then little more than a boy, made his way into the interior from the Gaboon River and brought back his wonderful story of the country and the people, and, above all, of that appallingly man-like gorilla, with which his name is so intimately connected. Some years later the same distinguished traveller penetrated, on the south of the Ogowé River, into the heart of Aschango Land, not far from the recently founded Franceville, on the upper Ogowé. Subsequent explorers have amply confirmed the accuracy of Du Chaillu's wonderful story. Many other names are connected with this region, but we can only mention that of De Brazza, who in recent years has done so much to open up and make known the fine country which lies between the Ogowé and the Congo. Still further

The Late Mr. A. M. Mackay, Lay Missionary at Uganda, died about February, 1890.

(From a portrait by Raymond Lynde.)

H. H. Johnston.

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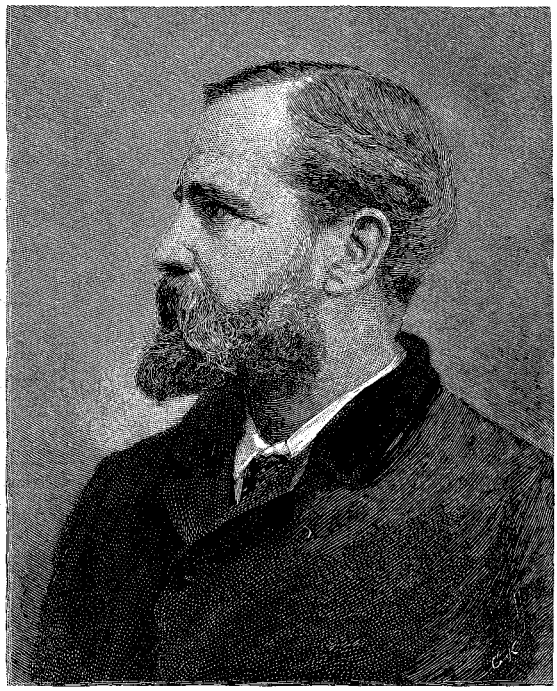
north, in Senegambia, the French have in recent years shown great activity; they have all but traced the source of the Niger, and done much to make known and to annex the region lying between the coast and the upper Niger. Only a short time ago one of their gunboats reached the port of the famous city of Timbuctoo, which I may say has been twice visited during the half century—once by Dr. Barth, about thirty years ago, and quite recently by Dr. Oscar Lenz.

But the half has not been told. Many names and many exploring triumphs I must leave unmentioned. While there are still many blanks to fill up on the map of Africa, more has been done during the last fifty years to open up the interior of the Continent and lay down its leading features, than has been done since the sons of Ham first wandered across its borders. The general result of all the explorations I have referred to has been essentially to confirm the conclusion come to by Livingstone, with his wonderful geographical instinct. Africa, as a whole, is really a table-land, slightly depressed in the interior, and sloping rather sharply to the coast. At no very remote geological period much of its centre, according to the latest hypothesis, has been a great lake or inland sea; this sea, gradually rising with the accumulation of the rainfall, finally overtopped the coast mountains on the west; the waters rushing out, gradually wore a channel that now forms the bed of the lower Congo, the great lower cataracts of which still tumble their way over what remains of the mountains, Stanley Pool being all that remains of the great lake. But the more we know of African geography the more complicated and puzzling the problem becomes; and it will take many years of minute exploration before a satisfactory solution is obtained.

What has been the practical outcome of all this exploring activity? For one thing, we have obtained a fairly accurate conception of what Central Africa is like and what are its industrial capabilities. Even to the east of Lake Tanganyika there are large areas of desert, where there is little or no rainfall, and where there could be no cultivation of the soil unless some means of irrigating the land could be discovered. Still, much of this part of the continent consists of grass-land covered with trees like an English park. On the west, again, we have that wonderful tropical forest through which Mr. Stanley's expedition had to cleave its way, and the actual extent of which no man can tell. But in attempting to form an idea of what Africa is like, we are apt to forget that it is a great continent, more than three times the size of Europe, and that over its surface we have every variety of climate and features and people, though in all these respects it must be admitted it is much more monotonous than any other continent. While the plateau character of Central Africa has its advantages in enabling white men to live on the continent in health and vigor, for a time at least, it has also its disad-



Commander Lovett Cameron.

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vantages. Those great rivers which all rise in the centre of the continent—the Nile, the Congo, the Zambesi, and the Niger—must make their way down the steep sides of the plateau to the ocean, with the result that their beds are more or less broken by falls and cataracts, rendering them less useful as trade-routes than they might otherwise have been.

Major von Wissmann.

But the trade of Central Africa is, so far, a poor affair. Its total value, imports and exports combined, does not amount to more than ninety millions sterling. Of this only fifteen millions can be credited to Central Africa, that is, to about two-thirds of the whole continent. The total exports from all this area do not exceed in value eight millions sterling. What a wretched state of things this is for an old continent like Africa, may be realized when it is remembered that the annual export of mineral oil alone from the United States comes to more than this, while Egypt exports cotton to about the same value. The truth is, Central Africa has nothing but her natural animal and vegetable products to offer to the trader, and in tropical countries these can never be of much value commercially. Thus the only commercial exhibit in the African Exhibition is ivory, and the value of ivory as an export from all Africa does not amount to more than a million annually. By and by even that will cease, for the elephant is going the way of the megatherium, the dodo, and the mammoth. North and South Africa have prospered mainly because the white settlers therein have cultivated the soil and reared cattle and sheep, and worked the minerals; and Central Africa will rise in commercial value only when the natives have learned from white men not merely to make the most of their ivory and their gums and their woods, and other natural products, but also to clear the ground of its rank vegetation and to plant such crops and rear such animals as will be useful in the commerce of the world. This will take much patience and time and trouble; meanwhile the chartered companies and other European organizations will in their own interests, and, it is to be hoped, in the interests of the natives, make the best use of what nature has provided of commercial value.

That the poor untutored natives them-

Carved Drum (West Africa).

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selves are not without some skill in working up into manufactured articles the natural produce of their country, is evident from the many beautiful and ingenious objects shown in the African Exhibition. Here are wonderful brass vessels from the Niger; the most tasteful and soft-textured mats of grass from the Congo region; ornaments from all parts of the continent; and, above all, an infinite variety of weapons of offence and defence.

Then we have strange-looking drums and other musical instruments, hideous fetishes, handsome and curiously shaped axes and knives, and graceful shields. All this is an index of the stage of civilization which has been reached by the natives of this strange continent; while the rest of the world has been advancing by leaps and bounds, they are still the same as they were in the days of the Pharaohs and Herodotus and Ptolemy. But this state of things cannot last much longer. For better or worse, the white man has at last taken Africa seriously in hand.

Much has been said about the laziness of the African and his unwillingness to work. But it should be remembered that there are Africans and Africans. There are the splendid Wahuma, that Mr. Stanley found the ruling people in the lake plateaus. There are those other fine fellows of the type of the Zulu, great warriors no doubt, but, as has been found in South Africa, quite capable of being trained to steady work. There are the pure negroes of the West, with whom it is more difficult to deal; and other varieties found all over the centre of the continent, not to mention the peoples of the North. The truth is that the African has hitherto had no great stimulus to hard labor, and if such a stimulus is judiciously introduced there is no doubt that he may be pulled up a long way above his present level. We have evidence of that in the success which has met the efforts of the missionaries, Protestant and Roman Catholic, but especially the latter, in many places. Missionaries have, it is to be feared, often shown a great lack of judgment and practical sense in dealing with natives; but they, like others, are learning that what is suitable for the advanced European may be poison for the undeveloped African; and that we cannot expect the latter to attain in a bound the stage which it has taken the former two thousand years to reach. Moffat and Mackay were two of the best types of missionaries; Bishop Hannington, too, was brave and practical; but there is no doubt he lost his life by obstinately taking a route which he was warned would lead to martyrdom.

It will, however, take many more years of missionary and philanthropic effort in Africa to balance the evil which has resulted from European connection with that continent. One of the most painful, if most interesting, sections of the African Exhibition is that devoted to slavery. Slavery, alas! has not been confined to the natives of the African continent. At one period of the world's history the bulk of humanity were, indeed, slaves to the minority of their fellows. At the present day the wretched natives of several of the South American States are virtually in the position of bondsmen, and their treatment is, in many cases, as inhuman as that of the negro when African slavery was at its worst. But the fact is, the term slavery is applied to conditions which differ greatly from each other. In the slave section of the Exhibition we have portraits of Fowell Buxton, Wilberforce, and others, and a variety of cruel-looking instruments which belong happily to a past state of things. The worst form of African slavery was that which came to an end after the American civil war. For something like three centuries the unfortunate continent was drained of its inhabitants to supply laborers for the Colonies and States of America, and in this matter England was no less guilty than Spain and Portugal. The horrors of the middle passage have often been described, and the articles shown in the Exhibition afford some idea of the cruelties which accompanied it. Probably the last shipload of slaves was taken across the Atlantic in 1865. In that year the English cruisers captured and liberated 35 blacks, as compared with 450 in 1864, and 1,475 in 1863. But the cessation of the transatlantic slave-trade only tended to draw more marked attention to that

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other slave-trade, whose main outlet is the east coast, and the routes across the Sahara. The trade is many centuries older than that from the west coast, and has probably been going on from long before the Christian era. Why the poor sons of Ham should have been singled out for so nefarious a purpose it is hard to say. But there is little doubt that the days of this trade in humanity are numbered. Morocco on one side, and Arabia and Persia on the other, are the great marts for this living commodity. The Turkish market has been almost cut off, though it is to be feared that Egypt still draws a supply from the heart of the continent. Everyone admits that the slaves, when they once reach their destination and find their masters, are almost invariably treated with kindness; as in the days of the Old-Testament patriarchs, they become members of the family, and often rise to positions of high honor. The great cruelty is connected with the actual capture—the burning of villages, the slaughter of those who resist, the deaths during the long and painful march, the cruelties and barbarities practised by the captors. For every slave which reaches the coast, probably four natives have met their death. Even yet, the yearly contingent which is brought to market must number many thousands. This form of slavery cannot continue much longer; all civilized nations are thoroughly roused to put it down; and now that the whole of the African coast has been partitioned off among the European powers, we may hope, unless indeed Portugal, as of old, stops the way, that in no long time it will be as dead as the old slavery which was nourished on the American side of the Atlantic.

But if this form of slavery were extinguished, we must not think that the institution would cease to exist. The fact is, that within the continent itself slavery is universal, though the term is too strong to apply to the actual state of things. Almost every tribe may be said to have its bondsmen—captured in war or who have lost their freedom through the commission of some crime. Among many tribes the people are virtually the slaves of their chiefs; but this kind of slavery is, as a rule, no hardship. No doubt, as civilization and European influences spread over the continent, this patriarchal state of society will gradually die out. But the result ought to come naturally and slowly, and the natives ought to be gently dealt with and trained to regular labor; for without their help we shall never be able to develop the resources of the continent. We cannot afford to annihilate them as we are doing the Australians and the North American Indians.

Far worse than this form of slavery, and quite as bad as the slave-raids of the Arabs, are the raids for ivory, of which Mr. Stanley tells us so much in his new book. Arabs like Tippu Tib and Ugarrowa devastate thousands of miles of fine country, and lay waste hundreds of peaceful villages, in order to steal the stores of ivory which the natives have managed to collect. Now that England and Germany, France and Belgium, have taken the responsibility of developing Africa upon their own shoulders, they will be bound to see that this iniquitous traffic also will come to an end. So likewise must the traffic in poisonous European liquors. At the same time, it should be remembered that the African is not dependent on any outside supply when he wants to get drunk. Like most other savage people, they have an intoxicating brew of their own; and Mr. H. H. Johnston, one of the most energetic and successful of African travellers, tells us that in a recent journey between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika he came upon the most drunken tribe he ever met; though they never tasted a drop of anything but their own native-made pombé. All this shows how much there is to be done ere the sons of Ham are raised above the estate in which their ancestors have lived for probably thousands of years.

In the final scramble for Africa, Great Britain, as we have said, has managed to appropriate a very satisfactory share. South of the Zambesi she has obtained nearly all that is most worth having, and here we see in the making what in the future may probably become a great English-speaking nation or confederation. In the centre of the continent,

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again, thanks to the public spirit of Sir William Mackinnon, her dominion extends over those great lakes which give origin to the Nile, and the magnificent plateaus with their splendid populations around them. On the other side, she has command of the Niger and the thickly populated and half-civilized countries to which that river gives access. Here she has France for her rival, and in time we may expect to see the extensive domain of French Senegambia connected by rail with her Algerian territory. As for Germany, she claims about a million square miles in East and West Africa, though whether she will be able to make anything of the enormous territory remains to be seen. It seems likely that the vast Congo basin will become a Belgian colony; while even Italy now claims suzerainty over the whole of Abyssinia and Shoa, and a great stretch of Somali Land. Except Morocco and the central Soudan States, there is really nothing left to divide; for England is supreme in Egypt, and will probably let no other power gain a footing in those upper Nile countries which are at present terrorized over by the Mahdi. The history of Central Africa may only now be said to have begun. The problem here is very different from that which has had to be faced in America, in Australia, and even in Asia; what will be the final outcome of it all, who can tell?

THREE CHARADES.*

By L. B. R. Briggs.

I.

My first we breathe upon the listening air
In sorrow, sickness, rapture, love, and prayer,
  And sing it in our melodies devotional;
And you and I, if we a finger jam,
Employ my first, whereas they say that d—n
  Is used among the recklessly emotional.

My next, like Puck, encompasses the land
With viewless and imaginary band.
  'Tis boiling hot, or freezing cold, or medium.
By such as this, and such embraces round
(Chiastically placed) the earth is bound.
  (My pedantry, I trust, is free from tedium.)

My whole I don't know anything about,
And yet uncontradicted may, no doubt,
  In modesty observe what I am next-to-say:
To wit, that chemists and the like declare
That if my whole *would* saturate the air,
  We all should jump and caper in an ecstasy.

Fill me with this, and mark if I retire
One step for famine, pestilence, or fire;
  Or seven-headed monster known to Patmos fear:
For, if you see me waver in the least
Before the brute (or any other beast),
  My whole is insufficient in the atmosphere.

* The answers will be found on page 264.

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II.

I cannot sing my first so well
As Wordsworth or as Shelley can.
My reasons I will frankly tell:
'Tis pretty hard
For any bard
To praise a bird
He never saw or heard.
(*E.g.*, I could not celebrate a pelican;
I only know it is long-billed and altruistic,
And makes with *Shelley can* a creditable distich.)

Nor do I know my second much.
Some cavalier more elegant
(And truly there are many such)
Who rides a horse
Without remorse,
And will not own
That he was ever thrown,
Can sound my second's praise as even Shelley can't—
Lord Marmion, perhaps, who "turned and dashed the rowels;"
Some wight with neither fear nor mercy in his bowels.

My whole's a flower of lovely hue,
Enough to make a Shelley glad.
'Tis red and blue and purple too,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
And grows in spikes
That everybody likes,
And would be perfect if a smell it had.
(Perhaps if it were just the merest trifle sweeter,
I could write two lines more and satisfy the metre.)

III.

On royalty itself my first may gaze,
  Yet loves the fireside better than the court.
Sleep and the chase absorb his nights and days—
  A patient hunter in a humble sport.

In Eden whilom dwelt a happy pair
  (He was for valor formed and she for grace).
My next is half the man that wandered there;
  My next is still the foremost of its race.

My third, the constant comrade of the fair,
  May "sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair"—
  Alas, that none but women should upbraid!

Revile me not for dark and tortuous ways;
  Revile me not for long and vapory gloom.
Of old I had my hospitable days,
  An awful refuge from a martyr's doom.

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THE STORY OF AN OLD BEAU.

By John Seymour Wood.

I.

R. PERCY THORNDYKE had been, for many years, a well-known figure at the Club. He made it his daily habit, when in town, to leave his business at about three o'clock, and spend the remaining hours of the afternoon sitting with his friends in one of the broad windows which looked upon Fifth Avenue. He had an exquisite and highly-cultivated eye for female beauty, and it was conceded that the windows of the Club afforded members an unusually favorable opportunity for observing the pretty girls. It almost seemed, sometimes, as if the pretty girls went out of their way to exhibit their clear complexions, their frank, bright eyes, their charming costumes, their slender figures before the Club windows. Thorndyke, who had been, in his day, a society "swell," was still frequently able to give a *débutante* a decided vogue by noticing her, and praising her "points." He was careful to attend the Delmonico balls, and he had long been accustomed to see his name in the standing list of fashionable attendants at entertainments in the city and at Newport. He kept in his capital memory the names and pedigrees of the "buds" with the same studious care he gave to the yearling fillies. The younger men at the Club often found him a valuable *confidant*, in consequence. He knew the rich, brilliant, and childish society in which he moved as no other man—except, perhaps, the "great" McWard—knew it. In the days when Saratoga and Long Branch were still fashionable, he had been a distinguished leader of the german. It had hardly been ten years since he had opened the Charity ball, an affair which he regretfully said was now given over to "everybody." He retained several accomplishments of the beau of twenty-five or thirty years ago. He played billiards, as well as the piano, capitally; he was still a most graceful dancer; he was fond of a rakish trotter; he quoted Byron with inconceivable aptness; and he had many little habits—such as universally smoking his cigar in an elaborate meerschaum holder, and wearing diamond jewelry—habits which were retained by him in his later years much in the same way the wig is retained on the English bench. On the other hand, he despised the modern craze for athletics. He preferred the standard hero of his youth—the tall, pale, intellectual young man, with sad eyes, broad shoulders, narrow hips, and nerves of steel—the muscles of the giant with the delicate hands of a woman! He longed to personify this heroic personage, and his fatness and rotundity were among the bitterest griefs of his later years. He was still careful about his clothes, and yielded gracefully to the demands of "good form," that they should be purchased chiefly in Bond Street. He was really intensely American—he secretly despised the kind of young man who turns up his trousers because it is raining in London—but he preferred to be in style, and if it led him to England, it did not much matter. A great many of the elder set at the Club complained that Thorndyke dressed too "young." It usually became necessary to imitate him, and they wished that he was more given to compromises. It was he, they said, who first made the short, tailless dress-coat possible for men of his years; and it was he who unequivocally adopted the Gordon sash and flannel shirt for summer. It was doubted whether Thorndyke ever *would* grow old; he was capable of very youthful follies still; he had often been convicted by amused mammas of making foolish, boyish love to the pretty young "buds"! Where most men would have given themselves to serious pursuits, he labored for months, in secret, and finally brought forth a new cocktail, which he was much too modest to allow to be named for

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him; he dubbed it, on mature reflection, the "Byron," after his favorite and only poet. The cocktail at once achieved a success. It became very popular at the Club, and for a year Thorndyke was prevailed upon to devote his spare time to the concoction of a "long" drink which would be superior, even, to the chaste simplicity of the "Remsen Cooler." It may be said that he experimented, at some personal inconvenience to himself, without much success. He complained that he had not the pure, unadulterated liquors of his youth at hand—just as he habitually deplored the modern songsters, and went back to praise the old Academy and the *divas* of long ago.

He was getting quite bald of late, and he was careful to part the thin crisp of gray hair over his forehead accurately in the middle. His moustache was his chief glory; it was long and silken, and had the most graceful curves, and it had as yet given no signs of decadence. His complexion was rubicund, his blue eyes a little disposed to bulge; his figure was round and inclined to a buoyant *embonpoint*. It told a story of a thousand good dinners—in a city that has at last vanquished the cookery of Paris. Time had written (to misquote his favorite poet) no wrinkles on his ruby brow. His face had all the smooth flexibility of an infant's. When he gave way, occasionally, to a smile, the entire face gave one a momentary sensation of a "sunburst"—so frequent in colonial decoration.

Even down to the little fashionable touch—the purple bachelor's-button in the lapel of his well-fitting cutaway, in spite of his roundness and avoirdupois, he was always in such admirable good form, that it would have made one ridiculous to have laughed at him. For a man of his years he was decidedly *chic*. He was also easy-going, modest of his accomplishments, and yet full of a sensitive and abnormal pride—a heroic sense of what was to be expected of him, derived, partly from his fondness for romantic reading, and partly from his long leadership in the ball-room. He loved to be admired by the women—to be distinguished. Women as a rule vexed him greatly—they petted him. It was only the very young ones who worshipped; and to the young ones the old beau devoted himself, and made his boyish avowals.

He had inherited a considerable fortune from his father, who had lived to see his son successfully launched in his own business — wholesale drygoods. But in some way there had come a failure a few years after the old gentleman's death, and Thorndyke had taken the remnants of his sister's and his own fortune from drygoods into Wall Street. Here, with the aid of a few good friends, he had succeeded for a while fairly well. He was able in time to invest fifty thousand dollars as his sister's share in his speculations, and in addition to settle upon her an annuity which he paid from his own income. It was a matter of pride with him to make her all the return he could for the loss of the family fortune. In fact, he never quite got over the unkind reproaches of Georgianna at the time of the failure—a failure which, he considered, was not due to his own mismanagement, but to an unfortunate temporary lull in the price of calicoes. Georgianna, for her part, had never quite forgiven him.

She was a woman with a tongue, and after the death of her dissolute husband, she seemed to have no one on whom to apply it, legitimately, except her amiable brother. She seemed never weary of telling him that she ought to have been the boy, and he the girl of the family. This trifling bit of persiflage appeared to worry him dreadfully. He felt that Georgianna would never come to abandon her attitude of disapproval; but he admired his still handsome sister very much, and devoted himself to her and her daughter's interests. Georgianna had at one time been a favorite toast among the *jeunesse dorée* who gathered in Delmonico's café on Fourteenth Street. She had danced with the Russian Grand Duke Alexis on his visit in '66. She had at one time the New York world at her feet, and she had selected a handsome, but unreliable, youth as a husband, who turned out eventually to be a drunkard. It was, perhaps, her brother's advocacy of this marriage, which proved so unfortunate, that laid the foundation of her final disrespect. She very soon ceased to remember that she had been wildly in love with her good-

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looking Willy Batterson. Thorndyke had been loyal to her then, however, and he was loyal to her now. He had long since ceased to care particularly what Georgianna said, or, if he felt grieved, he forgave her for Ethel's sake. Ethel had grown up to be even more beautiful than he remembered her mother. When he insisted upon this to some of his old club cronies, they laughed, and referred him to the well-known principle—that a brother never fully appreciates his sister's good looks. Colonel Bullock, now a wealthy operator, and who recalled Mrs. Batterson in the old days very well, told him frankly he was talking nonsense. "My dear boy," said the Colonel, one evening at the club, after dinner, "your sister was the handsomest, most fascinating girl that ever lived—all of us older fellows are agreed on that point. During the war, Georgie Thorndyke always presided at the Sanitary Fairs—over the flower tables—and that ought to settle it."

And Colonel Bullock's hand trembled with agitation as he raised a kummel and ice to his lips, amid a profound silence, and an exchange of amused glances. It was well understood, that since the death of his wife, a few years before, the colonel had been very attentive in a certain direction.

II.

THORNDYKE had never experimented in marriage as his sister had done. After his first failure in drygoods, he began nervously to share his sister's distrust in himself. His success in Wall Street served to steady him, but it gave him no confidence. Within a few years he had met with new reverses, which had cramped him a good deal. He had not allowed his losses to have any effect upon his sister's annuity. They had compelled him, however, to give up a very pretty suite of apartments on the Avenue, where his little breakfasts had been famous among a select circle, for years. They had compelled him also to give up his excellent valet and live as close to the wind as his tastes and habits would permit. He said to himself that it mattered little where he slept—that his club was his essential *milieu*. We may take the reader into our confidence sufficiently to state that Thorndyke's circumstances had grown so narrow within a year, that he was actually compelled to lodge, in secret, in a cheap boarding-house on an unfashionable street. He never spoke of his affairs to anyone. To many of his club friends he gave the impression of never being long absent from his favorite corner in the smoking-room. His sister had but a vague suspicion as to his narrowed circumstances. He explained the absence of Pierre, his valet, as due to a prolonged visit to his beloved Paris. He referred his removal from the Avenue to the unpleasant encroachment of a London haberdasher. As yet he had given no sign of his decaying circumstances in the appearance of his clothes. Georgianna, as long as she duly received his annuity, could think and talk about him as she liked.

But of late things were going from bad to worse. The market had long been very dull, and he was consciously sinking deeper and deeper in the mire of debt. His friends noticed how silent, how remote he had become. He came in and left the Club, restlessly, nodding to some and cutting others inadvertently. He declined several breakfasts, fearful of the obligation of returning them; he gave up his bottle of wine at dinner; his easy joviality disappeared; he seldom laughed; little blue circles lined the upper rim of his fat cheeks. It began to be whispered that "Thorny" was playing in hard luck. It is never the thing at the Club to pry, and his most intimate friend would never have felt privileged to speak to him of his affairs, unbidden. This is the way in clubs, where men have no business to be pitiful, and no desire to be merciful. The club is after all but a miniature of the world, where men come and go, rise or disappear, and the billiards, and little drinks, and dinners go on forever.

He sat one afternoon, late in May, in his sister's pretty apartment, waiting until she made her appearance. He twirled his narrow-rimmed, stylish little derby in his fat fingers, and wondered what Georgianna would say; for he had made up his mind to tell her that the

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end had come, and he could keep up the fight no longer. He planned to make her aware that her annuity would still be regularly paid by his bankers, but that he himself would be obliged to disappear. He had, at the time, a vague notion of going to San Francisco, and of entering the banking house of an old friend who resided there. He restlessly arose, and, as was his wont, set some of the *bric-à-brac* in order on a little Venetian table near him. In a silver tray he counted half a dozen of Colonel Bullock's cards, and a tremulous smile illumined his face a moment. He walked across the room and glanced out of the window upon the roofs below. A fine mass of cumulus clouds were sailing from the west in, otherwise, the clearest of blue skies. The bright bit of cloudscape, with here and there a shining steeple to remind him that he was not actually in cloudland, gave him a momentary feeling of irresolution. "Things will change," he said, half aloud—"I may make a turn this week in C. K. & K. C.—I'll defer telling Georgianna a few days—perhaps I never need confess—who knows?"

Everything was very pretty and expensive in the apartment. There were some good paintings, one or two fair bronzes; some costly silken hangings and portières. There were certain things, his sister said, which, no matter how poor one was, one *must* have. She dressed herself and her daughter very well—she gave excellent little dinners—she had indeed a charming *ménage* on her seventh story, and many rich and clever people cultivated her and Ethel, and praised her wit, her gayety. Thorndyke wondered how she lived so well on her income. She drove in the park two or three times a week in a stylish little cart which no one ever recognized as belonging to Smith & Robinson, the livery men. She managed to have a box at the opera part of the season—but this, to be sure, was generally given her. When Ethel, the preceding spring, gave signs of fatigue from her small dances and her lunches—*and* overwork at school, she whisked her off to Lakewood for a week, where she indulged in the most expensive suite in the hotel. She was continually planning little trips for Ethel's benefit. Sometimes she reminded her brother of a young married friend who was passionately fond of the circus, and who had taken his little boy eight times to Barnum's in as many days. He fancied that Ethel did not wish so much done for her. She seemed to him at times so different, so remote from her handsome mamma.

Presently he heard Georgianna's high-keyed, rich voice coming from an inner room. It was raised with an angry intonation. She was engaged in berating a neglectful servant. He gave a start, and stood up. "No," he said, "I will not tell her to-day; she is in one of her indignant moods." When his sister entered, he was still standing, and he gave a step forward and pressed her finger-tips between his fat, pudgy, gloved hands. She seemed to be borne into the room on a fresh breeze. She had a good deal of color, very white teeth, a laughing mouth, flashing dark eyes, a full, pretty figure—Georgiana was still, at forty, very handsome.

"Percy!" she cried, laughingly, in the same loud strident key she had used upon the delinquent servant, "I'm so glad you happened to call: I need some money—not much—don't make such a face—send me a hundred dollars to-morrow."

"Oh, very well," he replied, carelessly, glancing around the room. He was inwardly wondering from whom he should borrow it.

"I need it—I need it for Ethel; the poor child has been invited to the N——'s dancing class—the last of the season. It will be very swell, and it will be the last before Ethel comes out, you know. I want her to have a new dress. Besides, I shall need some money for myself. In the first place I intend to set up a buttons——"

He said nothing, but there was in his attitude something which gave her the impression of a remonstrance.

"I have denied myself *every* comfort," she cried, "and I am going to try and live more decently in future. Heaven only knows how economical we are, and you know *why*, Percy."

"Oh, I think a buttons would be a very good thing," he said, rather indifferently. He tried to be deferential.

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"Don't you *see*," she burst out, in the tone he dreaded, "I do it all for Ethel? Do you think that, after all I have gone through, *I* care to be in the world—to go to receptions, teas, dinners—to wear myself out and bore myself to death with stupid people? Don't you know that I *hate* Wagner, and yet I *will* go to the opera where Ethel can be seen? Do you imagine that *I* care for these things? Is it for *my* pleasure? *I* never know what pleasure is; and *you* go from this little household, where we are scrimping and saving—where?—*to your club!*"

Here Thorndyke winced a little.

"I hardly think Ethel will require any advertising," he said at length, ignoring her jibes at his weakness. "For that reason I have always opposed sending her to London for the season. I hate the Prince of Wales's 'favorable notice,' and all that sort of thing—Ethel is very much of a lady."

He thought he detected a milder glance, a kinder note in his sister's voice.

"You came out very early," he said. "You were barely seventeen——"

"Mercy! *those* days?" she laughed gayly. "How provincial everything was. It was like living in Rochester or Buffalo—it was even worse than Chicago! We hardly knew what's what! I came out as soon as I could jump into a long dress. During the war, too, everything was in confusion. I went straight from boarding-school to my first grand ball. It was just before the Seventh left, and I remember I was engaged to two men at once when they marched down Broadway, and set out to take Richmond—and both were killed afterward, I wore mourning for six months—and the excitement—and the sanitary fairs——"

"Colonel Bullock was speaking of them the other night," he said, watching her face.

"*He* went to the war," she said, shortly, and he felt the edge of her disdainful smile.

"Where is Ethel?" he asked, quietly.

"She has gone to her riding-school—her last lesson this season."

"I believe I will go and bring her home."

"Oh, the maid is with her, of course—there is no need, Percy."

He took up his hat and cane.

"We can't be too careful with Ethel," he said, gravely.

"With our other foreign importations we are bringing over the foolish custom of not letting girls go about alone," said his sister. "*I* never even took my maid with *me*—years ago."

"We were very unsophisticated Americans in those days, I fear," he laughed. "I think I will go and fetch her home in a cab."

He turned to go. Yet Georgianna seemed so mild—should he not seize the opportunity of telling her his situation, and having it over with? It would give his visit a better point.

She could not help noticing his agitation. "You are unusually flushed, Percy," she said. "Have you—have you been 'lushing it' lately, at the Club?"

It was a cruel question, and it made him anxious to escape before he would again be tempted with a desire to confide in Georgianna. But she had no intention, probably, of being cruel.

"Percy, you are really not well," she said, as she followed him out. "You had better stay and lie down."

"Oh, it's my old malaria, that's all," he said, trying to speak in a cheerful tone.

"*It's the Club!*" he heard her say, half under her breath. For some reason the elevator did not respond, and he felt that he must stand and hear what his sister had to say without flinching.

"We are getting on in life, Percy. It seems to me—I have long thought of it—you should live here with us—you should protect us——"

"Well?" he said, dubiously.

"It would be better for you—for Ethel. But there is one thing——"

"Oh, I understand—the Club," he said shortly, over his shoulder.

"Yes, I want you—I ask you to give it up."

"Well, I will think of it."

"It is such a foolish expense for you," she went on, in her high, metallic key, "and—you ought to be thinking of serious things. If you came and lived with us, I should expect you to give it up, Percy."

The elevator rose to the floor.

"And you won't forget about the ——?" she asked.

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"I'll try and send it this evening."

And with that the swift elevator descended with him to the level of the street. Thorndyke felt that he had been a moral coward.

III.

He made his way out on the Avenue, and hailed a passing hansom. He felt that the crisis had arrived. He was certain that C. K. & K. C. was going lower. He felt sure that he had but one course to pursue. He had a restless anxiety to see and talk with Ethel alone, away from her mother. He longed for a little sympathy. It was so terrible carrying his burdens alone. Besides his mental worries, he actually felt physically weak and miserable. He was in no condition to stand the shock of throwing New York over and beginning life anew in the West. That morning, for the first time in many years, he had been unable to eat his breakfast.

He thought of the Club, and his heart hardened as he felt the impossibility of his going to anyone of his old time friends with his story of failure. He could not endure the advice they would bestow—nor the offer of checks—nor the constrained pity—perhaps sincere. No, he would go down with his colors flying — he would walk out forever, say at the end of a fine dinner. Then there would be a nine days' wonder over his disappearance, and some would miss him; but the Club, with its laughter and good stories, its wining and dining, would go on as before. It would soon forget him.

As he rode toward the Park along the right side of the Avenue, he passed a number of people he knew, in carriages and on foot, but so absorbed was he that he bowed to no one. "I fear 'Thorny' is playing in very hard luck," said one of his club friends, who was surprised not to receive a familiar nod, for he had always been politeness personified. His face was flushed and anxious. His hand trembled as he lit a small cigar. "I see," he said to himself, "I shall not sleep again, to-night"—he had not slept for a week. He directed the cab to stop at a popular hotel, got out, ran in, and drank a small glass of sherry. It made him feel a little better. The hotel, with its throngs of strangers, of business men who had dropped in on the way uptown, of guests hurrying to and fro, seemed to personify the entire city to him. "I shall know and be known no longer," he said aloud. "I might as well have it over with now, as well as any time." Then he stood still a moment. "No—no. There is no need . . . it would be brutal." Then he saw some strange faces staring suspiciously at him. He hurried out of the swinging glass doors, and got in his cab.

As the cab swung along in the Avenue and jolted and jostled over the worn pavement, he kept murmuring, "She wants me to resign . . . but I never —I shall never resign from the Club, I shall never resign. . . . It is like leaving my only *home*."

He had for ten years together been secretary of the Club. He was still a member of the House Committee. He had, in fact, served from time to time on all the committees. He knew every member—every waiter—every servant by name. Years ago he had assisted in designing the very livery the waiters wore. He had managed the expensive refitting and rehabilitation of the Club. He had watched, as with a father's eye, its growth from its small beginning in a brick building over a store in Great Jones Street, until it had become the leading club on the Avenue—the home of swelldom—of the aristocrats. "No," he kept murmuring over his cigar, "at least I shall never resign—it will not be necessary."

He drew near Fifty-ninth Street. Ethel, who had just come from her riding-school, was standing on the corner of the street waiting for a stage. Near her stood a tall, prim-looking maid holding a riding-whip. Ethel was habited in a long, close-fitting English newmarket. Her riding-hat became her very well. Her brown hair was slightly disarranged and had fallen low upon her neck. She had a pensive, weary air, as if somewhat overfatigued. People stared as they passed on the sidewalk, and admired her beauty. To Thorndyke, as he got out of the cab and raised his hat, she never seemed so sweet—so charm-

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ing. Her large dark eyes beamed with pleasure. She had not so much color as her mother, but her color rose as she gave her slender gloved hand to her uncle.

"It is quite late," he said, "I have come for you."

"As if I could not find my way home!" she laughed lightly.

"Yes, but New York is getting to be London in these matters," he said, seriously.

"It's awfully good of you, at all events," —and she gave him a charming smile.

He hailed the stage and, with a certain old-fashioned, high-bred courtesy, assisted the prim maid to mount, and returned to his niece.

"It is not late—it is early," Ethel laughed, as she took her seat in the hansom. "Don't let us go home yet—a short drive in the Park, Uncle Percy; it will rest me."

"Oh, very well," he replied, looking at his watch, "we have half an hour. As far as the Museum," he called out to the driver, as he pushed open the little slide in the roof of the hansom and closed it again. They trotted along for some moments in silence.

A string of carriages was passing them on the left. He observed a famous actress of the opera *bouffe* approaching in an open landau, drawn by a pair of stylish little gray cobs in jingling silver harness. She had very gorgeous yellow hair, and wore a large hat trimmed with a vast quantity of artificial flowers. He felt panic-stricken for a moment, as it seemed to him that Maud Everard—whom he had known for many years—was about to bow. He tried to draw away Ethel's attention to a pair of gawky country folk who were standing at the right of the entrance of the Park. He said to himself, angrily:

"Such a creature should not be allowed to flaunt herself so in public!"

But Ethel's eyes were fastened with a school-girl admiration upon the actress.

"Isn't she beautiful?" she whispered, recognizing the stage favorite; "and she looks—she looks as if—she knew you, Uncle Percy!"

Ethel gave him a sly glance, and laughed.

"Those country people over there are so amusing," he said, indifferently, feeling himself grow red. "They look as if they had just arrived from Vermont, and were on the lookout for the ubiquitous bunco man——"

"Is she really as beautiful when you are close to her?" asked Ethel, teasingly.

"A large percentage of paint and powder, I dare say," he laughed. "Ah, there is Mrs. Fitzwilliams—she has a *musicale* this evening."

He made a graceful bow to a lady in a barouche, and laughed again lightly. He felt very much like himself once more.

"Oh! how I should love to go on the stage," sighed Ethel.

"Yes—you would not be a true New York school-girl unless you did have aspirations that way," he laughed. "It is like the measles—the whooping-cough—you will survive it."

She pinched his arm.

"You must be more respectful," she said, with affected solemnity.

He laughed again, noisily.

"How stupid of you!" she complained, as they jogged along; "you laugh at anything—and you laugh so loud!"

Beside him sat the young girl, grown up to be a woman now, whom years ago he used to carry about the house in his arms, whom he used to trot on his knee, and whose every change in development he had witnessed with a sort of awe. It seemed to him as if he saw, suddenly, a vision of a gradation of Ethels, from the superb young creature at his side to a little white infant, cooing upon a soft pillow of expensive lace. She still kept the first tiny ring he had given her—a little circlet of minute diamonds—and she wore in her fragrant hair a long Etruscan pin of gold—his latest offering. He had petted her, laughed at her, loved her as the apple of his eye. In his secret soul, too, he had idolized her, and her sweet girlish image had often come between him and temptation. But with it all—for he had been brought up, don't you know, chiefly in club life—he recognized the fact that there would come a change when she knew he was penniless. She would not mean to act differently. She would be even more kind, more affectionate. But

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she was in the world, and he—he would be going out of it. Their *camaraderie* must cease. He would become to her only "Poor Uncle Percy." He remembered the kind of companions she had to do with at school—the expensively reared, expensively dressed, expensively educated young girls who would be too polite to speak of it, but who would deplore with her his condition as something not to be mentioned.

The thought of losing her was more than he could bear. He became suddenly silent, and remote.

Ethel herself became silent. At first she attempted to keep up the conversation by asking him—the encyclopædia of family history—whether she ought to "know" a certain Miss Poddles, who had recently entered her school, and who was the daughter of a rich fashionable tailor; but as they drove on, she saw that something troubled him, and glanced at him with mute questioning.

"I am really very unhappy," he said, sadly, "in spite of my noisy laughter, which so disturbs you."

"And so, *really*, am I," she replied.

"You?"

"Yes." She gazed at him imploringly and looked down.

"And you will tell me about it?"

"Yes." She waited a moment and then said, "*I am in debt.*"

She spoke in low, weak tones. It was a very serious matter. There was a note of despair in her voice, as she glanced at him, timidly, to see if he would rebuke her. At any previous time her confession would have enormously amused him. He would have been inclined to tease her a little, to pretend that for her to owe money was something unspeakable. He would have made an immense joke of it, and would have ended by giving her twice the amount she required.

But now he could only lean his head near hers, and, with a comic sadness, whisper,

"So am I!"

"We are very foolish, you and I!" she said, after an agitated pause. "And I could not—I dare not tell mamma."

"Nor I," he smiled, very truthfully.

"And when she knows—but she mustn't know, Uncle Percy——"

"No," he admitted, at the same time throwing away his cigar.

"Oh—I'm so glad I have told you—and you will pay it, won't you, and I shall never, *never*—buy bonbons and things I like again unless I have the money. But all the girls do it—and then we find they send the bills home!" They actually sent their bill to mamma; it was on the breakfast table, and I saw it among her mail this very morning; but mamma was so engrossed with Colonel Bullock's letter——"

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "He has written——?"

"Oh—he writes and calls—*all* the time."

"Does he?"

"But mamma will never have him. She once told me so herself—it's such a pity." His face fell again. He hoped differently.

"How much is your debt?" he asked, not wishing to pursue the marriage matter with Georgianna's daughter.

"It is something more than sixteen dollars——"

"We can drive around there to the bonbon store and pay it at once." He felt for a small wad of bills in his vest-pocket as he spoke. She clapped her hands delightedly. "Oh, you good *Thing!*" she cried. "You dear good *Thing!* Goodness! what a relief!" And she sank back with a sigh of gratitude, her face suddenly radiant.

He fancied that he had arrived at the point for extorting a little sympathy.

"What would you say, Ethel, if I told you my affairs were so bad, you know—that I was really—forced to give up the Club?"

"I should say it would be just splendid."

"How—?" he asked, bewildered.

"Because I don't approve of clubs—unless they have lectures."

He perceived that she had reference to one or two famous social organizations of the city, where ladies and gentlemen in evening dress were wont to listen to learned discussions upon "Cosmos" and "Origins," study the lecturer through lorgnettes and opera-glasses, and then eat melted ice-cream and stale sponge-cake afterward.

"But—I mean—where I have always lived—my Club—you know—my *home*."

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"Uncle Percy—forgive me—but it must be a horrible place!"

He was mute with astonishment. He had never heard her betray these sentiments before.

"I have often wondered how you *could* have anything to do with men who stare so—and are so silly," she said. Then, noticing his look of surprise. "To be sure, clubs serve their purpose, for Mademoiselle Clarence always says she walks us by them to make us hard—to make us brazen! She walks us by all the clubs she can find, so that no one ever after shall be able to stare us out of countenance!"

His heart sank with her levity. He was in no mood for jesting.

"And you must see that the Club keeps you away from us so much. And aren't you tired and wearied, dear Uncle Percy, with smoking and drinking—and then varying the monotony of it by drinking *and* smoking? Oh, it will be so much better for you to resign—and it will keep you out of temptation."

He became a little provoked. He failed to see that the girl was but reflecting, without reason, her mother's many animadversions. It came so easily to this pretty young creature to affect her mother's wisdom, to prescribe for him this drastic remedy—to change the entire current of his life—it was such a trifling affair!

"And that isn't *all*—they gamble for money in clubs"—she nodded her head for confirmation. "So Bessie Lanier told me. Her brother has lost—lots."

Ethel gave him a motherly little glance. There was no tragedy here, for *her*.

"You ought to give it up—as you ought to give up dancing—and doing nothing. Mamma says that you—spend too much there."

Here Thorndyke changed the subject adroitly to the coming dancing class at Mrs. N——'s. It was to come off in a few days. He accurately noted the day, for some reason. The cab had now reached the Museum, and turned about.

On the way home he listened quietly to a long story about one of Ethel's school friends, whom he had never seen, whose parents, whom he did not know, objected to the attentions of a certain lad who lived somewhere in New Jersey. By the time they reached the "Belgravia," he had silently told himself that he really had very little left to live for. It seemed to him that Ethel would only continue to grow—not to be *his* Ethel, *his* charming, loving niece—but to be more like her mother. He saw a dreary vista of the years before him. "Ah," he sighed, as he left her, and drove off to pay her candy bill, "she too is acquiring so soon the heartless polish of the world!"

Old worldling as he was, for a moment he wished he had been born a simple, laboring man, with a homely wife, a dozen "brats," and the sincerity and sympathy of "heart to heart." It was all very well when there was plenty of money. Something took the place of feeling then. What was it? Perhaps it was the "continuosity of amusements," as Georgianna had said one day—there was no time to be sad. There was always gayety, because there was no sense of distress. People might sicken and die—but the dinners and dances went on continuously. "I am an unconscionable hypocrite," he said aloud, as, after going home to dress, he entered the Club an hour later. "I am a coward, too. I cannot stand up and take defeat!"

And this continual self-reprehension, too, was not the best thing in the world for him, don't you know.

IV.

Oppressed with a conflict of emotions, Thorndyke entered the reading-room of the Club, now full of a multitude of men chatting, drinking cocktails, and awaiting their dinner announcements. He sat down immediately at one of the writing-tables. He had now resolved to be very manly, very straightforward. He would, after all, resign from the Club, and frankly state his reasons. He had got to the end of his rope. He simply could not afford it. Let the shock come. Let what would happen, happen.

He caught the eyes of several friends about the room and nodded. It always

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gave him a pleasant sensation when he heard a man order *his* cocktail. There were four half-emptied "Byrons" on the little round table in the centre of a group of brokers near him—how strangely pleased this made him!

The moral atmosphere of the Club, too, rather braced him. "No sneaks are tolerated *here*," he said to himself. "It is a fair fight, and one side must always lose. I have lost. There is no disgrace. I want, I need no sympathy. I am myself. I wish I was younger; but I am young enough yet to make a fortune."

He began a letter to "the Hon. the Secretary of the City Club," with a great flourish. Then he glanced about the room. There were the usual little groups of toadies, gathered like flies around the molasses cup, about the men who owned yachts. Many men, rather proud of knowing Thorndyke, called out to him conspicuously: "Have something, Thorny, won't you?" Others were plunged in the evening papers, and did not look up from them. There was the little, slight, pale man who looked like a fresh-water college professor, and who seemed to be so ascetic, so strangely out of place in the Club; there was also the Club "ghost," whom no one knew, except, perhaps, Thorndyke himself. He cheered the poor "ghost" with a friendly nod. There was Peebles, and Jack Benson, and that old standby and steady goer, Tom Alsingham. There was Harrington, the editor of the *Upshot*, all of them well-dressed, jolly, easy-going, full-voiced, fat. Over in a corner were gathered a circle of yachting men, for the racing season was now about to begin.

There seemed to be no one who was at all miserable! Yet—if the truth were known? The club requires of one to wear such a contented, cheerful mask!

He returned to his letter.

H. Wetmore Byfield, Esq., *Sec'y, etc.*

Dear Sir: *Circumstances compel me to announce to you that I shall be obliged to resign from the Club.*

He was disturbed by the loud laughter near him of some half-dozen men, gathered about the owner of one of the crack racing stables of the day. One of the group rose and came up to him familiarly. He was a slim, elegantly dressed, tall young man, with a hard-set face, as if it had been studiously carved out of old ivory. Jack Chalmers had inherited an enormous fortune, and was rapidly engaged in making way with it. He was still a young man, not twenty-eight. Everyone in the Club saw very plainly that he was setting himself too fast a pace. He was popular, too, well liked, gay, charming, a gentleman. He would be a decided loss to the Club. A word or two of advice from some of the older ones might be of great service to him. But, of course, it was no one's business to speak that which was on everyone's mind. It is not the way in clubs. A year later he died of a sudden attack, after a very "heavy" night of it.

Chalmers leaned down and whispered in Thorndyke's ear, "I am in for a little supper to-night, at Del's, after the theatre. I count on you, Thorny; and I want that famous 'Italiano' story, you know; Kate Finis will be there and Maud Everard, and there will be some singing and recitations. Hilgard has promised me some tricks——"

"Oh, I know very well what there will be!" laughed Thorndyke. "I'm sorry, but I can't be there, Jack; I have an engagement."

When this is once said to clubmen, nothing further is ever necessary. Jack Chalmers merely gave a shrug of his shoulders, and drew himself up.

"Oh, by the way, Jack, will you do me a favor?" said Thorndyke. "I want to borrow a hundred and fifty."

"Certainly, old man, with pleasure. Come outside."

They went together through the wide marble hallway into a small reception-room. Here Chalmers took out an enormous wad of bills from his vest-pocket.

"I have had the greatest luck at the Park," he said, "I have made five thousand in three days, on my own stable, too; a rare thing for me. I wish you would take all of this 'stuff' and keep it for me, Thorny."

"No," said Thorndyke, peremptorily, "I only want a hundred and fifty."

His bearing was very much as if *he* was doing the favor.

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"Oh, very well!" said Jack Chalmers, rather struck by his tone, and he counted out the money.

Thorndyke sat down at the writing-table again, and took up his pen. While writing, he pressed a button, and called a waiter.

"Bring me my monthly statement from the office," he said to the waiter, and resumed his letter to the secretary. After he had written a line further, he tore the letter up, and threw the pieces into the waste-paper basket. He began another letter, merely stating very baldly the fact that he would resign from the Club. He was equally dissatisfied with this, also, and as he began to tear it up, Colonel Bullock entered, and stood a moment in the door-way, looking around to find someone to dine with him. He was a tall, massive, elderly man, with a prominent nose, thin, intelligent face, and iron-gray side-whiskers. At present he was the hero of a large, successful Wall Street "deal." He had been able, with the assistance of several of his friends, to make the bears "squirm" in a certain railway stock. Indeed, he had squeezed them, as he had said, "for all they were worth." Several men, who had lost heavily through his manipulations, nodded to him with pleasant, friendly smiles. There seemed to be no ill-feeling against him. It had been a fair fight. They would have squeezed *him* if they could! It seemed as if they rather admired him for his adroitness.

"Hello, Thorny!" he cried, in a loud, full, hearty voice, slapping him on the shoulder. "Come, dine with me; we'll get Cushman."

Thorndyke hesitated. He bit the end of his pen.

"I see fresh country mushrooms on the bill of fare," said Colonel Bullock, insinuatingly. "They are *fried!*" he whispered, unctiously. He knew Thorndyke's weaknesses. "Come, I'll get Cushman—and I'll count on you—you are alone?"

"Yes—but——"

"Well, then of course you'll dine with me!"

And with that the Colonel brusquely moved away in the direction of a little, bald-headed man, who was talking animatedly to a circle of men about the then prospective international yacht race.

"Oh, go order your dinner!" Thorndyke called to the Colonel. Then he resumed his letter of resignation, filing it down to the merest announcement. "I hereby resign from the Club. Yours, etc." The waiter brought him his statement, and, as usual with clubmen, he thought, from the size of the amount, he was being cheated. But he did not hesitate to draw a check for the full amount, and send it in to the clerk. After he had done this, he said to himself, "There is now no reason why my resignation cannot he accepted."

The Colonel, with Cushman's aid, ordered a very elaborate dinner. In the pauses of conversation—Cushman was an inveterate talker—Thorndyke occasionally opened his lips to give forth a weighty saying, such as:

"We are growing too much like the London clubs—the toadies gather about a yacht-owner as they do there about a lord."

Again: "The Club is not what it was, there are too many youngsters coming in. The Committee on Admissions don't seem to realize the uses of the blackball. There is that confounded cad, Blickly—how did he ever get in?"

Again: "Everything is getting so common. I'm told they are going to enlarge again—well, it is too large already. It is like a Broadway hotel."

As he said this, the Colonel said gruffly, "If it's getting too common for you, why the devil don't you resign and get out?" Thorndyke's tone offended him.

He looked at the Colonel with a hurt astonishment, and the latter hastened to add, kindly, "But if you did get out, Thorny, a fish out of water wouldn't be a circumstance! You would languish and die! Why, you are a big part of the Club to many of us. So, on the whole, you had better stay in, make the best of it, and be civil to that blackguard Blickly and the young chaps!"

Cushman expressed a similar sentiment. He was one of the old men, and he and Thorndyke had served together on many committees.

"Why," went on the Colonel, as the Delbeck champagne, iced to a nicety, be-

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gan to warm him, "you are a club fixture. I never entered the door without finding you somewhere—and I've been in and out the Club thirty years. I don't believe I'd stay in a minute if you and 'Cush' and L—— got out. My daughter tells me to come around here oftener. She says I ought to begin to take things easier, that I'm getting old and feeble—" here he laughed a little. "But I defy anyone to take things easy in New York. It's drive—drive, push—push. You're the only man I know who never seems hurried. Thorny, I have often watched you—you are as deliberate as a messenger boy! Well, it's time I began to be deliberate, too. We are all getting old, boys—I should like to settle down—it's quite time!"

Thorndyke thought of the half-dozen cards of the Colonel he had seen in the card-tray at his sister's, and said nothing.

"To be sure, I'm pretty old to marry again. I was fifty-eight last month. But I feel I should be more contented."

"Oh, of course," said Cushman, who knew, as did all the world, of the Colonel's *penchant* for Georgianna Batterson.

"My children are grown up and have children of their own. They care nothing about me," and the Colonel sipped his champagne meditatively. "They always appear to me to be wondering how I will 'cut up.'"

"I hear you have just made a clean million," said Thorndyke; "I fancy you will cut up very well."

Colonel Bullock laughed. "Well," he said, with amusing drollery, "I may wish to found *the* great American University—it is quite the fashion."

"It would be very diverting—for your heirs!" laughed Cushman.

They rose from the table and strolled out with a plethoric sense of the comfort of having dined well, into the café for coffee and cigars. On the way, the Colonel slid his arm into that of Thorndyke. "Your sister Georgianna is a mighty fine girl," he whispered. Thorndyke said nothing. "She has had, so far, the hardest kind of luck. Now I'm going to change it. I'm going to see to it that in future she has an easy time. . . ."

Just then a friend came up and joined them. They glanced at each other, however, smiled, and shook hands. It was understood. Thorndyke could wish no better fate for his sister than to be the wife of the Wall Street "magnate." But the announcement gave him a further sense of his own isolation. How often, indeed, would Ethel think of him, when, backed by the generous old Colonel's millions, her mother and she took their "proper" place in society?

The friend ordered kummel and ice for himself and Cushman, and a little brandy for the Colonel, with their coffee and cigars. Thorndyke excused himself and went away. He felt suddenly very lonely in the noisy talking, laughter, and jollity that went on all around him—yet he wished to be alone. He had gone through periods of financial depression before, but this—this had a horrible significance, as though he dared not tell himself—*it was the end!* His buoyancy was gone—he *must* go down, forever!

He wandered up the broad marble stairs to the library. There was Bailey—a poor "scrub" of a librarian, reading. He sat and talked a full half-hour with him, and when he rose, went down and out of the Club.

"To think of spending an evening in the library!" he laughed; "it is quite time I resigned!"

He looked at his watch. It was not yet nine. He was still on the quest for a little sympathy. "I'll go and call on Alice Apthorn," he said, "I have not been there for a year!"

He walked up the Avenue for several blocks, and turned off down one of the thirtieth streets. Visions of other days, bright and gay with the joyousness which pervaded the city just after the close of the war, came to him. He remembered that he had come very near asking Alice Apthorn to be his wife. She was, in the early days, a pretty, delicate girl, who very oddly had succeeded in making a hero of Thorndyke, and so worshipping him. She had been a great musician in the days when Gottschalk was the reigning sovereign of the piano, and young girls played "pieces," and to play a violent waltz or schottische was an accomplishment. In those days they had played duets together. Thorndyke

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felt a pang of strange regret as he observed the faded, old grand piano still ornamenting a corner of the Apthorns' drawing-room. He had sent his card up, and was waiting the appearance of Miss Apthorn as he opened the keyboard and touched a few of the yellow ivory keys. How stringy the old piano sounded! How ancient—how musty the odor! Suddenly all the intervening years—the wasted years—disappeared, and he recalled an evening long ago, after the others had gone, when he had taken her hand. They had been on the point of an understanding; something had interrupted them. He had never arrived at the point again. His fancy had drifted to other girls—more fair—more beautiful.

He stood leaning on the old piano, meditating a moment. The house had been improved and decorated again and again; but the piano stood just where it had always done—by the window, as he had known it in the old days.

The footman entered. He turned around.

"Miss Apthorn has gone to the country, sir. I didn't know it, sir; she sits in her room so much, sir, an' makes so little stir in the house; but she went to her friends in the country this afternoon."

He went out again into the ill-lighted street, feeling a special grief. Suppose he *had* married, and had a house full of sons and daughters! There came again the "wasted years," the club life, the vanished pleasures.

He stopped still in the street. "I shall—simply—go—raving mad, if this thing keeps up!" he cried aloud, angrily.

He went back to the Club, making up his mind to give up the *musicale* at Mrs. Fitzwilliams, on Washington Square, the engagement which he meant to keep when he refused Jack Chalmers's *petit souper* at Delmonico's. He fell in with some friends in the billiard-room, who were indulging in pool, with a "wet" ball. He drank heavily, as they did also, and felt a return of his old confidence and *aplomb*. It was after two when they sent him home in a cab.

When he awoke next morning it was nine o'clock by his watch, and the sun was shining into his little, narrow hall bedroom in the boarding-house.

V.

He went to the Club, as usual, for his breakfast, having dressed himself in his rough business suit, and arranging his scarf with his usual care. On the way he purchased a fresh rose-bud for his buttonhole. He sauntered down Fifth Avenue in the cool, bracing air, looking as rosy and contented as a king. No one ever had accused him of sentiment, or of depression—he *looked* too fat, too robust. It is very difficult to accept the fact that the pale, large-eyed, and emaciated are really less to be depended on for the emotions than the fat kind. It is the unappreciated heavy-weight who sheds the tears at the play! Adipose tissue is a capital mask. Thorndyke betrayed no outward and visible sign of his inward despair. His head was erect, his stride manly and full of vim. He carried himself with the grand air of success. Some ladies whom he passed, who were out for early shopping, declared that he looked positively handsome. He bowed to them with such fine, old-fashioned grace and manner. He passed many a house on the Avenue, above Twenty-sixth Street, where, formerly, he had been a frequent guest. A huge gilt sign was plastered across the front of the brown-stone "front" where, in the old days, he had led many a german. The sign read, "W. Edgar Montgomery, Saddler to the Prince of Wales," and below were the traditional three feathers. It seemed to him, in the wilderness of English haberdashery, as though Regent Street had transferred itself bodily to New York. The destruction of Fifth Avenue, however, had been of too long occurrence to give him, this morning, an additional pang. He entered the Club with sprightly air, and spoke to the hall-man with his usual condescension. As Thorndyke walked into the *café* to order his breakfast, an old waiter approached him with an air of mystery. He had an affection for Johnson, who had many years before been his father's butler. Originally of American birth, Johnson had seen that it was for his interest to cultivate the English manner. He learned to drop his "h's," and he wore the conventional mutton-chop.

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"What is it, Johnson?" he asked, in surprise.

"I was thinkin', mebbe, that hafter all ye've done fer me, sor——"

Thorndyke hardly knew whether to be angry or not. Evidently Johnson was about to offer a loan.

"Beggin' yer pard'n, sor." Johnson looked very miserable.

Thorndyke walked on into the *café*. He proceeded to write out his breakfast order, looking stealthily around the room to see if the half-dozen men who were breakfasting at little, neat tables had noticed the affair. The very waiters knew of his distress!

He took a seat at his favorite table—where he had breakfasted for so many years, by the window which surveyed the Avenue, and glanced over the morning paper. His eye rested on a sensational head-line, "The Disappearance of a Noted Gambler." "In a few days," he smiled cynically, "it will be 'the Disappearance of a Noted Clubman.'" A waiter brought in Thorndyke's mail. There was half a dozen invitations, and a note from Georgianna, in which she announced that she was to be married in the fall to Colonel Bullock.

"*I couldn't force myself to tell you when you called,*" the letter wound up, in her large, bold handwriting, "*because you seemed so unsympathetic. I was afraid you would say it wasn't best.*"

"Unsympathetic!" he laughed cynically.

When the old waiter Johnson came to clear away the breakfast things after Thorndyke had left, he found a five-dollar bill tucked under a plate.

"Clare agin the rules," muttered the old servitor, "but it hain't the first time he's broke them rules this way; God bless him fer the finest gintleman as the Club—yes—or the citty's ever seen! The finest gintleman in this or hony citty." And Johnson limped away through the swing door, muttering and carrying away Thorndyke's breakfast things—for the last time.

The old beau went down to his "business"—he had a desk in Harry Newbold's office in New Street—and sat for a long time that morning figuring upon backs of envelopes, and over little scraps of paper. They brought him word that C. K. & K. C. had fallen off a few points, and he gave an order to close out the transaction for good and all. After he had spent the morning at his desk he burned in the grate a great many old letters—some in feminine hands—and a great many documents and papers of all sorts. He closed up his desk and locked it, saying he would not be down for a day or two, as he was going out with Cushman to Trixedo. He went up town and called on Georgianna. By the fervor of his congratulations—he even dared to kiss her gently—she was quite overcome. She cried a little. Ethel came in and went out with a superior, condescending little air. She quite patronized her mother in her plans of marriage. Thorndyke noticed she wore a new and expensive silver chatelaine at her belt, and felt a pang of jealousy against the usurping Colonel. "His gifts begin as mine end!" he said to himself, with bitterness.

He went out to Trixedo for three days with his friend, and while at Mrs. Cushman's pretty cottage on the lake, was especially amusing and full of the glories of his youth. He kept a large party at the dinner-table very silent, listening to his reminiscences of the great men who had gone before. He told half a dozen new stories—personal to himself—of the witty Travers. He told also some amusing anecdotes of Tweed, whom he knew, of Jim Fisk, and of the old fire companies before the days of horses and steam. The ladies petted him, made much of him, flattered him to his heart's content. His knowledge of the world was varied and extended. There was hardly a great name that he had not known, a great actress or *diva* whom he had not chatted with behind the scenes. Many said, afterward, that in the brilliant little coterie which assembled those early summer days at Trixedo, Percy Thorndyke seemed to expand and become what he had been years before, and what, owing to his misfortunes, he had not been for a long time past—one of the most entertaining of *bons viveurs*. He had an airy little old-fashioned manner of telling a story which, in these latter days of directness, was very fascinating. Very often, as he became excited, he would rise and act out his stories with the most

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amusing by-play. In the adulatory atmosphere of a younger race of men and pretty women he found his element. He became *himself*, the great Thorndyke.

He went into town on the day of Mrs. N——'s dancing class. He came in with a bevy of pretty girls who were going to be present. He was like a young gallant in the midst of them in the drawing-room car, pretending that the young men who were on hand were unworthy of any attention—laughing with them and amusing them until they arrived at the ferry. On applying at his bankers he found, to his surprise, that his account had been increased in his absence by his brokers to the extent of several hundred dollars. He spent the afternoon writing a long letter marked "In confidence" to Colonel Bullock, stating frankly and fully his reasons for leaving the city, and seeking his fortunes in San Francisco. The annuity should still be punctually paid—it could now, perhaps, be turned over to Ethel. He arranged it so, he said, that his creditors could not touch it. He asked the Colonel to send Jack Chalmers his money, and he would refund it as soon as he was able to do so. On the way uptown he stopped and bought a pretty diamond necklace for Ethel. It left him a hundred and seventy-five dollars in his pocket, and that was enough. His many and great debts — well — he would live to pay them some day. He dined alone at the club, for the last time — refusing several invitations. There was a special brand of Rhine wine—Ober Ingleheimer—of which he was very fond, and which he had introduced into the Club. He ordered a bottle. It tasted corked to him. He sent it away, dictatorily, and had another. He ordered only those especial dishes of which he was most fond—artichokes, mushrooms, red wing duck, for he felt deeply the tragedy of his last little dinner and—he was good to himself! At eight o'clock he repaired to Georgianna's, lighting himself on the way by the most expensive cigar he could buy.

It was the night of the dancing class. He observed a coupé waiting at the door as he entered the wide portal of the Belgravia, and hastened into the elevator.

Ethel was standing full-dressed in white in the pretty parlor under the brilliant electric lights. Georgianna and a maid were each on their knees before her holding pins in their mouths, and having all the appearance of devout worshippers. Thorndyke, as he stood admiring his niece's extraordinary beauty, felt like falling down himself. The presence of his sister alone restrained him from performing any boyish pantomime of admiration. Her dress of white mull was very "frenchy," very exquisite. It showed enough, but not too much, of the sweet curve of her young shoulders, and the tender lines of her breast. She carried a bunch of pink roses. He approached his niece, and taking the diamond necklace out of its case, clasped it round her throat.

"Oh," cried Georgianna, sitting back on the floor, "you don't think I'm going to let that child wear diamonds!"

"Oh, please, mamma!" cried Ethel, her face radiant with delight.

Thorndyke looked annoyed. The slender necklace certainly became her wonderfully. The line of small brilliants called one's attention to the superb whiteness of her throat, and gave an added grace to its perfect symmetry.

"Diamonds—and an unmarried girl in her teens! — absurd!" cried Georgianna, through her pins. "Though it was very kind of you, Percy; but you have allowed your own fondness for diamonds to quite run away with you. Besides, as Madame Fontaine, who imported the dress from Paris, says: 'Mademoiselle must wear no jewels vatsomever.'"

Ethel unclasped the necklace and kissed her uncle. "Never mind," she whispered, "I *will* wear it anyway. Mamma shan't know. I will slip the necklace in my pocket."

Her mother overheard her.

"Give it to me!" she insisted, rising.

Her brother made a step forward.

"Georgianna, I ask it as a favor," he said, "some day you will know why."

"What! how absurd!" Her voice had assumed its high loud key. "You must be crazy, Percy. Don't you know that young girls *never* wear diamonds?"

"Then *I insist* that she shall wear them!"

His voice was raised, too, and his face

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was set and determined. For once his sister quailed before him. She looked at him a moment in silence. She was on the point of saying something unkind, but she restrained herself. She was frightened. Suddenly she became very meek. There was something terrible in his eyes.

"It is only because I fear they will make her a laughing-stock," she murmured.

"Oh, how absurd, mamma!" cried Ethel, going to her uncle's side.

He clasped the necklace about her throat again, and kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, how you are trembling, Uncle Percy!" she cried, alarmed.

"It is nothing. Good-night, Ethel—I am going."

"You are going—so soon?"

"Good-night!"

He turned away, full of trepidation.

Ethel followed him to the door, leaving her mother standing in the middle of the floor, wondering, perplexed. She called out to him:

"Of course, Percy—I—I—know how good of you to give Ethel—so much—to do so much——"

Georgianna's voice softened as she spoke. She, too, went to the door. On the landing she saw Ethel clasped close in her brother's arms. He seemed to be oblivious of her, and he stood crazily rocking to and fro, as if undergoing some deep hidden agony which she could not fathom.

Her woman's instinct overcame all her fears, however.

"Percy!" she cried, "don't you see you are spoiling Ethel's new dress?"

Instantly he released her.

"Good-by, my darling Ethel," he cried, "God bless you! You will be the coming queen, as your mother was—in the old days! in the old days!"

A moment later he descended in the elevator to the street, and was gone. Ethel, pale and frightened, sank on a chair, in tears.

A year or two later a little group of men were sitting in the Club window, looking out, late in the afternoon of a mild April day, upon the crush of carriages, and the throngs of well-dressed women, hastening to the unsatisfactory reception and the insipid afternoon tea. Lent was just over, and it was very gay. A clarence, drawn by two English grays, was detained for a moment before the window at the warning wave of a policeman's club. Some country people were trying to cross the Avenue.

The stoppage of the carriage afforded the Club a very admirable view of Ethel and her mamma, who were on their way to a fashionable tea. For a moment the little group of staring men seemed to be lost in silent admiration—for it was quite true that Ethel was repeating her mother's success.

As the carriage passed on, someone asked, casually,

"Oh, by the bye, whatever became of her uncle, who disappeared, don't you know?"

"Drowned, wasn't he?" drawled another.

No one seemed to know. At last a young fellow, who had always felt highly flattered by a bow from Thorndyke, ventured:

"They say he is somewhere in California; how hard his going off that way must have been for his sister and his niece! I—I say—he was a beastly cad!"

Then they called a waiter, who took the orders, and the conversation fell upon other matters.

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A BOX OF AUTOGRAPHS.

By Richard Henry Stoddard.

THERE is a personal nearness, a human interest in manuscript which is denied to print, and the hands with which we touch it seem to press the hands of its writers. I am not a worshipper of heroes, but I can respect hero-worship, as one who, not a lion-hunter himself, respects the pursuit of the lion-hunter. I confess to a liking for the autographs of authors whom I admire; and if I had not checked this liking, it might have become the passion which animates the collector. That it would have been absorbing I discerned, that it was expensive I soon discovered. I procured my first autograph when a boy. It was written, in reply to a dunning letter, to the attorney in whose office I was employed; and its penman was Ingraham, the novelist, who is now remembered—and forgotten—as the author of "The Prince of the House of David;" and whose tastes in wearing apparel, at the time of which I am writing, exceeded the scanty limits of his purse. He was in debt to his tailor.

My second autograph was a note from the more famous N. P. Willis, to whom in boyish confidence I had sent a manuscript poem. He acknowledged its receipt within a reasonable time, and gave me his opinion of it in a frank and hearty way that encouraged as well as delighted me; saying in substance that he thought its author had genius enough to make a reputation; but that the poem before him needed pruning, trimming, and condensing, just as the same labor was necessary to the genius of Byron and Moore. "It is hard work to do, and poorly paid for when done."

That good writing was hard work was no news to me even then, or no more news than the fact that it is poorly paid for now.

My third rememberable autograph was presented to me by the Rev. Rufus Wilmot Griswold, whilom shepherd of the numerous flock of yearlings which fifty years ago were browsing on the slopes of our Parnassus. It was a sonnet from the hand of Edgar Allan Poe, who had lately departed this life. I valued my Ingraham and my Willis, but somehow I did not value my Poe as I should have done; for I wrote a sonnet on the back of his sonnet, and gave the pair to a friend, by whom they were probably as little cared for as by myself.

Years before this, when I was a boy, I received from my mother the startling intelligence that "Old Givings" was dead. But that her information was incorrect I have no doubt. Firstly, because I never met with any man who was willing to claim the credit of being at the funeral of that princely personage; and, secondly, because I have yet to meet the man who is willing to disclaim the discredit of taking anything and everything that can be got for nothing. If the Givings family had not been dominant fifty years ago, I should still retain my fourth autographic treasure. It was a long, characteristic, and interesting letter from Nathaniel Hawthorne, whom I had met about six months before, and who wrote to me as if the young man to whom it had been addressed had been an old friend as distinguished as the author of the "Scarlet Letter." Why I threw away this precious epistle of his, for thrown away it certainly was, is a question which I have often asked myself, and to which there can only be one answer—because I was a fool. It was not until I had attained the mature experience of thirty years that I checked this reckless munificence of mine, which was put a stop to on the presentation to me of the manuscript volume in which my friend Bayard Taylor had written his "Poems of The Orient," and which I promised to keep as a memento of our friendship. It contains, in his perfect handwriting, clear and

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corrected copies of his metrical memorials of travel, with the dates of composition attached to each, and was written by him on board the flag-ship of Commodore Perry, with whom he returned to America after his expedition to Japan. It was a poet who provided a brother-poet against his own improvidence.

This prologue, which is as brief as I could make it, brings me to the subject of my paper — a box of autographs. Constructed of mahogany, when this wood had an artistic as well as mercantile value, it stands before me at the present writing on the central shelf of a case of books which formerly belonged to famous authors; to whom they were given by their contemporaries and admirers, whose inscriptions still remain in fading ink, together with notes, corrections, and other curious material from the pens and pencils of all concerned therein.

But there are other things than manuscripts in this box, as there were other passengers than those who were beheld by the ferryman in the ballad of Uhland; and for these I pay a fee whenever I lift the lid. I speak of memories which, invisible to every eye but mine, are still potent enough to fill the eye with tears—memories of the days when they first came into my hands, and of hands which placed them there; memories of the living and dead of thirty years ago. And besides these, there are visions of the days when they were written, which extend from the patched and powdered reign of Queen Anne to the more prosaic reign of the first three Georges, and to the more literate reigns of the last George and Victoria.

If it be not to consider it too curiously, there is in the verse and prose of this box an electric chain which connects our time with the time of Addison; while the signatures in the volumes with which they are surrounded are links whereby, through the Earl of Stirling, we touch the pensive spirit of Drummond of Hawthornden; through Lord Brooke, the chivalrous spirit of Sir Philip Sidney; and through Lord Buckhurst, the sovereign spirits of the great court of Elizabeth. As in those tales of enchantment of which Milton was thinking when he wrote "Il Penseroso," there is more meaning here than meets the ear or the eye.

The best way of arranging autographs has still to be determined, since every way that is likely to suggest itself is open to objections; either on the part of the collector, who as the years go by is apt to change his mind with regard to the wisdom of his first arrangements; or on the part of those who examine them. The method which I have hitherto adopted in this box is not chronological, but alphabetical, and as I can think of none better, I shall pursue it in the pages which are to follow.

I begin with a manuscript which never, to my knowledge, has seen the light. It is from one whom the booksellers of a century and a half ago would have called an "eminent hand," and who was more highly thought of than any writer of his period; than even the great Mr. Pope, who was friendly as long as he could make him serviceable, but who ended by charging him with jealousy of his superior talents.

Never before, except perhaps during the age of Augustus, were men of letters in such demand as during the early years of the eighteenth century. They were patronized by the nobility, who procured for them public employments, and were even willing to disburse golden guineas from their own pockets in payment for the fleeting honor of their fulsome dedications. The gentleman whose papers are before me was rewarded by Lord Somers with a pension of three hundred pounds, for a poem indited by him on a forgotten victory of King William's, and dedicated to the Lord Keeper himself. This pension enabled him to live comfortably at home for three or four years, and to travel in Italy for two or three more years; and on his return to England he was selected by my Lord Halifax to write a poem in commemoration of the famous victory at Blenheim. A little later he was made Commissioner of Appeals, then Under Secretary of State, and afterward was sent to Ireland as secretary to the Marquis of Wharton. That he possessed any spe-

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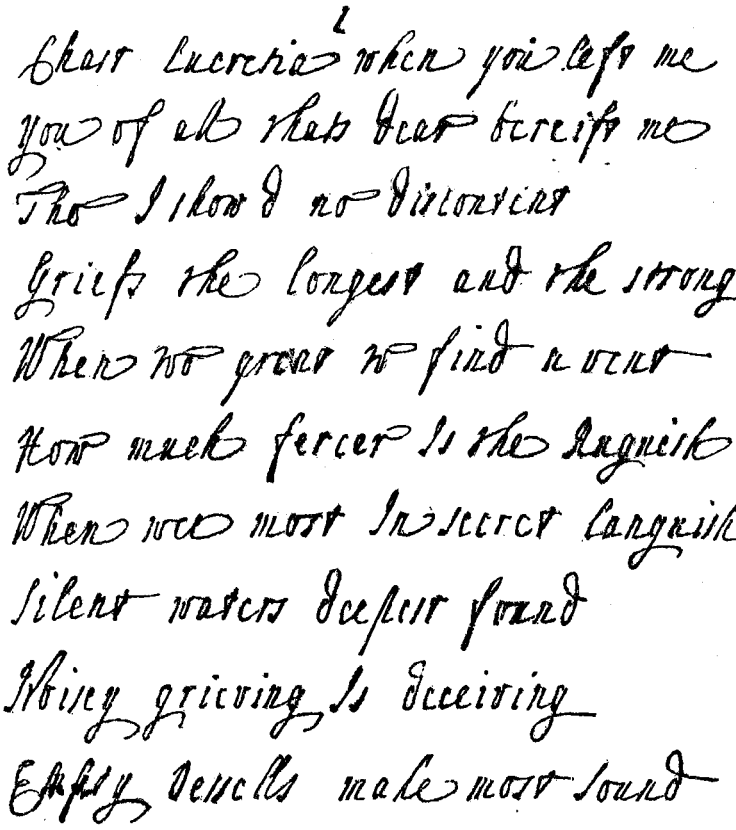
cial fitness for these posts is not claimed by the most admiring of his biographers. What the Government wanted from him was not official talent, but the splendor of his name as a poet. No-



A Manuscript of Addison.

body nowadays reads his verse, which was so loudly applauded by his contemporaries; and only those among us who are curious in tracing the history of English prose affect to find any pleasure in his contributions to the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Thackeray was the last great modern writer who enjoyed them, and who thought he enjoyed his verse also. The heartiest praise that he ever received came from a later essayist and moralist, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who declared that he "separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness;" that he "taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gayety to the aid of goodness," and "turned many to righteousness;" that "his sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy; and whoever wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison."

At what period Addison wrote the lines that are given above, I am unable to state; but, so far as I can judge from that dubious literary quality which we call internal evidence, it was probably about the time when he composed his opera of "Rosamond" (1707), or between that abortive piece and the composition of "The Drummer." That this song, for such it was no doubt meant to be, proceeded from the pen that wrote "The Campaign" and "Cato," and that delineated Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb, is certain. How it has escaped print until now is not

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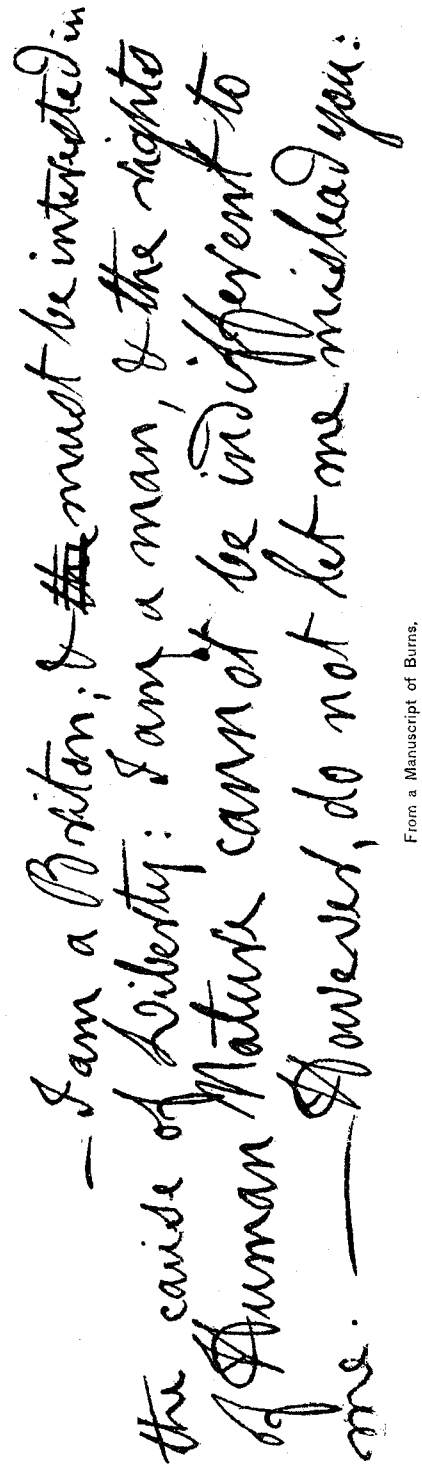
known to me, nor how it succeeded in reaching this country. The tradition of a former possessor is that it was sent by Addison himself to a gentleman of Virginia, concerning whom he promised to tell me at no distant date; a promise that was left unfulfilled in consequence of his death soon after. But without further words, here is the song, which must speak for itself.

Chaste Lucretia, when you left me,
You of all that's dear bereft me,
Tho' I show'd no discontent;
Grief's the longest and the strongest
When too great to find a vent.
How much fiercer is the anguish
When we most in secret languish,
Silent waters deepest found;
Noisy grieving is deceiving—
Empty vessels make most sound.

Had I words that could reveal it,
Yet most wisely I'd conceal it,
Tho' the question be but fair;
Grief and merits, love and spirits,
Ever lose by taking air.
Guardian angels still defend you
And surprising joys attend you,
Whilst I, like the winter sun,
Faintly shining and declining,
Tell thee charming Spring return.

There is not in the whole history of British letters a greater contrast than existed between the career of the courtly and irreproachable writer of this lyric, who would almost seem to have emulated the modish mediocrity of the mysterious Person of Quality who figured so abundantly in the metrical miscellanies of his time, and the career of the hot-headed, independent writer of the epistle which I now select. The first was the son of the Dean of Lichfield, a divine of learning and repute, by whom he was sent at an early age to Oxford, where he soon attracted attention by his proficiency in Latin verse, and on leaving that seat of learning was distinguished for his acquaintance with several noble lords; was graciously permitted by the veteran Dryden to contribute a critical preface with notes to his translation of the "Georgics;" was the friend of Mr. Congreve, the dramatist, of the Rev. Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, and of Mr. Alexander Pope, the translator of Homer; was the companion of Mr. Richard



From a Manuscript of Burns.

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Steele, whom to know was an expensive education; and finally married the Dowager Countess of Warwick. The last was the son of a hard-working Scottish farmer, ignorant of books, except the scanty stock in his father's cottage, who had the habit of falling into and scrambling out of love with every pretty lassie he met, and who finally married, but not soon enough for her credit, the daughter of a well-to-do mason—a light-minded young woman, who liked somebody else better all the while.

Such was Joseph Addison, and such was Robert Burns. Gifted beyond all his contemporaries, Burns had the wit that could set the table on a roar, the eye that could see through pretence, the pen that could satirize hypocrisy, the heart that throbbed with every emotion, and the genius that could depict all that he felt and saw. If it were given to living writers to choose between the life of the laborious author of "Cato," who ended his days at Holland House in splendid subjection to his countess-wife, and that of the fiery creator of "Tam o' Shanter," who ended his days in poverty at Dumfries, surrounded by his young children, and watched over by his wife who was soon to add another to their number—most of them would choose the former. But the choice lying between the faded reputation of the courtier and the brilliant fame of the exciseman, they would certainly prefer the latter, whose name is the soonest recalled and the longest remembered of all the poets of Scotland.

The epistle which is given [on p. 216] is from the pen of this great writer, who was always ill at ease in English prose, and whose political opinions were rather vehement than well-considered. It was addressed to the editors of the *Morning Chronicle*, in the beginning of the year 1795, and was written in the person of one of the poet's neighbors, who had missed some of the numbers of that journal, to which he was a subscriber. "Why do you not write to the editor and demand them?" was the question which Burns naturally asked. "Good God! sir, can *I* presume to write to the learned editors of a newspaper?" was the astonished reply of the rustic. To which Burns rejoins, "Well, if *you* are afraid of writing to the editors of a newspaper, *I* am not;" and tearing a leaf from his excise-book, he dashed off this epistle, with which the poor man gratefully took his departure.

To the Editors of the Morning Chronicle.

GENTLEMEN: You will see by your subscribers' list that I have now been about nine months one of that number. I am sorry to inform you that in that time seven or eight of your papers either have never been sent me, or else have never reached me. To be deprived of any one number of the first newspaper in Great Britain for information, ability, and independence, is what I can ill brook and bear; but to be deprived of that most admirable oration of the Marquis of Lansdowne, when he made the great though ineffectual attempt (in the language of the poet, I fear too true) "to save a SINKING STATE"—this was a loss that I neither can nor will forgive you. That paper, gentlemen, never reached me; but I demand it of you. I am a Briton, and must be interested in the cause of Liberty: I am a man, and the rights of Human Nature cannot be indifferent to me. However, do not let me mislead you: I am not a man in that situation of life which, as your subscriber, can be of any consequence to you, in the eyes of those to whom Situation of Life alone is the Criterion of Man. I am but a plain tradesman, in this distant, obscure country town; but that humble domicile in which I shelter my wife and children, is the Castellum of a Briton; and that scanty, hard-earned income which supports them, is as truly my property as the most magnificent fortune of the most puissant member of your House of Nobles.

These, gentlemen, are my sentiments, and to them I subscribe my name; and were I a man of ability and consequence enough to address the Public, with that name should they appear.

I am, etc.

It is Cromek, an early collector of Burns relics, who tells this story, which, I suppose, may be credited; and who adds that from motives of prudence, "prompted by a caution which the

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watchfulness of his enemies had taught him to exercise," he took means to have the hastily written sheet returned to him, so that it never appeared in print. It is easy to smile at the absurdity of a letter like this, which is in the "'Ercles vein" of the amateur political writing of the time; but it is not easy to smile at the sense of insecurity which darkened the mind of the poet after he had written it. The recipient of public money, to the extent of obtaining from Government some forty pounds a year for his service in the Excise, he was accused of disloyalty, watched (as he seems to have believed) by envious people who coveted his petty emoluments, and his hasty words, which were no doubt often indignant and injudicious, reported to his superiors. That his stout heart was intimidated by the charges brought against him is evident from a letter written by him in December, 1792, to Mr. Robert Graham, one of the Commissioners of the Scottish Board of Excise, in which he states that he has been surprised, confounded, and distracted by hearing that Mr. Mitchell (a certain collector) had received an order from the Board to inquire into his political conduct. He writes:

"Sir, you are a husband and a father. You know what you would feel to see the much-loved wife of your bosom, and your helpless, prattling little ones turned adrift into the world, degraded and disgraced from a situation in which they had been respectable and respected, and left almost without the necessary support of a miserable existence." "For myself," he adds, "I could brave misfortune, I could face ruin, for at the worst 'Death's thousand doors stand open;' but good God! the tender concerns that I have mentioned, the claims and ties that I see at this moment and feel around me, how they unnerve courage and wither resolution!"

Here was a man who thought strongly and wrote largely, and he was practically forbidden to think or to write. It was shameful. That Burns was imprudent, both in his conversation and his choice of companions, is probable; partly from his temperament, which was bold and fearless, and partly from the period which, troublous to mankind in general, was dangerous to a man like him. It was the beginning of the French Revolution, with which he could not but sympathize, as another poet, Wordsworth, is known to have done. He was regarded with disfavor by his brother officials, and the shadow of their displeasure, which penetrated into higher circles than their own, was cast upon his daily life. An instance of this may be found in the pages of Lockhart, who says that during the summer of 1794 Burns was visited by a young acquaintance—Mr. David McCulloch, of Ardwell—who, riding into Dumfries one evening to attend a county ball, saw him walking alone on the shady side of the street, while the opposite side was crowded with gay ladies and gentlemen, none of whom gave him any sign of recognition. The rider, jumping from his horse, joined the poet, and proposed to him to cross the street, but Burns shook his head: "Nay, nay, my young friend, that's all over now;" and began presently to quote from Lady Grizel Baillie's pathetic ballad:

"His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new;
But now he let's wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himsel' dowie upon the corn-bing.

"Oh, were we young, as we ance hae been,
We sud hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it ower the lily-white lea—
And werena' my heart light I wad dee."

The next manuscript that I take from my box was from the pen of another great writer who was, what Burns could not be, both from want of taste and practice, a master of prose; and also what neither Burns nor Addison could have been, a master of blank verse. An American, born about a year and a half before the death of Burns, the son of a country doctor, he diligently read the English poets on his father's bookshelves, notably Cowper, Thomson, and Pope, and began at an early age to compose pieces. The shorter of these, which were mostly descriptive, were printed in the columns of a county newspaper. A longer one, a political satire after the manner of Pope, was printed in a small volume by his admiring father. At the

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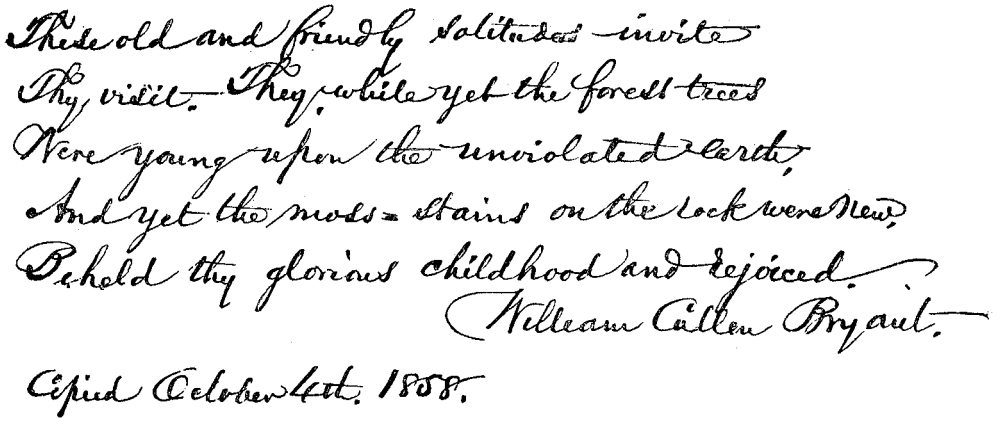
age of eighteen or thereabout, he discovered his genius and wrote his first poem—the most extraordinary poem ever written by a young man, and one in which the coming sun of our literature



may be said to have lifted its disk above the darkened and cloudy horizon. Begotten in the woods not yet cleared from the neighborhood of his home, the edge of the primeval forests which for centuries had covered the shores of the New World—it revealed the secrets which lurked under their boughs, and was peopled with shadows and memories of vanished and forgotten races. By no poet before or since was the universality of Death so strongly stated, and so impressively expressed.

"This tragic lesson of mortality
The Master who hath left us learned in youth,
When the Muse found him wandering by the stream
That sparkled, singing, at his father's door—
The first Muse whom the New World, loving long,
Wooed in the depths of her old solitude.
The green, untrodden, world-wide wilderness
Surrendered to the soul of this young man
The secret of its silence."

The woods and waters with which he was surrounded in childhood and youth were his teachers, for in addition to the gift that makes men poets, he had the different gifts through which they become naturalists.

"A student of the woods
And of the fields, he was their calendar,
Knew when the first pale wind flower would appear,
And when the last wild fowl would take its flight;
Where the cunning squirrel had its granary,
And where the industrious bee had stored her sweets.
Go where he would, he was not solitary;
Flowers nodded gayly to him, wayside brooks
Slipped by him laughing, while the emulous birds
Showered lyric raptures that provoked his own.
The winds were his companions on the hills—
The clouds and thunders—and the glorious sun,
Whose bright beneficence sustains the world,
A visible symbol of the Omnipotent,
Whom not to worship were to be more blind
Than those of old who worshipped stocks and stones."

Morality of the kind that is not learned from books, but is the native speech of all high, noble, and serious minds, contemplative of human conduct and its consequences; and philosophy of the kind that turns the knowledge of history into wisdom—these qualities, which were inherent in his nature, were pressed into the service of his poetry from the first, and were permanent there to the last. To these should be added the rare gift of imagination, and the distinction of a pure English style.

I take it for granted that I need not name the man of whom I am thinking, since it has long been a household word among us; nor to which of his poems I have referred, since they have become classics. Not to know them is to confess an ignorance of which few of his countrymen are guilty.

Whether the masculine mind is disposed to acknowledge the equality of

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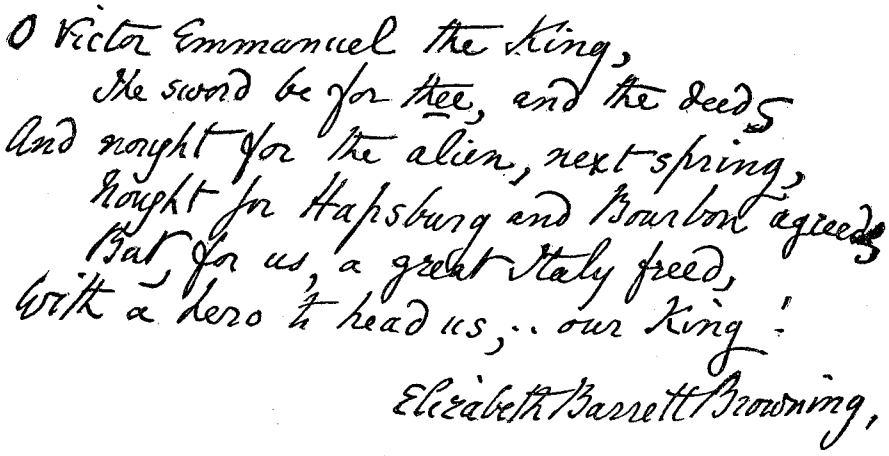
the feminine mind, and encourage it to move in the same orbit with itself, may be doubted. The heads of most families devoted to more solid and lucrative pursuits than the cultivation of letters, look askant upon pens in the hands of their gentle dependents; fathers and mothers with daughters whom they wish to see eligibly married are averse from the production of manuscripts by those daughters; husbands protest, and not always silently, against wives who neglect the duties of their households in the unnecessary creation of poems, and the useless manufacture of novels; and brothers—but where is the brother who, worshipping the dancing sister of his chum, does not look with contempt upon his own sister, who merely scribbles? Still they persist—these sisters, wives, and mothers of ours—and when we stop to remember the few great names which shine like stars on the bead-roll of their achievements, we honor them for their persistence. The best hold their own today against men in the art of prose fiction, which they are turning to voluminous account; while the finer spirits among them are nearly abreast with their masters in the more difficult art of poetry.


O Victor Emmanuel the King,
Me sword be for thee, and the deeds
And nought for the alien, next spring,
Nought for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed!
But for us, a great Italy freed,
With a hero to head us, .. our King!
Elizabeth Barrett Browning,

Some sixty or seventy years ago the Rev. Alexander Dyce, a sound scholar and good critic, the editor of Shakespeare, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, Middleton, and other English dramatists, published a collection of the verse of his country women. It covers a period of nearly five hundred years, and contains selections from the metrical writings of about one hundred English ladies, beginning with Dame Juliana Berners, and ending with Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon. Queens and princesses gravely disport themselves in this august Parnassus, and are followed by a bevy of duchesses, countesses, and other ladies of rank, among whom we find the mother of Shakespeare's Pembroke, and the favorite sister for whom Sidney wrote the "Arcadia;" but most of whom are now forgotten names, only two being remembered by the students of English song—namely, the fantastic Duchess of Newcastle, who exercised such strange fascination over Lamb; and Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, who, for the few touches of natural description in her dreary pastorals, was so absurdly overrated by Wordsworth in his introduction to the "Lyrical Ballads."

The greatest of British poetesses was living when Mr. Dyce compiled this anthology; but as she was only sixteen, and had printed nothing as yet, he was ignorant of her existence. Born about two years before the genesis of "Thanatopsis," the daughter of a West Indian planter who was then living in London, her childhood was passed in the stately homes and pleasant places for which England is so distinguished. A fragile little creature, and continuing such to the end of her days, she spent her girlhood in study, not of the light sort which young ladies of her age were then bestowing upon the Waverley novels and the

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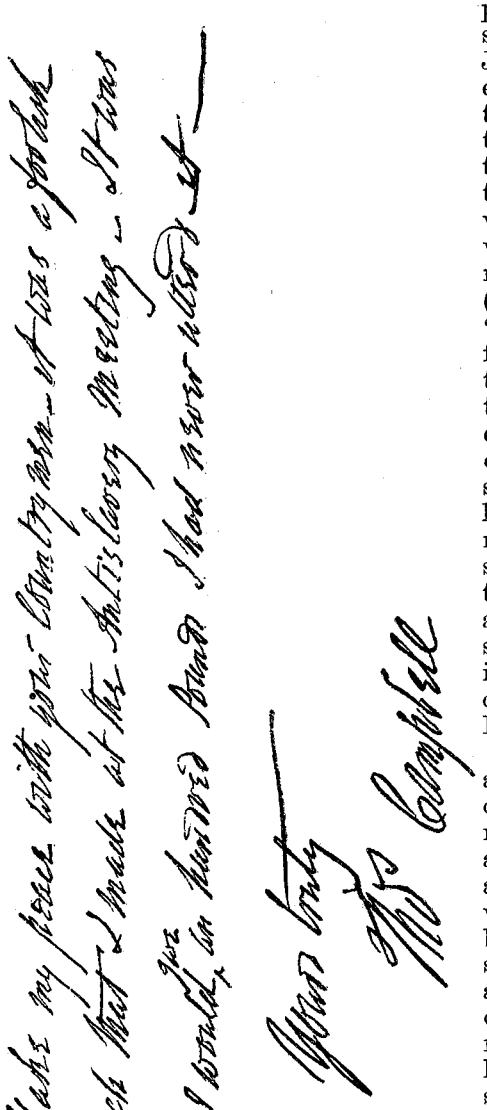

poetry of Byron, but of the serious, solid sort whereon, as Ascham tells us, Lady Jane Grey meditated in her hours of ease. The variety of her studies at this time is shown in the notes attached to her first composition of any length, the "Essay on Mind," a didactic poem in two books, in which she sought to diversify the monotony of Pope's manner with recollections of the more flippant manner of Byron. Seven years later (1833) she published a translation of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus, and four years afterward, with the temerity that rushes in where angels might fear to tread, she published a lyrical drama entitled "The Seraphim." That she was deeply imbued with the spirit of classical literature is evident in her translation from Æschylus, which, though marred throughout with uncouth passages, was a masterly performance; and that her soul was penetrated by the more awful might and majesty of Hebrew scripture and tradition is also evident in "The Seraphim," and in its stupendous but faulty successor, "A Drama of Exile."

No intelligible, certainly no reasonably consistent, account of the early life of the writer of these books has yet reached us. Delicate from her birth, and always an invalid, she is represented as suffering from a mysterious malady, which may or may not have been caused by a fall from her horse, which she herself appears to have forgotten, or from a cough which she remembered. Some declare that she was confined to her room for years, unable, in fact, to leave her bed for months at a time. Others state that during this period she was occasionally met in society. She was always lying at death's door, and always writing letters and poems. The stifling air of the sick-chamber is oppressive in these writings of hers—writings wherein the strength of her mind is seen engaged in a life and death struggle with the weakness of her body, where she is always ambitious and straining after effect, where her language, though forcible, is violent, and where her imagination, never well in hand, runs riot. At the age of thirty-seven this much-writing and much-suffering gentlewoman was married to an English poet three

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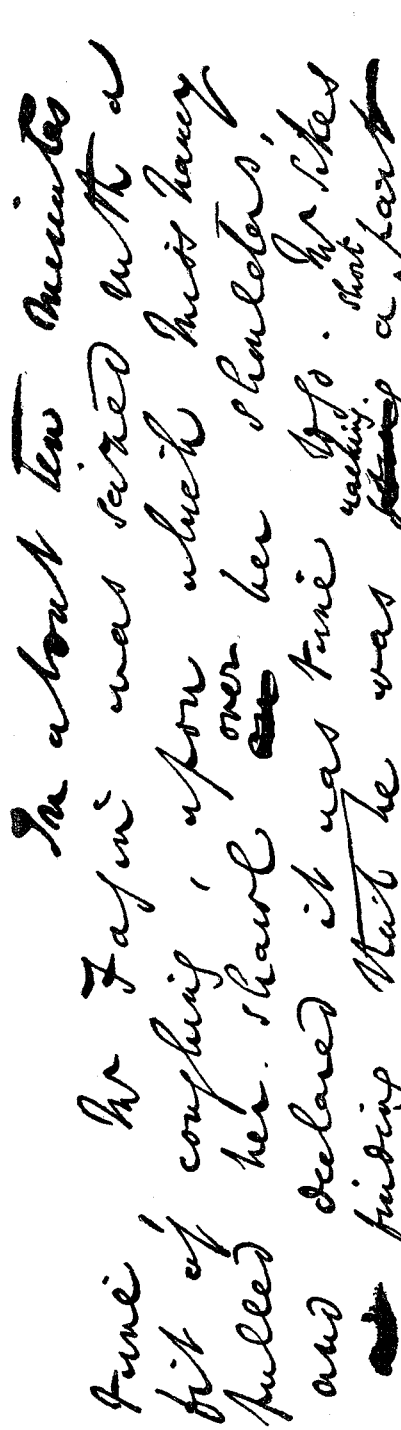
years her junior, who had published twelve volumes, and in whose honor, and for the elucidation of whose verse, Societies have been of late years established in England and in this country. This happy pair, upon the elder of whom rested her father's displeasure, proceeded by easy stages to Italy, finally taking up their abode at Casa Guidi, in Florence, where she celebrated her affection for her husband in a series of imperishable sonnets which are not to be found in the Portuguese from which they purported to be translated; where she wrote a long novel in blank verse; where she became more Italian than the Italians themselves, entering with questionable enthusiasm into their political troubles; where her only child was born; and where, suffering and writing to the last, she died in the summer of 1861. This daughter of Shakespeare joined the choir of the immortals at the same age as her illustrious father—fifty-two. The facsimile of the stanza [on p. 220] is from a poem which she wrote in the



From a Manuscript of Dickens.

(Below, this passage from the note accompanying it:—"I should tell you perhaps as a kind of certificate of the Oliver scrap, that it is a portion of the original and only draught. I never copy.")

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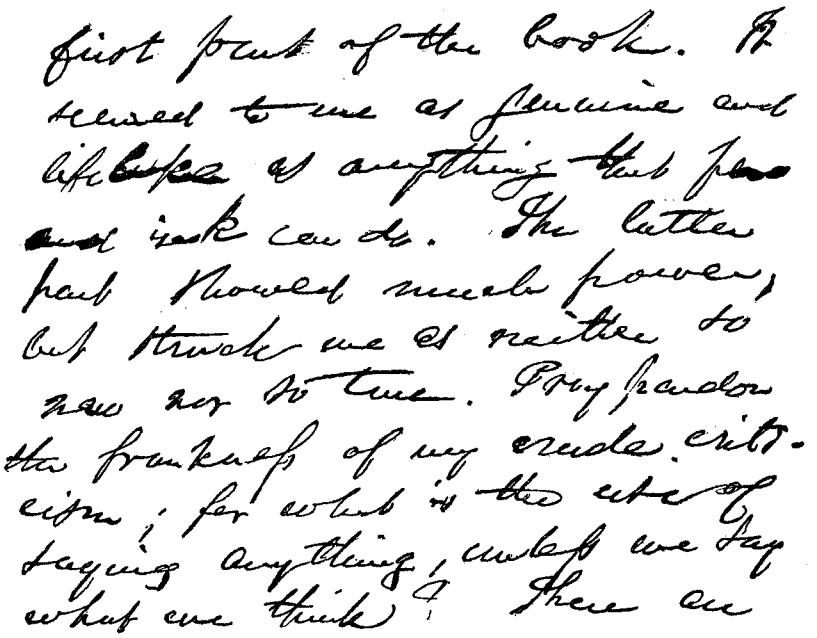
last years of her life, and which is too well known to stand in need of the cold interpretation of print.

The writer of the next manuscript was a countryman of Burns, but one to whom that rich and generous soul would not have taken kindly. A younger son of a good family, college-bred, proficient in Latin and Greek, he went up to Edinburgh, where he became acquainted with Scott, Jeffrey, Brougham, and other men of letters; and where, following in the footsteps of Akenside and Rogers, he added another lordly pleasure-house to the lovely garden of English poetry. Its success was so sudden that he was astonished, and so great that he was bewildered; for from that day forward he was, as his friend Scott remarked, afraid of the shadow that his own fame cast before him. Young persons of immature taste and abundant leisure may still recall the glittering and turgid lines of this overrated production; but no lover of its writer cares for it now, for his strength, which was sudden and unexpected, was exercised only at intervals, and in a very different direction. He was the Tyrtæus of England's song, the Laureate of her naval victories, unsurpassed and unsurpassable. A lion of literary society, he was sought after by publishers, who intrusted to him important undertakings which generally lost their freshness and value before he could persuade himself to finish them.

Ten years after the publication of "The Pleasures of Hope," he wrote a pretty poem in the Spenserian stanza, the scene of which purported to be laid in America, but might better have been assigned to Arcadia; and fifteen years later, he produced what he called "A Domestic Tale," which was neither read by the domestics of England nor by their masters and mistresses. Civil enough to his inferiors, he was jealous of his superiors, for whom he never had a good word. The hack of booksellers, whom he always abused, he was paid for



From a Manuscript of Hawthorne.

editing a magazine which he neglected or mis-edited; and put his name to books which he never wrote, and probably never read. Always a lover of freedom, and in sympathy with the uprisings of the peoples of Europe against their masters, he became a popular speaker at public meetings, where, belying the canny charm of his race, he

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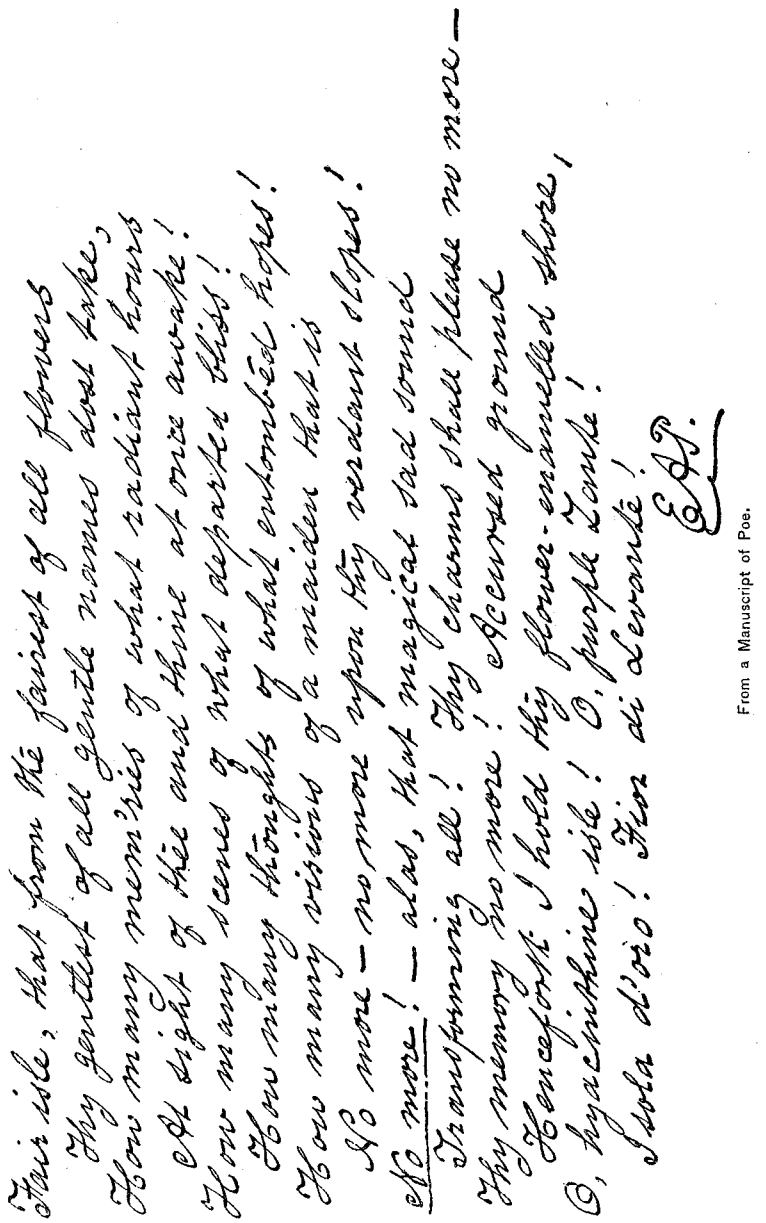
occasionally lost his head, a calamity to which he refers in the note [on p. 221].

The writer of the next manuscript of which I shall present a fac-simile was



From a Manuscript of Poe.

an Englishman of the present century, who enjoyed during his lifetime a greater reputation among the readers of novels than was ever before, or has since, been gained by any novelist. A son of poor but tolerably reputable parents, whom he never forgave for placing him when a boy with Day & Martin, of blacking celebrity—and whom he satirized later as Mrs. Nickleby and Mr. Micawber, he began his career by becoming one of the Parliamentary reporters of *The Morning Chronicle*, a paper which the poet Burns had in mind when, writing in the person of a

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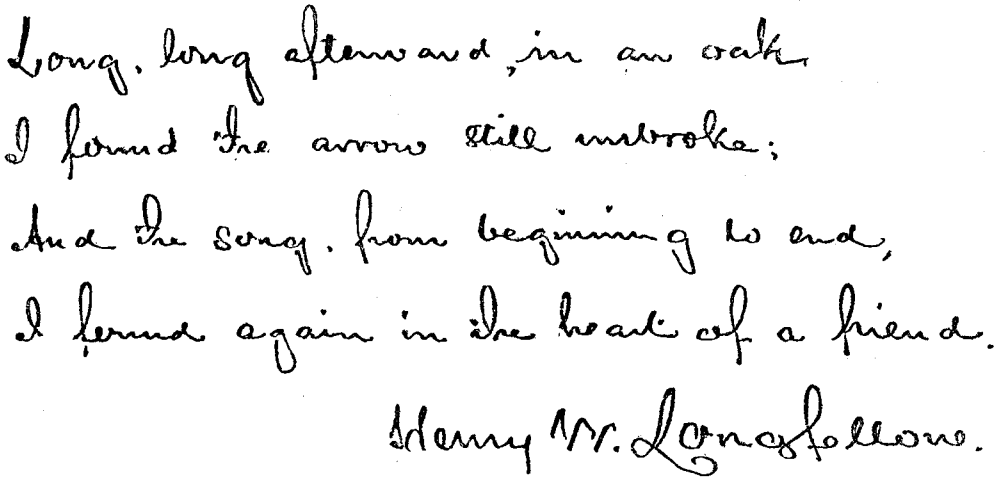
Dumfries neighbor, he penned the epistle already quoted. His first literary work consisted of a series of sketches in the *Monthly Magazine*, which, published under an assumed name, attracted enough attention to induce an enterprising publisher to bring them out in book-form. The success of this volume encouraged another firm of London publishers to engage him to write a novel, which he proceeded to do—his inspiration at the beginning being derived from the drawings with which it was to be illustrated. Its phenomenal success led to an order from another London publisher for his second novel, which appeared in a monthly *Miscellany*, which he had projected. The autograph [on p. 222] is the fac-simile of a page from the fifteenth chapter of this story — not a transcript, but a page of the original copy as it went into and came from the hands of the printer.


Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.
Henry W. Longfellow.

The letter that next appears [p. 223] is selected from one of four which are in my possession, and which have a greater value in my eyes than a patent of nobility. It was traced by the pen of a great story-teller, whose sweet, pure, perfect prose more than deserves the praise that Johnson lavished on the prose of Addison. I need not name him.

CONCORD, January 26, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. STODDARD:

I am very glad to hear that you are writing another novel, and do not doubt that something good and true will come of it. I was particularly impressed with the childhood of the heroine in "The Morgessons," and the whole of the first part of the book. It seemed to me as genuine and life-like as anything that pen and ink can do. The latter part showed much power, but struck me as neither so new nor so true. Pray pardon the frankness of my crude criticism; for what is the use of saying anything unless we say what we think? There are very few books of which I take the trouble to have any opinion at all, or of which I could retain any memory, so long after reading them, as I do of "The Morgessons." I hope you will not trouble yourself too much about the morals of your next work — they may be safely left to take care of themselves.

I thank Mr. Stoddard for the German translation of the "Wonder Book," and shall give it to one of my daughters to aid her in her German studies. So far as I can judge, it seems to be very faithfully done.

Very sincerely and respectfully yours,

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The writer of the next manuscript was, from the beginning of his poetic career, fifty years ago, down to the day of his death, the most popular poet of the time. There was something in his verse that touched the sensibilities of all classes, a clearness and tenderness of diction, an

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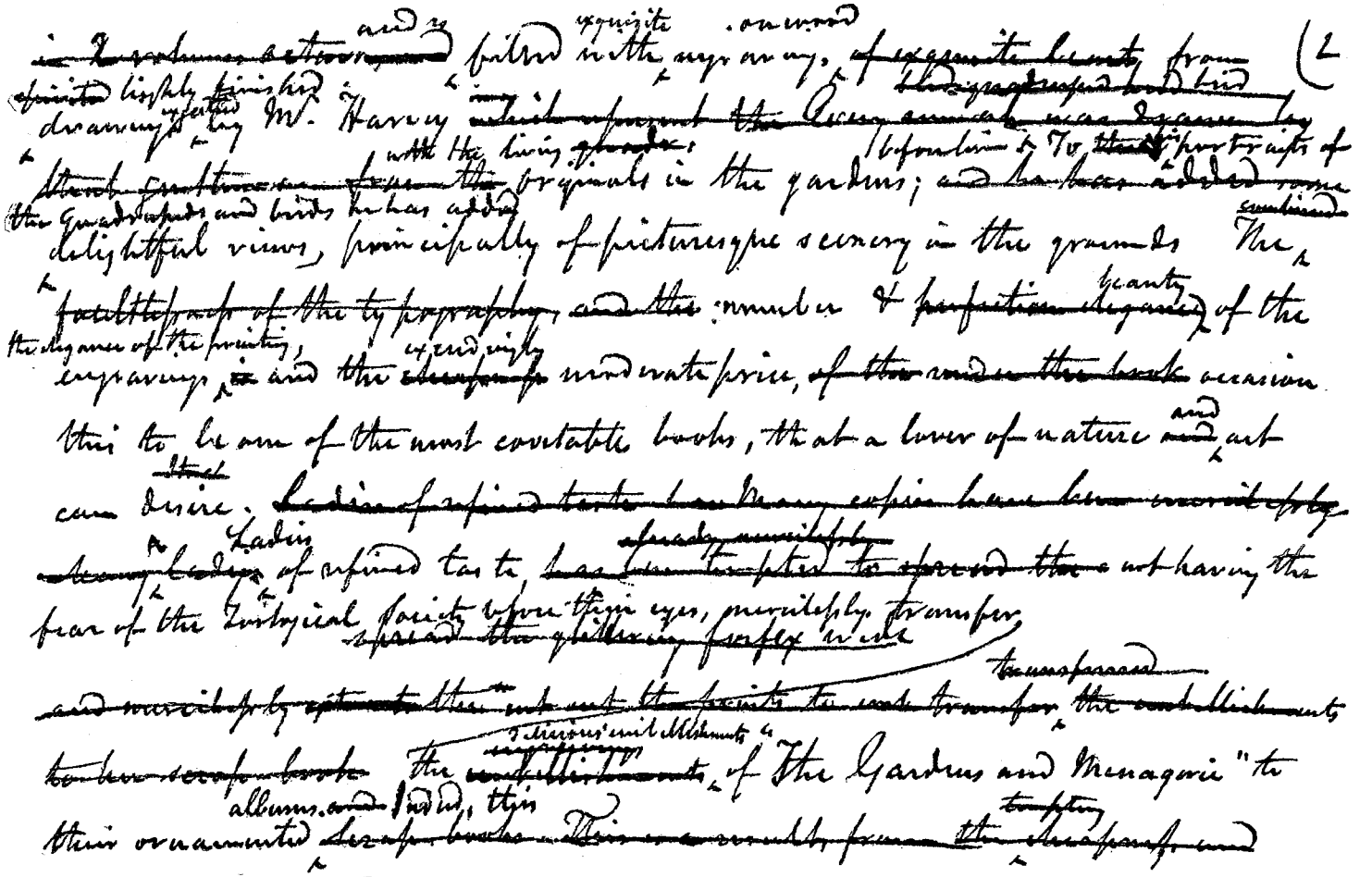

From the Manuscript of a Review written by Walter Scott in the Last Year of his Life.

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affluent fancy, a recognition of the homely loveliness that attaches to common things, and a disposition—which he never checked — to moralize. If not the teacher, he was certainly the preacher of his countrymen.

Antagonist of Longfellow, whom he derided for his didacticism, and charged with pilfering from his betters, the maker of the fourteen lines on p. 224 was unfortunate in his life, whose infelicity seemed to have years too many. Acute rather than comprehensive, he professed to be a critic, but, apart from the mechanism of authorship, which he called the philosophy of composition, his verdicts were of no value. His tales, which are numerous, are remarkable for darkly imaginative power; and his poems, which are few, are remarkable for their excess of verbal melody.

A melancholy interest attaches to the blurred, blotted, and almost illegible page of erasures on p. 226. An attempt at a review, it was scrawled during the last year of the writer's life, when his mind—the prolific mind which had improvised metrical romances in which the age of chivalry shone with a splendor not its own; the dramatic mind, most fertile since that of Shakespeare, which had created a world of imaginary characters in a series of immortal novels — was shattered beyond redemption.

Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter,
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled & bubbled;
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by them troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter;
Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread & butter.

W. M. Thackeray

The last manuscript which I take to-day from my Box is characteristic of its author, who was the equal of Fielding in his power of delineating the manners of his century, and greater, in that he was cleaner and more humane.

The gradual accumulation of treasures like these has been a source of satisfaction to me for more than thirty years. It heightened my interest in dead authors, brightened my recollection of living ones, many of whom are now dead, and gave pleasure, I think, to some of my friends. The sums that they cost me might have been expended in books and pictures, of which I have as many, perhaps, as ought to belong to any one man; or I might have followed the god Pan into Wall Street, where I am told the signatures that are most sought after are those of the great money-kings on certified checks. I am ignorant of these, nor do I particularly care for them, since I have those that I value more in my Box of Autographs.

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NEAPOLITAN ART.*

FRANCESCO PAOLI MICHETTI—BARBELLA AND GEMITO.

By A. F. Jacassy.

From among the pupils of the Neapolitan Academy of Fine Arts, during the years of Morelli's and Palizzi's professorships, stand out the two most promising artists of the day in the peninsula—Michetti and Gemito. That the teaching was catholic and thorough is shown by these men, as well as by a score of their less distinguished co-disciples, Mancini, Vetri, De Nittis, Fabron, De Sanctis, etc. The stamp of that school was the absence of any imitation, save in isolated cases, of the manner or choice of subjects of the professors, together with a diversity of method unique in the history of any school. It will be one of the greatest merits of Morelli that—grown to fame, settled in his ideas and methods as every artist becomes who, in refining and enlarging his personal qualities has lost the elasticity of youthful days—he forgot what he knew for what he felt—forgot the practitioner for the teacher—and with infinite pains and attention, studying to the very core his pupils' as he studied his own compositions, helped them to develop their particular genius in the way best suited to each. His too most brilliant *élèves* will show how completely he succeeded.

Bohemian Naples is full of stories of Michetti's sojourn at the Academy, and never tires of telling how he came in the humble costume of the peasant of his province, wearing sandals, linen rags bound round the legs, a brass-buttoned coat and cock's feathers stuck in a cone-shaped hat. Indeed there were enough singular traits in him to fill an amusing book, but the narration of them is not the purpose of this paper and it is sufficient to say that, notwithstanding frequent outbursts of eccentricity, this little nervous fellow quickly showed that he had genius. If Bohemia thinks that the genius was owing to the eccentricities it is probably for no other reason than because it hopes to acquire the one in cultivating the others.

Without money, leading a life of utter misery, yet merry all the while and not losing a moment, Michetti was soon known as the hardest worker in a crowd of hard-working men. His wonderful facility explains itself as naturally as that of Fortuny, who left a great example to the Roman fraternity by resting from eight hours' solid work at the studio with four hours more of night work at Gigi's.† Many see only the gift which is in him, as it was in Fortuny, and fail to note the untiring labor that has developed it; the process of development is in no artist more easily traced, more visible than in Michetti. That gift was an organization sensitive in the extreme, but not, as was his master's, to the intellectual side of art. The two men belong to two epochs, Michetti being essentially a man of our times—a true modern. Nature is all to him; he does not admire it so much as he loves it and its poetry of form and color; the subject he does not deem the primary consideration, and for that reason is more of a painter, in the latter-day sense, than his master. Fortunately Michetti is no realist, *à la* Zola, and does not seek to represent, much less to analyze, the ugly; but, as might be inferred from his enthusiastic admiration of Keats, he prefers to dwell on the loveliness of things.

Faithful to himself, even while showing the influence of the Neapolitan

* See "Neapolitan Art—Morelli," in Scribner's Magazine for December, 1890.

† A celebrated night studio in Rome.

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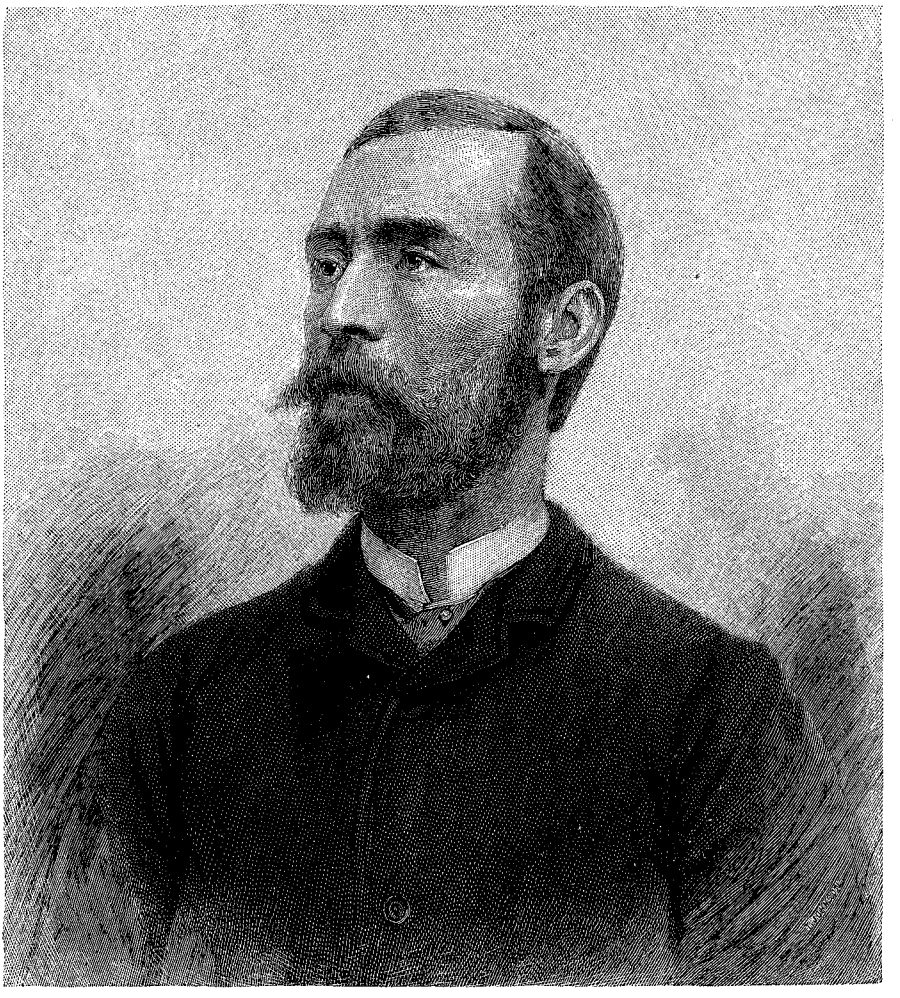

Francesco Paoli Michetti.

milieu, his very first paintings were of his fellow-*contadini*, of the landscapes of his province, one of the least known, and perhaps the most picturesque of all Italy—Abruzzo. He has ever been true to her; and last year, when speaking of my recent travels in the Orient I asked him why he did not go where I thought his marvellous color, his faculty for perceiving and summarizing the characteristics of things, his truth to types and expressions would find a field almost virgin. Said he, "But, look—I have been working here twenty years, and I still feel like a child who begins to spell. The Orient has its beauty, I should see it like every one; but this beauty here I not only see, I feel it all over me, '*nel sangue*,' in the blood. Ah! you see I am a child of the land and the more I know of my Abruzzo the more I love her." It is thanks to that sentiment, so natural and yet so rare, the same sentiment which made the Dutch painters faithful to their humble mother country, instead of to Italian half-breeds, that Michetti gives us a new page in the book of Art.

His first efforts, of which many have found their way into our galleries, are of rustic scenes, with such immaterial titles as "Young Shepherds," "Boys," "Girls," "Contadini Returning from Market," etc., every-day incidents of peas-

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Fragment of Michetti's "Ottava."

ant life in the mountainous Abruzzo, whose figures and landscapes are observed by a painter with an eye for the picturesque and touched with a loving and knowing spirit. The vehemence of their execution, their felicitous charm of color made them much sought for by the buying public and yet they belong to what might be termed pictures of the salable sort, with the redeeming feature

A Pastoral.

(Drawn from Michetti's painting by Mr. Jacassy.)

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that they are simple studies quickly and unpretentiously done. That which constitutes their attraction is also their defect, they are so forced in color as to be all glitter, showing an uncommonly gifted personal temperament marred by exaggerations. Their merit—a great one—is in their absolute originality which removes them from the Neapolitan subjects of the same kind, and still further from the prevailing imitation of Fortuny which most of the Italians had fallen into.

In those early days Michetti's discriminating friends were not without anxiety about his future. With one so young, and already in possession of a most seductive talent, the money success and its customary adjunct of flatteries showered upon him might result in checking the full possible development of his talent and the bud forever remain a bud and never blossom into a flower. Moreover, Michetti was not the man to whom advice could be safely offered, for he had a head "like a Teuton," as they say in Italy of men with an iron will that nothing can affect. Let alone perforce, though curiously watched, he proved to have himself better in hand than his friends dared to hope. In the face of his later achievements it is but just to say that his early and abundant production was due to the exuberance of a youngster, yesterday a peasant, to-day finding himself an artist conscious of strength and reveling in creative power. That novelty exhausted he soon tired of what he was doing. Of a sudden, without warning or leave-taking, he went back to his native village of Francavilla al Mare, and there for three years constrained himself to make nothing from morning till night but studies in oils, pastels, or distemper, of all he saw: of the magnificent Adriatic with its turquoise blue or deep indigo and iridescent reflects like shades of mother-of-pearl; of the ravined mountains and the luxuriant vegetation of the valleys. His portfolios were filled with impressions, given in a summary but definite way, of boats and nude figures in the water when sky, sea, and beach are swathed in fulgurant sunlight; of flocks of sheep, bands of cunning goats, sturdy oxen, humble donkeys, and much abused horses in their familiar attitudes; of dogs bouncing by the roadside; of white-coifed girls rambling through hill-pastures and fields, of budding trees standing out from an exquisite mingling of touches in the background, like living poems of color profiled on a world of delicate and mysterious shades; of winter landscapes, sad and desolate; sunrises and sunsets; peasants working and feasting. The thousand effects of light and shade, every mood of nature, every aspect of life, were dear to the heart of Michetti and shone from his faithful interpretations in a second reality.

"Canto d'Amore."
(Drawn from the bronze of C. Barbella, by A. F. Jacassy.)

Those three years of seclusion were the making of the man, and the best part of his life. When, with purse exhausted he found himself obliged to come back to the world, he brought with him

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the materials for a picture gathered at the little town of Chieti near his home. In less than a month the "Procession of the Corpus Domini" was painted in the studio of his friend De Chirico at Naples, and finished just in time for the exhibition—Naples, 1877—where it created a great sensation. The public at once went crazy over it while the critics, surprised, could but admire that brilliant affirmation of a new master.

Study of a Head by Michetti.

The whole length of the canvas is occupied by wide ascending steps before the façade of a church from whose quaintly carved portal emerges the procession. Under a striped canopy an old priest, shining in the rich sacerdotal vestments of great festal days, carries in upraised hands the Holy Sacrament. In front of him, between two rows of women belonging to pious sisterhoods, a band of little, nude children, their heads crowned with flowers, scatter rose-leaves about. On the left a crowd of kneeling people chat and smile among themselves, while on the right the musicians of the village brass band, more willing than knowing, elbow one another while tooting with puffed cheeks on their primitive and noisy instruments. In the foreground a man lights the fire-crackers which are necessary adjuncts to the most solemn moments of religious ceremonies in southern Italy. It is summer; the day is fine, the air luminous, the sun shines, every one is merry; the general scene is wonderfully true to what the traveller frequenting the by-roads is accustomed to see. The figures not only talk and live, but in their truth they are so many classic statues clothed in the jackets and skirts of *contadini*.

A harmonious splendid color, a certain something playful and gay over it all, a touch of southern exuberance, the essentially picturesque, sensual charm of the types, the vivacity of the composition from *ensemble* to details, from the wonderful little heads and hands — marvels of the most finished execution— to the accessories, treated in a manner, broad, almost brutal, and yet to an artist incomparable for its suggestiveness make it a picture *di furia*. To characterize that style of painting in relation to others, I should say that it was like Brahm's Hungarian dances in the domain of music—something strange and charming that everyone understood and loved at first sight.

While the critics following the public applauded, the artists surprised, paid their best compliment, which is to try to find out the secret of a successful technique. The concert of praise was a perfect unison, and it is a wonder that Michetti should not have been spoiled by it; that he was not, shows better than all else the force of his character. His judgment suffered nothing, success hardly touched him; he kept on searching in his own fashion, working hard,

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indifferent to the exaggeration of his admirers and more unwilling than ever to sacrifice his artistic conscience to money. His last relation to Goupil happened about this time, when he refused to sell the "Corpus Domini," on the condition that he should make a replica of it for the same price—to make copies, even for 50,000 francs, was not to the artist's taste.

Two years later he shared with Morelli the honors of the Turin exhibition. I regret not to be able to speak of the pendant to the "Corpus Domini," the "Domenica delle Palme" (Palm Sunday), having had no chance to see it. The "Ottava" (Octave), now in the king's collection—where a newly married couple of country folk make their first exit from home, going to church on the eighth day after marriage to celebrate the initial week of their new life—is a quaint scene charmingly illustrated. A conscious husband with his young wife, one of the artist's best creations, a mixture of joy and shyness, eyes half cast down and lips opening in a faint smile, head a company of relatives, young girls, and solid-looking matrons, with all the robustness and proud grace of the antique; while neighbors and passers-by gaze on curiously. It is after a rain, the wet ground reflects a stormy sky with threatening clouds full of motion.

"I Morticelli" (The Little Dead Ones)—a true *plein-air*, that those who make shadows with black or bitumen and lights with white, have called fantastic and unreal—gives the impression of an oppressive summer day when all things appear as through a screen of radiant and vibrating light which permeates even the shadows and makes them luminous. The rusticity of this touching old provincial custom is rendered in a truthful way exempt from sentimentality yet full of pathos.

If what Liszt has said is true—that it is better for an artist to be loved than admired—then after Turin, Michetti could rest satisfied. In 1880, at Milan, he did not meet with the same popular applause, and little stir was caused by his numerous collection of studies, largely in pastels. It is easy to understand why pieces of excellent workmanship, deficient in the powerful attraction of subject, did not appeal to the public at large—for in that matter the Italian public is no better than ours—but they were judged by the *élite* as being of a higher order than his previous works, and every one of them was bought by artists, a fact which speaks for itself.

At last at Rome, in 1884, Michetti came out with his *chef-d'œuvre* and the most important work of the Italian school, "Il Voto."

The man who had seemed to sacrifice everything to the external vision had been all the time pregnant with deeper

A Study by Michetti.

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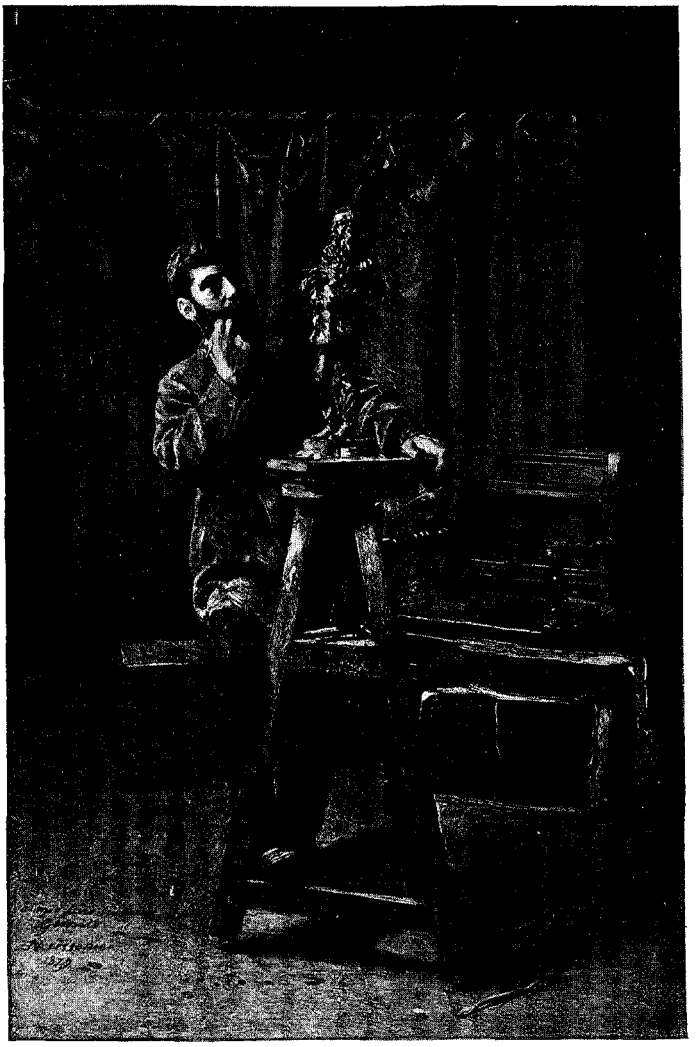
thought. No one had seen any traces of that inward development until, when matured and complete, the artist struck his high note in the revelation of an



The Sculptor Gemito at Work.
(From Meissonier's painting.)

art of greater range and power. In fact from the *peinture de genre* done playfully until then Michetti, at a bound, reached the grand art; Naples, Turin, and Milan were halting-places—the goal was Rome. Yet he did not go out of his field; he did not abandon his subjects; those same peasants he had shown us in the fields, leading the flocks to pasture, bearing the dead to the Campo Santo, the bride to her home; those peasants whose songs and laughter he made us hear, he now shows us again—but we enter into their souls. Here is the "Proximus Tuus," no more with the quaint and cunning ways which so pleased our æsthetic sense but in a scene passionate, almost terrible, whose every detail speaks the savage and degrading superstitions that still chain our ignorant brother.

The canvas is very large and the fig-

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ures life-size, the scene within a church on a feast-day of some renowned saint. From near and far in the province peasants have come on pilgrimage to ask a special grace—the one most at heart with these simple natures—to be blessed with children. Amid a curious crowd pushing with rough eagerness, the barefooted, travel-stained pilgrims creep on their bellies like beasts, licking the dirty pavements with such fervor that blood trickles from their tongues. Their goal is the miracle-working image of the saint, an antique bust of some Roman warrior, adorned with a circle of glittering metal by way of halo and near which a priest, richly clad and dull of eye, blesses with automatic gesture each one who passes.

There is nothing more human, more sacred than the desire for paternity in man, the passion for maternity in woman, but this low begging for it by human beings transformed into brutes is inexpressibly sad. It is more, it fills us with shame that in our modern and cultured civilization such practices should exist. The artist gives the most tangible expression to the cry of his revolted soul in the choice of a scene faithful to nature not only in its conception but in every one of its details. In showing us what he has seen he forces us to feel what he has felt. I know there are two ways of understanding Art. Some think that a painter's object is first and last, to paint well; others, that like the poet, he has a mission, and his talent must be put to the service of high ideals. The "Voto" ought to satisfy them all. It is a *chef-d'œuvre* of painting no less than an eloquent sermon. The artist is a patriot like Mazzini

Verdi.
(From the bust by Gemito.)

Fortuny.
(From the bust by Gemito.)

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FROM MICHETTI'S PAINTING. ENGRAVED BY PECKWELL.

"I Morticelli."

From the central part of the picture.

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and Garibaldi; his "Voto" the work of a true man, a protest more forcible than words against the exaltation of idolatry, a blow at the bonds which coerce minds and hinder progress, and when its combative element shall have lost its timeliness, it will still remain as an historical document of a period of transition, priceless, because a faithful copy of a real scene.

But let me speak directly of the picture. The first impression, that of a crowd in church, is at first confused and indistinct. From the mixture of forms and hues in an incense-burdened atmosphere soon emerge, vividly and wonderfully grouped, eager-eyed spectators, creeping forms, and pallid faces, converging toward a culminating point, two hands outstretched, passionately clutching the saint's figure, while a face of ecstatic expression showers kisses upon the cold lips of bronze. The execution helps faithfully the idea, the lines of the composition, broken and complex, melt in a powerful *ensemble;* and there is a dignity, a manly simplicity, something so sober and masterly in the handling that the great Spaniards, Pradilla and Villega (and every one knows what a Spanish artist's ideal is), have said that no such piece of painting has been seen since the days of Velasquez. The many cartoons exhibited by the side of the "Voto" showed, with the refining and development of the first conception, how conscientiously it had been thought and studied. I should like to speak of the individuality of each type so vigorously accentuated, of that truth to Nature which, instead of suggesting the wearisome process of copying, forces one to acknowledge the ideal interpretation of a superior artist ennobling all he touches, just as a great poet gives dignity, and new and deeper meanings, to the commonest phrases. I should like also to dwell on the well-chosen and typical episodes which picture the different incidents of married life; the mother, in all the pride of her heart, coming, with a child nestled on her breast, to acknowledge the saint's intercession; the young bride and the old husband; the poor, beaten wife in shame and grief at her sterility; the father whose only son is dead and who prays for another—but here I feel too keenly the truth of George Lafenestre's saying that in Art, "an hour's description is not worth a five minutes' sight," and I can only beg all lovers of the beautiful when in Rome to go and see that magnificent page at the Capitoline Museum. Should they happen to come from Paris after having seen the impeccably correct *grande peinture* of the modern French painters (I was tempted to write *savants*), they cannot fail to be struck in this by an absence of the academic and dry element. It is of a different temperament from the French, with less correctness in the cold sense of the word, but with more true sentiment, more individuality—a temperament controlled not so much by the head as by the heart, and consequently more artistic and more interesting alike to public and connoisseurs.

It is to be regretted that the Italians did not choose to exhibit in the last Paris International Exhibition. With the exception of Segantini, whose delicate sentiment and curious researches of technique make him always worthy of critical consideration, not one of their foremost artists was represented. How highly interesting it would have been to see Morelli and Michetti by the side of their great foreign *confrères!* I believe the Parisian critics, though provincial enough in that they are not given to dealing ultra-generously with those independent foreigners who show indifference to the opinion of the great city, are sufficient lovers of the worthy in Art to have ratified the verdict of Turin, that the Neapolitan exhibit was a revelation. To my sense, now that Corot and the other glorious lights of the generation of 1830 have passed away, it is as interesting an artistic movement as impressionism, and the Italians may well be pardoned for calling it their second Renaissance.

Two years ago Michetti sent to Venice seven or eight little canvases in his old vein—landscapes with peasant children. I remember especially one of them—a young, ragged girl coming down the hill-side, driving some turkeys before her while her little brother trots along behind. The careless creature sings at the top of her voice with all the

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energy of healthy animal spirits, and against the fading glory of an Italian sunset her head stands out in cool shadow, a golden nimbus of wild curls floating about it. How it reminded me of that incomparable little Breton, "The Song of the Lark." It is the same sentiment with two different expressions; one of the quiet, thoughtful Northern nature, and the other of the exuberant life and picturesque beauty of the South.

But for occasional flying visits to

A Neapolitan Fisherman.
(From the bronze by Gemito.)

Rome, Paris, London, Michetti lives in Francavilla al Mare, a tiny village perched in a delightfully quaint fashion on a low mountain spur, a stone's throw from that Adriatic which, though less renowned than the Gulf of Venice or the Bay of Naples, is quite as full of enchanting beauty. Driving to the old convent he inhabits one has to pass through little roads with a background of silver-green olive-trees and bright garden vegetations, where *contadini* stand or work just as in his pictures. The village is queerly built, the houses very old, the people of a cleanliness which strikes one most pleasantly. In the huge studio by the sea, portfolios and cartoons are piled up in corners, while all about lie scores of canvases with rough ideas jotted down on them when the inspiration was fresh. Michetti—"Don Ciccio" as he is called familiarly—has rearranged the convent to suit his fancy, and a very comfortable though unique habitation it is. His great happiness is when his friends and fellow-Abruzzesi—Tosti the musician, Gabriel d' Annunzio the poet, Barbella the sculptor, De Nino the folk-lorist—come hither round his hospitable table. Then there is the true Abruzzo feast-making. It was my good fortune to fall on such a reunion when—with interludes of songs, readings of poetry, and story-telling—lively dissertations about Art, stimulated by the generous wine of Sulmona *—the wine of Ovidius—ran on far into the "wee sma' hours." It was particularly refreshing in these times of cosmopolitanism when people of mark think capitals the only places worthy to work and live in, to see these men, who occupy the foremost rank in their professions in Rome and London, so deeply attached to their natal soil, such enthusiastic lovers of its people, its dialect, its songs, and festas.

Last year Michetti's life-size portraits of the King and Queen of Italy attracted the attention any work of his now deserves. I must confess frankly that, with the exception of one, I do not care for them, though it is needless to say, coming from such a hand, they have many fine points. Their quality of official portraits (two of them were intended as gifts for the young German Emperor in souvenir of his visit to Rome) would have hampered even the old masters. One represents King Umberto on horseback in the uniform of the colonel of his German regiment; the costume is absolutely ridiculous in shape, and its flat,

* Sulmona, one of the large cities of Abruzzo, is Ovid's birthplace.

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discordant blue with white trimmings, treat it as you may, is an execrable note of color; the horse, almost free from disfiguring accoutrements, is fine; its rich bay hide, under which a perfect organism is felt, shines in the sun. That horse such as Nature made him make the gaudiness and tinsel of official habiliments appear pitifully cheap. The second portrait, showing Umberto standing in his by no means artistic uniform of Italian general, is excellent and full of individuality; the two vigorous hands clasp the sword-hilt on which they rest; in the worn, sober face, the eyes shining from within, give the earnest, inquiring look familiar to the man, who, if not a genius, is at least an honest ruler with a deep sense of the grave responsibility and duties of high office. Queen Margherita's charm is a charming smile, which animates and transforms features otherwise uninteresting; but it is not in the accepted tradition to make an official effigy of the Queen smiling, such a mood being too familiar for a sovereign. And moreover, as she had to be represented standing, the painter, wrestling with the problem of a generous figure rather petite, clad in a plain, tight, *décolleté* court dress of white silk, conceived the idea of arranging the train so as to fall before her down the steps of the throne. The effect is curious. To resume I should say that these portraits are the best things of a bad kind that could be done; but they are certainly not the portraits Michetti would have liked to paint, and some of his studies, especially a head of the Queen, are infinitely superior to them in their rough and unhampered impressions.

Constantino Barbella, in taking for subject the Abruzzo peasant, has been called the Michetti of sculpture. Co-disciple of Michetti, carried by friendship as well as by the influence of a stronger personality, he left the Academy to go back with him to their natal province. Although he is not an imitator we cannot help feeling that he has learned to see through his friend's eyes, and that he has found his inspiration in the spring that Michetti discovered. His statuettes, with personal qualities of expression, have some of the beauty of form and character so pre-eminent in the marvellous little Pompeian bronzes of the Naples Museum. In their chosen diminutive size they are carried to an extreme *ini* which is not finicky and never degenerates into vulgar prettiness. They stand a rare exception among the rubbish of commercial Italian sculpture with its *trompe d'œil*, its bangs, laces and silks, so painfully and cruelly reproduced, suggesting the dressmaker or the wigmaker more than the sculptor. Barbella is at his best in some figures of solid women with soft lines lovingly caressed—charming flowers of healthy and graceful development.

Gemito has been idle for the past few years, unable and unwilling to work at his many orders. He received a grand medal of honor and the cross of the Legion d'Honneur at Paris last year; but the poor fellow has fallen into some sort of sickly and morbid condition from which nothing, it is feared, will ever rouse him. And his is not a special case; it seems as if there were some evil spirit, a kind of *jettatura*, attached to the Neapolitan artists. Mancini, an incomparable virtuoso, the strange and fanciful painter of heads, which though queerly painted have a prodigious intensity of life, was often confined in an asylum; De Chirico, an early rival of Michetti, died crazy. It is worthy of note that all these men came from the lowest and poorest classes, and that contrary to the common opinion they are very hard workers.* Perhaps the contrast between their early life, so full of miseries and privations, of hard struggles against hunger and against the indifference of the public—that eternal worshipper of idols—and success coming suddenly and in the exaggerated manner of the southerners, whose enthusiasm knows no measure, was too much for sensitive, highly strung organizations. To think that a head of Mancini, given away for four francs, went up in two years to ten thousand francs! This fantastic artist used to work in a singular way with his canvas on the floor, and looking-glasses all round his

* As a matter of fact the people have to work hard in Italy, where no individual fills more completely our idea of the *lazzarone* than the Italian heir to a title, satisfied to vegetate on his meagre income, eating just enough to keep body and soul together, but dressing in the height of style that he may be able to parade his pretentious nullity on the fashionable promenades.

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model; as the result was marvellous his method of obtaining it was praised as evidence of genius—the imbecility and unmanliness of his wild admirers spoiled the man, so that he went headlong from whimsicality into lunacy. Much of his work is lost through the use of mixtures such as sulphuric acid, with the paints; what remains is unique, however. As in the "Gioconda" of Leonardo da Vinci, there is in the eyes of his faces a depth of meaning—an indefinite something, subtle, unrestful—which makes us penetrate into their very humanity, and wonder about their thoughts.

If, after some years of study at the Academy, Gemito's talent was fully known and recognized in artistic circles, the unprotected lad was nevertheless nearly always at the point of starvation. That kind-hearted and noble fellow, Fortuny, his most intimate friend, helped him as much as he could; but Gemito was proud, and there were many things that even a friend could not do for him. Weary at last of the double-faced existence, with glory on one side, starvation on the other, he decided to try his fortune in that Mecca of artists, Paris, taking with him his first statue, "Neapolitan Fisherman," which was exhibited at the Salon of 1877. So worthy was it of the notice it attracted that the jury awarded him a second-class medal, an almost unheard of distinction for a first exhibit, and in the face of the loud cries raised all down the line of second-rate sculptors, that parts of it had been moulded on the life, a criticism which at least shows its masterly execution though common-sense might have told these carping critics that such a thing is scarcely possible, and that if it were, the putting together of portions so moulded would require more art and would be more difficult than the copy and interpretation of life.

Perfectly unknown in Paris, having refused all letters of introduction, Gemito, who entertained a very high opinion of himself and his works, turned a deaf ear to propositions from the dealers that would have well satisfied many a *débutant*. As a consequence, he might have starved in Paris, as in Naples, had it not been for the appreciation of Meissonnier. The French painter who strongly admired the "Neapolitan Fisherman" and had said that he wanted it, wondered, as time passed during which Gemito went often to see him, why the statue was not forthcoming. Much puzzled he at length inquired when it would come. Whereat Gemito explained that the price he had put on it (thirty thousand francs) was too much for a brother artist. Anyone familiar with Meissonnier's ways can imagine his offended air and the gesture with which while showing the pictures on the walls of his studio, he exclaimed: "But look there, Gemito, each of those squares is worth from fifty to one hundred thousand francs, and I am richer than most collectors when I want to gratify my artistic tastes!" Yet weeks went by and the statue did not appear. There was nothing for Meissonnier to do but to go himself, with two porters, and fetch it—which he did.

Afterward, Gemito, in return for his portrait painted by Meissonnier, made that bronze standing figure of the French master that, wonderful as it was, could not possibly be accused of being cast on life, as it was in modern costume and but half size. It won unanimous praise (Salon, 1880), and all the eminent French critics agreed in pronouncing it a *chef-d'œuvre*. With what vigor, what naturalness of good company, Gemito had *campé* his picturesque model—short, thick-set, the legs solid and apart, the broad chest and arched back! With what penetrating analysis he had rendered the proud head with its beard of old gold; its fine, sharp eyes, its disdainful smile! The whole figure, from the feet to the head—and to the palette the hand grasps as nervously as if it were a rapier—is sparkling with *verve* and *esprit*. Treatment and conception are novel yet perfect of their kind, showing how, when handled by a master, the metal can abdicate its cold stiffness and bend to a subtle interpretation of life.

A critical enumeration of the works of other pupils of Morelli and Palizzi is needless, my object having been simply to call attention to a school comparatively unknown and to the great results it has already achieved. I have tried to show that its strength and attractive-

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ness—its keynote, so to speak—lies in its broadness, catholicity, and above all in its intense modernity. We are getting to think more and more nowadays that personal temperament, helped by hard and earnest study of nature and life, is better than the mass of traditional conventions embodied in what is called a style. Alfred de Musset—who would be neither a classicist nor a romanticist, but himself—has voiced the modern idea in his often-quoted verse:

"Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre."

This Neapolitan school, born as a protest against the old routine, lives on the principle that close adherence to a theory implies lack of strength and of personal dignity, and that no rules can ever be given dispensing man from thinking and judging for himself.* It says the result, with those who attempt to follow a code of given rules, is that they do not live their own lives and do not improve their opportunities. Imitation in Art is odious. It means not the imitation of a mood of Nature but the casting of a mind, soul and heart, into another's. Can we imagine a following of little Keatses, little Beethovens, little Millets?

This school shows a set of men who have but one thing in common, the artistic faculty, developed in the sense of each one's individuality. Let us now look at Paris—recognized art centre of the world—and what do we see? But an endless array of small congregations, gathered, like devotees at a shrine, around some special idol outside of which there is no salvation. Truly the world of Culture and Art, which is ever prone to sneer at fads and fashions sweeping over the majority of mortals, and making it resemble a flock of sheep running hither and thither after some leader, is not exempt from that same sort of thing, and that is why the example set by this Neapolitan school is not amiss.

Lastly, how gratifying to all lovers of the beautiful is the fact that old Italy—long sterile of great artists—is dead and that the Italy of to-day, just come to womanhood, offers them such offspring as Morelli and Michetti, as harbingers of the future.

* It might be said that to a few, absolutely destitute of individuality, the following of a theory would prove a lesser evil than an aimless search in trying to express that which does not exist—personal feelings. But are such men born for Art?

THE SNOW'S DREAMER.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

Asleep within her marble room she lies,
And dreams of days to come when she shall go
Across the meadows in the morning glow,
Song on her lips, and gladness in her eyes:
In dreams she sees again the warm, blue skies,
And breathes the fragrance which the soft gales blow
From trees whose blossoms, like belated snow,
Have filled the orchards with a sweet surprise.

So shall she dream, and slumber on until
The first faint whispers of the south wind bring
The shy anemones, all white with fear,
To look upon her in her chamber still;
Then, waking, hear the blue-bird blithely sing
To welcome in the Daybreak of the Year!

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JERRY.

PART THIRD (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER VI.

"Life crowded on him, and the days that swept
Relentlessly all trust and love from out his heart.
Where could he put his faith, where clasp a hand,
That would not turn against him if occasion called?"

"YOU will have to be very cautious and very watchful," and Greg paused in his idle whittling of the table; "Henley is bitterly opposed to you, and only has been held from molesting you and your plans by the positive orders of the doctor; I found this out when I was surveying in Eureka."

"Do you think Henley will use unfair means to hurt me?" and Jerry rose and leaned against the chimney.

Greg stuck his knife up in the table once or twice thoughtfully, not looking up.

"I do not like Henley," he answered, cautiously.

Then Jerry put on his hat, and Greg went to the door with him.

"I will watch and listen for you," he said, rather hurriedly, "and will warn you; but do not trust anyone."

"Thanks," and Jerry stepped out into the black night and biting wind; he took off his hat to the cold air and drew a long breath—he felt as one standing in front of a desperate battle!

For, though estranged, he found that through all the doctor had protected him against Paul, who now stood revealed as an enemy whose bitterness could not be measured. And the last time they had spoken together, that dreadful day down at the mine, he had cursed Paul with unexampled fury, and had done it for the sake of a man who in his death had struck him the cruelest blow that the most careful malice could have designed.

It had not been designed, he could reason that out; still his heart grew hard as he remembered, and said to himself, "It was only a piece of the doctor's cold, careful wisdom."

It had been a great pain to him that the doctor had died estranged from him, and that the people should know this, and so think it all right that Paul should arrange everything for the honoring of the dead; that even strangers should be called in and he shut out. It had hurt him deeply, and when after the funeral Engineer Mills had asked all the company to return with him to the doctor's house, as the will was to be read, Jerry had turned away, until stopped by a special message that he should be wanted. Then he had followed the crowd, angry when he saw them hustling and jostling into the empty house that to him was sacred; then crowding out again as the will was to be read on the piazza, where all could hear it, he among the rest. It had been hard, and had grown doubly so toward the end—almost too hard.

Twenty-four hours ago it had happened, yet Jerry could see still the gaping crowd looking black against the snowy background; still could hear them stamping with dull thuds to keep their feet warm—stamping that ceased as Engineer Mills read aloud a little note

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from the doctor, appointing that the chief man of the towns should read the will aloud to the people, and see that it was carried into effect honestly. And then the murmur that had swept up from the crowd—

"Mr. Wilkerson—Mr. Wilkerson!" Yes, he was the chief man of the towns—it was his glory brought him pain! It had seemed a most cruel sarcasm, but the bitterness of the moment brought him strength, and when Mr. Mills called to him, and the crowd parted to let him mount the steps, he went forward without a second's pause and joined the group on the piazza.

And the men on the piazza knew what was in the will, and watched him as he read—he could feel them watching.

It was short enough—a clear, concise statement that the doctor had cast his fortune in with the people of Eureka and Durden's, and sincerely wished for their success and prosperity; in proof of which he now left all his property to endow a free school for the children of the miners of both towns, and a home for the widows and orphans of the same; that the tract of land he had bought, had been bought with this end in view; it was surveyed in suitable lots, that were to be rented, and all rents used for the purposes above mentioned. That trustees and guardians had been appointed for the property, the mayor, or chief man of the towns, being always chairman of the same.

That was all: not a word of the distrust the people had shown him; no mention of his difficulties and disappointments; a fair, free gift to the towns, and Jerry to see it given!

He had read it all through clearly, slowly, distinctly; and in the silence that followed, a silence so intense that he seemed to hear it, he said no word. He stood there white and still, and folded the paper carefully, and the crowd watching him seemed scarcely to breathe.

He would not speak of the misunderstandings and mistakes of the last few months, any more than the dead man had spoken; and the silence hung about them like death. Then there was a little movement, and he heard Greg speaking to the crowd and explaining what had been done for them—that widows and orphans would never suffer want again, and that education would be free to all. Then the crowd separated and went away quietly to their homes; and Mr. Mills told Jerry that he would send him all papers relating to the property and put him in communication with the trustees. Only twenty-four hours ago all this had happened. He walked wearily up to his room: his burden seemed too great. For some noble end men might strive like this; but he had let go his aspirations, and his highest motive had come to be the excelling of an enemy: could he sink any lower? There was one lower depth—he could sell secretly and leave in the lurch all who had trusted him.

He threw himself face down across his bed; he despised himself, and realized a dreadful self-abasement that galled him every moment he lived.

And yet, the highest he had known had let him go astray. His heart hardened within him; what use to love or trust? Old Joe, whom he had not loved, loved him; had been faithful to him. And this love he had won, he had not cared for—and the love he had longed for, he had not won.

The only eyes he need please now were the eyes of the world; and in the eyes of the world money was the highest good; the world grown greedy and sordid in its old age. Money bought love, and honor, and power, and friendship, and souls, and bodies; and the free and enlightened Nineteenth Century saw more slavery and subjection than any other age of the world. And he, he could not serve, he must rule—he must have money!

And to-day a new fear had come to him, and he realized that the money he had so longed for—the money that when he found it had seemed salvation to him—this money had become a terror!

Paul Henley had that day gone East, and intended spending the rest of the winter there. Nobody could know what possibilities to Jerry lay hidden in this simple announcement that Greg had made to him. A few weeks or a month would not have been such a risk, for Paul would have been too busy settling his own affairs to trouble himself with

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the transactions of other people ; but the whole winter would leave him much unoccupied time.

And yet what had Jerry done that he need fear being found out? He had only invested money that had been left to him—this was all he had done. But he had no proof of this ; he had not told anyone at the time ; he had not shown anyone all the curious places in which this treasure had been hidden ; for then a vague fear had possessed him that once let Joe's fortune be known, and claims would be put in against it as having been taken from another man's property ; and this fear had proved true.

He had known that Dan Burk had at all times been aware of Joe's place of work ; and after Joe's death he felt that Dan Burk watched him ; what he did not know was that at one time Dan Burk had shared Joe's spoils, so giving him a hold over Burk. At the opening of the mine Burk had revealed to him Joe's secret, which revelation had confirmed his worst fears. And now, once let Burk know that Joe had left a fortune, and he would either claim hush-money, so holding Jerry always in subjection ; or he would tell the secret and ruin him. Jerry had not known all this at first, but he had known enough to make him very cautious, and he had had what was a still stronger motive for secrecy—a great longing for the money! And this longing was what had made a coward of him, and was the net that had closed about him.

A year ago he would have told the doctor what he had found, and have dealt justly by all ; if Joe had done wrong, he would have righted it ;—a year ago, when no evil passions had been roused in him ; when he was strong in his carelessness of men's opinions, and the world's honors.

Now—and his heart seemed to grow cold within him as he realized his own position—now, Paul Henley, his declared enemy, had gone to the East ; what would prevent his hearing of Jerry's riches ; what would prevent his searching and finding out all that Jerry owned, and raising ugly stories as to the sources of his wealth? A man who handled public money lay open always to suspicion and attack, and for a man in such a position to be discovered suddenly to have a large fortune, was a black enough story.

And Paul would sow distrust in the East by declaring Jerry a poor man ; and distrust in Durden's by telling of Jerry's possessions. Paul would not now hesitate.

Jerry got up hurriedly and went to the window ; he must have fresh air ; he must shake off these dreadful forebodings, or lose his mind!

All his accounts with the town had been read to the committee, and put on record ; would not that prove his innocence?

Dan Burk knew that Joe had been saving all his life ; would not that be proof as to the source of his wealth? Aye, too sure a proof ; a proof that would let in claims for all his fortune! The Durden's heirs who he knew were still living somewhere, and who had sold the mine to 'Lije Milton, they could present claims—and Mrs. Milton would own all that was left.

But now, when he needed all his strength and determination ; now, when the struggle was growing harder, and the plot more intricate, he must not flinch. He could not go back ; there was no retreat that would not end in ruin of character or fortune ; there was no explanation that would not weaken his position most terribly. He must be careful hereafter to have a witness for every transaction to which he was party ; to this extent he could and would guard himself ; and, for the rest, must wait until the attack came.

This was all he could do ; there was no avoiding the daily anxiety ; there was no way of pushing aside this new fear ; no way of lessening the strain on mind or body ; and there was only one comfort he had—it was the knowledge that failure would kill him!

The terrible tension of always watching—always fearing—always suspecting ; the hard work by day and by night ; the absence of any creature in whom he could confide, this would wear him out even if at the end he were successful ; if he failed, then he knew the string must snap.

He shut the window slowly, as one

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who had faced and weighed all the dangers about him, and had made his own course clear to himself; had realized all to the end. There was no need of hurry even in the shutting of a window; his work and his path were plain before him, and behind him an immutable Fate born of his own deeds!

He stirred the fire to a brighter blaze, turned the lamp up, and sat down to his table, where lay a pile of papers relating to the doctor's property, which Mr. Mills had sent that afternoon. His heart throbbed a little faster when he first looked at the familiar writing. But he put aside the memories; they were not his any more, and it was with anger that he remembered the remorse he had felt when he found his friend dead, and peace not made between them. He had been only a duty to the doctor, not a love; the end proved this.

His mind was clear and quiet now, and he went over document after document, making notes and memoranda, then gathering his materials together, composed a letter to his co-workers in this bequest.

He told them that having been educated by the doctor, he thought he could give them a clear idea of the system on which he would like the school carried out; that having taught in Eureka himself, he knew that this system would answer. He then went on to state his views as to the present and future values of the doctor's property in Eureka, including the shares held in the Eureka Mine; giving them the present condition of the towns, and their prospects; and the present and probable future cost of building.

A clear, succinct letter that caused a meeting of the three trustees, and many inquiries as to this Jeremiah P. Wilkerson. Inquiries that widened out until they penetrated the inner circle of money-eyed men, and Jerry was reported as a man of solid means.

After this, Paul was asked to meet these gentlemen; after failing them many times he came at last, but with his temper unimproved by the examination of his mother's affairs and property. His sister Edith—whom he found not to be his sister, but his first cousin, the daughter of the aunt who had died in the convent, and who had been adopted by his father and given the name of Henley; she had a large property—but he had little or nothing: further he found, to his exceeding disappointment and surprise, that he had inherited nothing from his guardian. He had not realized this before he left Durden's, for the only will found there was the one giving the Durden's and Eureka property to the towns; and a memorandum referring them to his lawyer in the East for further information as to his affairs. So Paul came East with high hopes. Of course there was city property, and high rents all to be his, and visions of himself as a rich man floated fair before his eyes.

But the visions had come to nothing.

He felt an unreasoning anger against the poor of Durden's and Eureka, who seemed to have defrauded him; for he found that the doctor had sold everything to buy the great tract of land which had caused such a stir, and had changed so many lives.

A wild, mad scheme, Paul called it, that had left him hardly enough to live on; he thought that at least the doctor might have left him the management of the property, and the small salary which would accrue therefrom; but even this went to Jerry—Jerry whom he hated, Jerry who had been so successful.

And meeting the trustees in this frame of mind, he had to listen to Jerry's letter, so clear and strong, and to praises of the writer expressed in slow, precise language by these mighty men, who seemed willing to leave the whole property in the hands of their "competent fellow-trustee."

"Whose wealth and business qualities," they said, "as well as the high esteem in which he is held in business circles, make us feel sure that he will manage this great property with honesty and skill."

Paul sat still; did he hear aright? Were these men talking of the Wilkerson whom he knew?

And he asked what seemed to them a silly question: "Do you mean the Wilkerson from Durden's?"

The three old men looked at him from over their glasses, and the eldest answered:

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"Of course, Mr. Henley; the same Mr. Wilkerson whom your guardian educated; you must have known him all your life; the same Mr. Wilkerson of whom Mr. Charles T. Greg, one of the most solid men in the city, speaks in the highest terms; of course you know him, this man who has risen from the people to the highest respect and esteem, and whose success—material, moneyed success—is well known on Wall Street."

Jerry Wilkerson in Wall Street—Jerry Wilkerson a moneyed success—Jerry Wilkerson indorsed by a man like Charles Greg! His guardian had told him nothing of this—Jerry had not whispered it. And Paul felt himself in the heart of a mystery, and walked home slowly, and questioned Edith Henley closely as to all she knew or heard of Jerry. Then to Mr. Greg—then to Wall Street—day after day following closely in the track of his successful rival. And as he went the mystery deepened; it took him a long time, for he had to seem to know it all, and so had to grasp a few facts before he could pretend with any success. He was several minutes in placing the "Mr. Gilliam" spoken of with such respect; the "Mr. Gilliam" who had requested Mr. Greg to give his adopted son Wilkerson unlimited credit, and who had paid all notes and bills with remarkable promptness; and Mr. Greg had been very sorry to hear of his sudden death.

Old Joe Gilliam! the surprise was too great, and Paul had to remember suddenly an engagement, and was obliged to leave Mr. Greg.

"Yes, Gilliam's death had been sudden; but he would call again if Mr. Greg would allow him."

Old Joe Gilliam giving Jerry unlimited credit—and Paul walked three blocks in a driving snow-storm before he took in fully this piece of information, or remembered that there were such things as cabs.

And from all he could hear, Jerry had not spared money. Edith spoke of him always as a rich man, and represented the doctor as looking on Jerry in the same light.

"The doctor said Mr. Wilkerson was already rich, and would be in time among the richest men in the country," Edith said one day, but she did not look up from her embroidery, so did not see Paul's face; but a valuably-hideous cup fell from a stand with a little crash as she finished, and she wondered that Paul seemed so angry about it, and swore so openly as he picked up the pieces. Paul had lost some of his polish in the West, and it grieved her.

Paul's life, meanwhile, was becoming almost unbearable; he realized his inability to cope with Jerry, and had not only to listen to commendations of him whenever his name was mentioned, but was allowed to see that some of the attention he received was due to his supposed brotherly connection with Jerry, whom people imagined he must love, as they had been educated by the same man. And he had to bear in silence, day after day, all the slow suffering born of his hatred for this man; suffering that cannot be measured—cannot be equalled; the suffering born of hatred is the only suffering for which there is no balm!

It was working through all his nature, this hatred; a dreadful corroding rust that was destroying his heart and soul; that turned his blood to gall. And his anger grew deeper when he heard Isabel Greg's name coupled with Jerry's, and the invariable comment—"Of course the Gregs will forward the match, as Mr. Wilkerson is so rich."

So rich! and nobody in Eureka or in Durden's had heard a rumor of it!

And he would sit for hours pondering on this strange revelation. If it had been a moderate sum that was named, Paul could have understood how old Gilliam might have saved it; but when he heard of "unlimited credit," and heard Fred Greg tell with much admiration of the "plucky way in which Wilkerson had run up the Durden's stock," and of the "large amount he carried," the question became one that Paul could not solve.

Where had this money come from! Jerry had been decently dressed always, and never had seemed to have anything to do but to study and read in the doctor's library; and Paul had come to know, somehow, that old Gilliam supported a poor woman in the village, instead of paying the doctor for Jerry's

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education. And until now these things had never seemed strange to him, now when from a distance he looked back and saw the great difference there had been in Joe's action toward this boy he had picked up, and the actions of his class toward even their own children; of course Joe must have had money to be able to do all this; yet this had never occurred to Paul before.

But this fact, having been established in Paul's mind, did not advance him in the least in the solving of the problem as to where Joe got his money.

He could not remember that he had ever heard Joe spoken of either as a miner, or a special worker of any kind; indeed, as he looked back he found that he had never heard anything of Joe Gilliam except that he had found Jerry lying on the trail half dead, and had adopted him. He had accepted old Gilliam as one of the facts of the place; something that had been there always—had been there even before the doctor moved there, which seemed to Paul like some event back in the Middle Ages.

Then his thoughts would slip away to the strange features in his own life. He had found no papers to tell him anything, and if any ever had existed, they had been destroyed most carefully. In the doctor's possession he had found two pictures, one that he recognized as his mother, only younger and fairer than ever he had known her; and the other not so regularly beautiful, but a brighter and more girlish face, and on the back the name "Edith Henley"—this was his aunt then, Edith's mother, who had died in a convent.

He had put the pictures aside, unable to understand how they had come into the possession of his guardian; photographs might have been explained, but carefully executed miniatures told a different story; his own banishment to the care of this same man had puzzled him always, especially when he remembered his mother's tears, and his father's stern, harsh orders; stern and harsh even though he was dying.

He hated mysteries, and would sigh most impatiently; then return on the old track—"Where had Jerry gotten his money?"

He became quite friendly with the Gregs, almost intimate; he won the entire confidence of the three trustees of his guardian's property; then, by a free use of the doctor's and Jerry's names, and by means of Mr. Greg's patronage, he won his way gradually among the directors of the "Eureka, Durden's, and the Great Western Railway," and at last fixed his certain hold on the "banker and broker" who had Jerry's interests in hand. It was a great discovery, and Paul drew a long breath when accidentally he made it; and instantly determined to lengthen his stay in order to follow it up.

A keen, cautious business man, no cleverer man in the city; and Paul put his own affairs into his hands immediately. Daily meetings and conversations ensued over proper investments. Jerry was not mentioned, but Durden's stock was, and after many discussions, during which Paul let fall many dubious hints and candid fears, he allowed his new friend to invest for him in Durden's.

"But hold it lightly," was Paul's parting injunction, "I must watch and be more certain before I carry Durden's as steady weight." Then he went away, and the disinterested broker turned over all his own Durden's stock to Jerry, writing to say that he had obeyed his orders to take any Durden's that might be on the market, especially as it had still an upward tendency.

And Jerry, under the steady pressure of his daily work, that seemed to gather force and velocity as the days went on, listened and watched with strained attention for every sign that might tell of Paul; listening with painful eagerness to any word that concerned him or his work; and felt that a fortunate chance had put him at Mrs. Milton's, where he could hear every rumor or surmise about every creature or affair in both towns; could, as it were, feel the pulse of the community without ever seeming to do so, or to wish to do so. And when the letter came from New York telling of the increased amount of stock that had been taken for him, with the further information that Durden's was on the rise, he drew a long breath of relief, for it seemed that he had not been injured as yet; and he went about his increasing work with a better hope.

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CHAPTER VII.

"But at the last
A great contempt and hatred of them took me,
The base, vile churls! Why should I stain my soul
For such as those—dogs that would fawn and lick
The hand that fed them, but, if food should fail,
Would turn and rend me?"

And this hope was a godsend to Jerry.

The autumn had been late, allowing everything to work prosperously, and encouraging Jerry to believe that he was destined to succeed; but following the favorable December had come weather that was unprecedented in its severity. The snow-falls had been so heavy and so continuous, that all available labor had to be put to the work of keeping the gorge clear; else, who could estimate the danger to the lives and property of the whole town. Only once since Durden's had been settled had there been such a winter, and then many lives had been lost of people who lived in the bottom of the gulch; so that after that the people had built in sheltered places only, where great bodies of snow could not slide down on them from higher points. But during all the safe years that had followed, this precaution had been forgotten, and now the houses were everywhere, and the danger was great.

"It were the awfulest time I ever seen," and Mrs. Milton finished her relation of woes with an ominous shake of the head, "an' many a pore creetur worn't never dugged out tell way in the spring; an' the Lord hev mussy fur the water thet come down when the snow melted!"

And Jerry listened with a heavy heart, and urged Mr. Henshaw and the men on to every exertion possible to make the place safe.

And still the snow fell.

The work on the railway had been stopped, and the workmen had gone back over the mountains; the men had been taken from the mine, so that the work there was at a standstill, and no dividend could be declared; money was scarce in the treasury; wood was getting low; there was no doctor in either town to attend the sick, and no priest or minister of any kind to bury the dead. Colder and darker the winter settled down; each hour drawing things nearer to desperation—each day coming as a freshly armed enemy!

So quietly the danger had crept upon him that Jerry did not realize that it was a danger. So many things culminated so silently; the continued snow that stopped all communication with the outside world; the stopping of work in the mine that caused the dividend to be postponed; the emptiness of the treasury that the dividend would have filled; the stacks of wood that were not sufficient to meet the extraordinary run on them; the public store of meat and meal that could not be replenished because the roads were blocked. Who could have foreseen all this—who would have realized it until it was too late?

Jerry was appalled, but he gave no sign; instead, he made as if he did not hear the murmurs that at first were disjointed, but that now were growing more and more continuous. He made superhuman efforts to rectify things and to satisfy all wants; but he would hear no murmurs.

He grew thin and white with the dreadful strain, and his eyes shone with an unnatural lustre.

Suppose the people should revolt—should throw all their shares on the market!

He ground his teeth: a sudden fierce anger, that was like madness when it seized him, swept over him when he remembered that these ignorant creatures had it in their power to ruin him! And as he heard the sullen grumbling grow louder, and knew that insolent words were said for him to hear, he longed to beat and stamp upon them, and to drive them from the town; and his anger grew almost more than he could bear.

At last there came a break in the clouds, and for one week no snow fell; this gave some hope, and the discontented murmurs were lessened somewhat.

A party went out to hunt, that the people might have fresh meat; another party went after wood, and those who stayed at home spoke cheerfully of spring.

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Two weeks without snow; and Jerry asked Mrs. Milton, in a half-frightened way, if she thought the winter had broken; and hardly dared ask the question, lest the snow should begin again.

At the end of the two weeks Mr. Henshaw advised that the men be put to work on the dam before any snow melted, as when this happened it would be too late to help matters. Jerry agreed with him, and put the matter before the Committee, and for the first time since he had been their leader he met a repulse. He had expected it, for he knew that the men thought the work in the mine would now be resumed, and a dividend declared: nevertheless, just at first it gave him a shock, then his accumulated anger flared up.

How dared they oppose him — these ignorant fools! and he rose to his feet with a light in his eyes that made the bravest man there wish himself out of the difficulty.

With his hands in his pockets, he stood for a moment looking coolly and scornfully over the crowd—men grown gaunt and white during the long, hard winter for lack of proper food and warmth; men of desperate characters and fortunes, who had come to Durden's expecting immediate wealth; disappointed men, who had grown sullen and hungry and were not to be tampered with lightly.

But Jerry was more desperate than they; he had more at stake. To them it was a chance speculation only, that had not answered their expectations; to him it was success or disgrace—it was fame, fortune, life—or death!

Slowly, and in a voice that showed the restraint under which he was holding himself, he began his speech. He reminded them of how this venture had come to life and been carried on; how he had built up the town of Durden's and had had the railway extended; how they had been cared for and helped through the hardest winter ever known in that country; how the Eastern shareholders of the mine had consented that the work might be stopped if the miners were needed to work for the protection of the town.

"And now, when the winter is breaking," he went on, raising his voice, "when the time has come to make the thing pay—to save the thing from destruction, you stand back like fools and refuse to work!

"Protect the mine by a week's work, then work it so that a dividend can be declared. You know, as well as I do, that to-day this town is in better order, and the people more free, and more justly dealt by, than in any other mining town in America. You know that as long as the present government of this town continues, things will go on as prosperously as now; but change it, and what will be the result? With the entrance of the railway the place will be flooded by a mob of 'placer miners;' the Eastern shareholders will look only to their own interests, and you will lose all the work, and much of the money you have invested in Durden's. I say that if you change the present organization you are fools; I say that if you do not make the mine safe, you are fools. You can shoot for these words, but so can I: it will not pay, however, and you will not do it.

"Now, I want you to think of two things: First, without a strong government the railway will ruin us; second, that unless twenty-five men are at work on that dam to-morrow morning, I wash my hands of this whole business—I will resign every position and leave Durden's to-morrow!" And he took up his hat and walked down through the crowded room, where a way was made for him, and out of the house.

He had made a desperate move, and how would it be taken? Every nerve was quivering, and he strode through the snow to Mrs. Milton's house, scarcely heeding that he did not follow the beaten track, made safe but hideous by ashes being sprinkled on it. Even down to so small a matter as this, he carried his rule. One woman had slipped on the ice and broken her arm, which Jerry could set but very indifferently; and after that each householder had to save ashes, and sprinkle the pathway for a certain distance.

Young Greg had watched with wonder the way in which Jerry controlled these people, who were, many of them, no better nor more educated than beasts. What was the source of his power, and

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how had he won their confidence so entirely? At the time of the doctor's death Greg had watched for some outbreak; would they distinguish between Jerry's words against abstract landsharpers, and the doctor? Would they remember that the doctor had indorsed Jerry and his plans, or would they remember only that he had left his money to benefit them, not once mentioning past ingratitude?

He had expected some revulsion of feeling in the people that would carry them violently in an opposite direction and dethrone Jerry; but he watched in vain. The money had been left to them; a good man had vindicated his name and proved his interest in their welfare: this had been done, but the money had not come to them in a way that would arouse any enthusiasm. The good they were to reap from it was not personal enough for the men to feel any special gratitude for it; and the women had no word in the matter. They looked on the will only as another "curus doin'" of the doctor's, who had been a mystery to them always. Indeed, on speaking to one or two of the men about it, Greg found that they thought that Mr. Wilkerson had done much more for them, and in the future would make the fortune of the town and all the people in it.

As the winter went on, however, and the cold grew more and more intense, and the prospect of work and money more and more precarious, Greg once more began to watch and listen anxiously.

It had become a great wish with him that Jerry should succeed, a great wish outside of his own interests in the town. Jerry had worked so bravely, and his success had been so unprecedented, that it had come to be like the watching of some exciting game of chance. He knew for what high stakes Jerry was playing; he saw that it would be life or death to him, and that the instinct of self-preservation inspired some of the moves Jerry made.

But beyond this, he had played so boldly and so skilfully, that sometimes when a difficulty was overcome Greg would draw a long breath, and wonder how long this man's highly strung temperament would stand the strain!

And as he sat in the council-room lately put up over Burk's shop, where the public meeting was held to call for men to work on the dam—as he, going early, sat and watched the gathering of the crowd, he realized that a dangerous crisis had come, and wondered what the upshot would be.

Greg watched anxiously as Dan Burk explained that the meeting had been called to hear a plan of Mr. Wilkerson's; that now the working season had come again, Mr. Wilkerson had something to say to them.

This was received in silence; then Jerry told them that he wanted them to work on the dam and so make it safe before beginning work in the mine: and when he ceased there was the same ominous silence—a silence that made Greg lean forward and listen and watch intently.

There was a little shuffling of feet—then a man rose and said that work in the mine they were willing to do, for that meant a dividend to them and to the town, and money was needed badly enough; but that "work on the dam" pausing in his slow, drawling speech to give full effect, "wuzn't wuther damn, an' all were free men;" then he sat down amid great applause!

It was then that Jerry rose and attacked them so unhesitatingly, and threatened to throw over the whole scheme. And when he was gone Greg looked about in grave anxiety: how would they stand this? But nothing was said, and after a little while he saw the new men, who had come after the town was well under way, rise one after another and leave the room; and from the window he could see that they had congregated outside, and inside the old inhabitants sat in sullen silence, looking at him rather suspiciously. But he did not move, and these also left the room one by one, making another group in the road, and Dan Burk, left alone with him, stroked his sleek, straight hair slowly.

"It 'll bust all to pieces if Mr. Wilkerson gives it up," he said.

And Greg asked impatiently:

"Why do not you tell the men so?"

But Burk shook his head.

"They knows it just as well as me,"

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he said, "an' they ain't agoin' to let nobody talk no sass to them except Mr. Wilkerson: an' you kin rest damn sure, Mr. Greg, that if they want to go to the devil, talkin' won't stop 'em; just be sure of that," then he rose, and Greg followed him down the ladder to the shop below.

Evidently there was no way for him to find out the probable course of events, and having a letter he wanted to show Jerry, Greg turned his face in the direction of Mrs. Milton's.

It was a letter from his sister that surprised him a little. She said that they had seen a great deal of Mr. Henley, and liked him better than at first; that he told them a great deal of the life at Durden's, and "spoke most pleasantly and affectionately of Mr. Wilkerson, whom," he said, "he had known most intimately; but laughed when we called him wealthy." And Greg was much puzzled.

Of the extent of Jerry's fortune Greg knew only what his father and brother knew, and this knowledge did not include Jerry's transactions with his broker; and to Greg, as to Paul, it had seemed a strange thing for a common man like Gilliam to have so much money, but it had never entered into his mind to ask the how of the fact. Indeed, life in Durden's was to Greg so new and unique that he seldom wondered or was surprised at anything; each individual enjoyed perfect freedom of action and thought, while comment and questions were careful and few.

Jerry was the only man that Greg could find who was in the least hampered, and that only because he had made the people depend on him; and he, if he would sell the town to the railway and the mining company, could free himself and go East a rich man. But Greg could not imagine Jerry as doing this; his ambition was higher than the mere making of a fortune: he wanted to create a community—he wanted to control great interests—to be known as a "Money King"—he wanted to raise the people: and this last made Greg sigh. Still, he thought Jerry bid fair to win even with this weak philanthropical joint in his harness. Things looked dark just now, and Paul Henley was a dangerous enemy because an unscrupulous one, and Greg felt anxious; but he had great faith in Jerry's keenness and power over the people. His speech that day had been dangerous, but it had dealt a telling blow in that it had divided the party that was against him. The old and the new had separated completely: the new were favorable to the present government, with much contempt for the old Durden's, of which they had heard much: the old settlers looked back angrily to the old times because they were learning to be ashamed of the old ways, while yet they had a weak longing for their license. But all parties were fully aware that there was no man in either town who could guide affairs as Jerry had done.

For himself, Greg felt that he had been cool to Jerry, and by his father's advice had abstained from being intimate with him for the present; but he could not help feeling a sort of pitying admiration for this man fighting so hard a battle, and standing so entirely alone! Yet sometimes, as he watched Jerry, his mind would fill with doubt, and his father's warning would seem wise.

Jerry's door stood a little open, and Greg walked in to find him seated at the table with his arms crossed on it and his head bent down on them. Greg stood quite still; the whole man and position looked so despairing, and he feared, as he had never done before, for the fate of the mining venture.

Jerry rose, not hurriedly as if he wished to hide his feelings and the anxiety that possessed him, but slowly as one who was thoroughly worn out. He had made a rash speech—had pronounced a rash ultimatum; what if he had been taken at his word? Where would he stand with all his fortune invested in the mine?

It would look like base desertion for him to sell out; indeed, he did not believe that he could sell the stock if the facts of the case should become known. His only alternative would be to sell secretly; in this way he could save his money.

And if the men did not come to their work in the morning, would he do this?

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But now Greg interrupted him, and he rose wearily—"I have brought you this letter," Greg began, ignoring all the morning's troubles, "because I cannot make anything of it, and I thought that you might read something between the lines; it is from my sister," and he handed Jerry the letter, opened at the page that mentioned Henley.

The paper was rich, and a little perfume seemed to float up from the folds of it; a faint, sweet smell that took Jerry back to the luxury, and beauty, and pleasure that he remembered as a dream!

He did not see the words just at first, but stood wondering at the past and at himself as he had been then. He passed his hand wearily over his brow, a gesture he often made now, and with an effort brought his mind back to Greg and the letter. He read it slowly once, then more carefully the second time, standing quite still in front of the fire, while Greg watched him anxiously.

"He is winning their confidence—the women first, Fred and your father later—in order to injure me," he said, then walked over to the window.

"How will they help him?" Greg asked a little hotly.

"He speaks of me in this way to them, so that when the time comes to attack me, they will be persuaded to his side, not looking for any personal motives behind his actions."

Greg sat down thoughtfully; this ridiculously simple solution was not all that Jerry read between the lines; of course Jerry saw more than this—he had not mentioned the allusion to his wealth.

Jerry handed the letter back slowly—he liked to hold it, it was so dainty and refined; and he watched it while Greg folded it and put it away, and caught himself wondering how it was he had such a longing for things so entirely out of his sphere.

"I am much obliged to you, Greg," he said, "for taking the trouble to bring the letter here, and for your kind interest in my small difficulties." Then sitting down near the fire, "Has your father written you anything of Durden's stock lately?"

"Firm, with an upward tendency," Greg answered; "the report of Henshaw has made a great sensation; then the doctor's will has brought us into notice."

"I knew it would," and Jerry took a letter from the table. "The trustees leave the whole matter in my hands," he went on, "asking for a yearly report of the property; they have empowered me to employ a secretary; do you know of any one who can fill the position?"

Greg shook his head.

"There is no one out here, but I dare say they can send you one."

"I prefer that they should," Jerry answered; "and send me a man clearly instructed to watch the destination of every cent," his voice growing harder as he went on. "I prefer to be watched in my transactions."

Greg moved a little; this did not have a pleasant sound; did Jerry think he could be attacked from that side by Paul?

"You have been watched in all your town transactions," he said, "you do not know how closely: Burk never allows anything to escape him; you need have no uneasiness about that."

"I do not know that I am uneasy," Jerry answered; "but I prefer to be watched, for then I can have witnesses always."

"Unless those who watch you are unscrupulous, and enemies," and Greg rose to go. He felt repulsed, and yet could not blame Jerry, for in the first instance he had turned from Jerry: but the man seemed so lonely that unconsciously Greg had cultivated a feeling that at any time that he held out a hand, Jerry would take it; but now he found that even though very lonely—even though entirely without friends, Jerry would not let him return to his old position.

It hurt him just a little at first, this stiffness, but when he thought over it quietly he was not sorry. It was interesting to stand and watch this game as it was played; it was exciting even, but he did not want it to be any more so than at present; if he cast in his fate with Jerry it would grow too exciting, and he would have to stand or fall with this man. As it was, he was secure outside of Jerry's venture; on his own land he had found gold, and besides his in-

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vestments in the town and in the mine, he had this private vein that already paid him. He was doing well, and was glad that Jerry had withdrawn from him; for now he was not only financially safe, but his conscience was clear, for he had made an advance to Jerry, and had been repulsed.

On the whole he was glad, and his father had been wise.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Who bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended will,
And ever weaker grows through acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault
Recurring and suggesting still!"

The daylight seemed to come reluctantly the next morning; at least so it seemed to Jerry, who was watching for it with a weary excitement. Sleep had been impossible to him; all night long he had lain with wide-open eyes trying to rest—trying to push out of his mind all memory of the disasters that might meet him when the day dawned. And he watched the firelight that played on the wall, and the wan gray day that marked so gradually the square of the window.

The sky was leaden-hued, but no snow was falling; he sighed a little, for the snow would have solved this difficulty. But the snow was waiting for some time when he would not want it; and the issue stood before him unsettled.

He dressed slowly; he would give the men the benefit of every moment of time; and he ate his breakfast slowly—very slowly, by the light of a smoking lamp—for Mrs. Milton had it ready for him always before the work-horn blew; then slowly made his preparations for going out to the dam.

"Hev a leetle patience, Jerry Wilkerson," Mrs. Milton said, as she followed him to the door. "Orl the boys is been right smartly honggry sence the cole sot in, an' they ain't got much onderstandin' no how; so hev a leetle patience."

Jerry felt that his pistols were safe; then lifted his hat; but he said no word in answer to Mrs. Milton's exhortation, and left her watching him anxiously as he walked away.

"Techin' hisn hat, fur orl the worl' like the doctor," she muttered, "an' a-killin' hisseff fur this pore trash jest like the doctor," and she turned away with a sigh.

Jerry found it a hard climb over the snow that was mashed into ice—a slow climb that gave him full time to think, and now that the issue was on him he could no longer drive away his anxiety: every step brought him nearer to this decision; every step brought him nearer to an awful temptation!

He looked down anxiously for the tracks that would show that the men had passed on their way to the dam, but the frozen snow held no marks. Beyond the end of the street he would be able to see tracks, but he would have to go to his office for something, and this would take him off the main road which the men would have followed; so that until he reached the top of the dam he could not know how the issue had been decided. He might have gone and looked for tracks, but this would have been too great an acknowledgment even to himself.

His office was dark and cold and dusty, and in one corner were the things he had brought away from the old house. Dead memorials that had gained a human aspect from long association with living souls; things that looked as if they had regular habits, and were distressed by their homeless, useless condition; by being huddled into a corner with dust and spiders' webs about them. Did they suspect that they might pass into strange hands before this day faded?

He turned away hastily: if the men were going to obey his orders, they would be at work by this time; if not he would need all the day for the arrangement of his own affairs; and locking the door, he took his way up the gorge.

Up where the wind cut him more keenly, and the dry snow blown from off the higher peaks came about him in sudden swirls and eddies; up from the white valley that yet was checkered and smirched with the black marks of civilization; up to where he could see so clearly the unsullied because unhumanized mountain tops shining white against the leaden sky.

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Half-way up the gorge he paused, and listened intently; he heard no sound of pick or spade, he heard no sound of voices. More intently still, with his hand to his ear, and his head turned away from the wind; his heart sank within him—had they turned against him as Joe warned him that they would?

Up higher, and still no sound nor voices greeted him; not even his own footsteps could be heard as he worked his way through the soft, dry snow. On the highest ridge that he would touch he paused again to listen; it was strange he could hear nothing—the strokes of the pick would reach him at this distance surely!

The day grew brighter; the work-horn was sounding from the village, and he waited to hear it—it was his horn now. Clear and distinct, ringing up and down the white, dead stillness; and a little thrill of scorn for himself went through him as he listened. It was a small thing he had done in establishing that horn to mark the work-hours—a small thing that he had done to mark himself as victor and master; and he had worked—secretly, of course—to get the same horn, the very same horn he had heard that evening when he had been shown his place—the evening when his old life died—died with such painful throes! Yes, it was small.

Then the last echo faded, and once more he plodded on; if the men were coming they would be at the dam by this time, and he would not stop again. Steadily forward; and on the top of the dam he stopped; below him the small ravine into which the stream had been turned, a pile of wood lay ready for lighting, and kneeling in front of it there was a man striking a match, and all about it a mass of silent workmen showing black against the snow! He stopped still to recover himself, for they had not seen him as yet, and his heart was beating strangely as with a halt in its throb; and his head seemed full of blood; he had had the feeling once before when he found Joe's money!

Then Mr. Henshaw caught sight of him, and hailed him, and Jerry climbed down among them. The fire was lighted now, and the men stood about it quietly. "We get to work none too soon," and Mr. Henshaw pointed to the sky, "this freeze will not last much longer; all indications point to a warmer change."

"And so we must work the harder," Jerry answered, selecting a pick from a pile near at hand. "What shall we do first?"

The revulsion of feeling had been great, and he felt weak from it, but he had nodded to the men as if nothing had happened, and now followed down to where the engineer thought the bed of the stream should be widened to lessen the weight against the dam. Besides, the stream would be so full from the unusual amount of snow, that it might flow over the artificial bank if room were not made for it. The dam could not be made higher in a freeze like this, and in any event this would not be so advisable as the other. So the work was laid out, and the men told off in gangs to work at different points: fifty men, Jerry counted, with a strong feeling of exultation; fifty men who yesterday had defied him almost!

He struck good blows with his pick; strong blows that rang clear and sharp; he led his gang in work, but said no word to them.

And when Greg came, he stood still and watched how Jerry took the lead even in this work; and when the short day was done, how easily he resumed his place as chief, giving his orders for the next day clearly and peremptorily, and directing the men who had worked to come and draw extra rations; then he gave his pick to be put in with the rest, and walked home with Mr. Henshaw and Greg.

Greg watched it all, with the question ever in his mind, "How does he do it?" What was the source of this man's power over these men of his own class and standing?

And with his head bent, and his hands in his pockets, he walked in silence, not even hearing the talk between Jerry and Mr. Henshaw, but wondering if his father's fears about Jerry would be realized ever.

This crisis was past, and Jerry lay on his bed exhausted. All day long he had worked as hard as a common laborer—after a long strain of responsibility sud-

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denly increased into a dreadful anxiety and temptation, a tense state that had been relieved as the sudden snapping of a cord too tightly drawn; he had worked as if his life, like the men about him, had in it only the questions of food and raiment, and now the reaction was too great.

Through all the day's work the exultation had found vent in the quick regularity of his blows, and the short clipping of his words when he gave his orders: an exultation and relief that were over now, leaving him exhausted and bitterly humiliated by a realization that had been pursuing him all day, ever since he had mounted the dam and had seen the men gathered below him; a realization of himself that was new to him, and being new was still dreadful; a realization that had come close to him, and had wrapped him in its hateful folds. He abhorred himself, for he knew that if the men had refused to work he would have sold out by telegraph, and at this moment would have stood free, and rich, and a legalized thief. He would have withdrawn from the venture secretly—would have escaped free with the spoils—would have failed to every trust in order to save his own money!

And as he dragged himself from the bed wearily, the question come to him, would the greatest success, even, repay him for this? What would the greatest success mean—the success for which he found he would sell his soul—what would this greatest success mean?

He leaned against the chimney and looked down into the fire; the greatest possible success could mean only the gathering of a colossal fortune for himself—and then?

He turned quickly to the door; then he would have to hunt for somebody to love him—for somebody to put faith in—for a new level of self-respect—for a new ideal of a man!

And he went down-stairs slowly.

Already in his pursuit of money he had lost his trust in every human creature with whom he had come in contact; and with a fortune in his hands how black human nature would seem! And yet, there was nothing left for him to believe now but that money would compass most of the things he desired—would make him happy! And he would gather and gather gold until it would mean nothing to him—and die. Aye, but he would leave his gold so that the country would ring with his name.

He ate his supper hurriedly, and walked rapidly to Dan Burk's shop, where the public stores were kept; he had to issue rations, and to order out more men to work, for the wind had a new and sudden warmth in it that meant a thaw. Swiftly down the rough road, and in at Burk's shop, glad to reach the piles of meat and bins of meal—to reach and measure out the crude, ill-smelling liquor from the great barrels that stood in the inner room—glad to do anything, or go anywhere that would deliver him from this "self" he was learning to fear—this "self" he was not brave enough to contemplate.

How he had fallen from his high ideals! how recklessly he had striven and fought for this money that had seemed to satisfy! and he had gained it.

Gained it? he spilled the whiskey a little as he measured it out by the light of a flickering torch the men held; and he knew that he had not gained the gold, but the gold him! It held him fast and strong, and drove him in ways he abhorred—held him down until his old self became a haunting spirit that made him loathe this new creature born of covetousness.

The men had gone now, and twenty new hands were coming to the work in the morning. His task was done, and he locked the doors and walked up the street with Greg, who had come to help him.

"The men have worked well to-day," Greg said, wondering if Jerry would allude to the crisis in any way.

"Yes," Jerry answered, "it is not often they are blind to their own interests," but that was all, and at Mrs. Milton's door he said good-night without the least suggestion that Greg should come in.

And Greg turned away provoked, yet he felt uneasy; he must make peace with this man to-morrow—did he care for him really?—strange what power he had.

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CHAPTER IX.

"The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
When palsy shakes a few last, sad gray hairs;
When youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
When but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs."

And so the winter passed with its sufferings and crises; with its strained watching and excitement, and at last the weather had broken, and a chilling thaw set in. Worse than the dry, iron freeze of the mid-winter, this thaw seemed with its death-like dampness to search in among the bones, and to creep up and down the shrunken blood-vessels.

The roads were half-frozen slush, and the stream already boiled white and angry down the mountain-side, while as yet the upper snow had not begun to melt. There was a fascination in watching its eddies and foaming waves, and Jerry would stand on the dam and wonder how much higher it would rise when the real spring-weather came; and would the dam hold it?

Wretched weather that brought to the people all the ills with which cold and dampness could afflict. Many of the little children and the old people died, and the murmur of regret for the doctor swelled and grew into rooted discontent. Mr. Wilkerson ought to send for a physician; and Jerry, who had appealed to his friends in the East already, made another statement of his needs, and asked that a clergyman should be sent also; for he felt a strange reluctance to read the services over the dead, which thing he had to do because the doctor had done it always—a superstitious feeling about it that made him afraid almost, and a knowledge that he was not fit to do it. Yet many, many times he had to stand in the rain-washed graveyard, and commit to their last resting-places the children, and the men, and the women he had known; had brought out there in some cases; had watched sicken and die with no creature near with knowledge enough to help them!

He could not do everything.

But the work on the railway was going on briskly now, and soon the advanced corps of workmen would be in the town, and the physician of the company be near enough to help them.

As yet, Jerry had heard nothing from the East that could in any way advise him of Paul's movements, save the letter from Isabel Greg, which her brother had shown him. But he had not much time to brood over this now, for the mine occupied all his attention. Mr. Henshaw's work was thorough, but he worked with a deliberation that to Jerry was maddening almost. Mr. Henshaw could not realize the importance of making one quick dividend that would keep the people patient and fill the treasury; he had perfect confidence in the mine himself, and wrote it up most diligently; and the capitalists in the East were perfectly satisfied, but the people in Durden's, who were doing the work, began to murmur.

They were not in want, for the town supplied them with all the necessaries of life, but they had no money; the chance laborers who were paid from the treasury had more money than the governing members of the Commune.

Jerry spent much weary thought on the subject, but could find no solution for the problem; if he advised these men to sell, it would affect seriously the mining stock; if he broke up the Commune system, and paid back to these men all they had invested, he would have to sell much of his own Durden's stock, which would look more like a loss of confidence than any other move he could make. Henshaw could relieve him from his difficulty entirely, if he would make a little haste; but this he did not seem to understand, and Jerry knew that if he tried to hurry him by telling him all the motives and necessities of the situation, he would not comprehend the position, and might kill the whole scheme with his slow, blundering, literal explanations to every soul who, he thought, contributed one cent to the very handsome salary that made him and his "Sue" so comfortable. There would be no dishonesty in the quick dividend which Jerry wanted, but Henshaw's elaborate explanations would be sure to make it seem so.

Jerry thought of every possible, and impossible, plan to satisfy these igno-

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rant people who were hampering him so cruelly. If his money had been an accepted fact among them, he would have bought out the half of every discontented man's share, and so have satisfied them; as it was he could not do this without explanations which would seem like fairy tales to these people, and more surely than anything else would ruin him. One last plan occurred to him: it was to double the working force in the mine, and compel Henshaw to be more active.

And he could get the men easily, for now that the terminus of the railway was so near, numbers of new men were coming in every day to ask for work; but how pay them? It came home to him with harsh force how foolish he had been to invest everything in Durden's; if any part of it were now free, or was invested in anything it was less ruinous to touch, he gladly would have withdrawn it all in order to pay these men and quicken the declaration of a dividend.

His only alternative was to borrow; again and again he had turned away from this thought, only to come back to it whenever a louder and more angry murmur came from the people. Borrow money to carry him over this crisis, and all would be well; borrow money in his own name, and buy out the shares of these discontented people in the name of his broker—why not? This would be easy, very easy; and he wrote to the broker the amount he wanted to borrow.

It took nights of thought, coming after long days of labor, to decide this, and he felt very weary when at last he wrote to his broker; and was in despair almost when he saw the rate of interest charged him. Still, to have the money was a relief, and the broker's name to shield him.

Louder the murmurs swelled; but Jerry waited; every day that passed without actual disaster in the shape of a strike was so much gained. Louder and louder, then quietly he stepped in and bought in the name of Mr. Glendale the half of every stockholder's interest in the mine; then made a biting speech about their cowardice and short-sighted policy; a speech that made every man regret his action, and on the first suggestion agree to advance all that had been paid them, that the body of workmen in the mine might be doubled.

And Mr. Henshaw was delighted, and promised to make his work still more sure and honest; with a doubled corps of workmen why need he hurry and so leave careless work to mar his reputation? This mine was bound to succeed, and with its success his name as an engineer would stand or fall.

So the spring days came and went, each one a little warmer and giving no sign of the late snows prophesied, but melting the frozen masses that had gathered during the winter; and the streams were many and unusually full.

The people in the two towns were quiet now, save for the coming of the railway, and the rumor of a great excursion. For now the time was approaching when the Board of Directors of the "Eureka, Durden's and Great Western Railway" were to come out in special trains, and drive "last spikes," and make speeches, and spend money to make the venture better known. It was a grand affair, this railway, and must be advertised that in the future it might give grand results; and these great Directors must be entertained—and the treasury was low.

If only Jerry had kept in hand old Joe's patiently gathered treasure—or if he could have been his own engineer and have declared a dividend.

But new hope came to Jerry in the news that more "Durden's" had been bought for him, as it was still rising, for this assured him at least that Paul had not injured his scheme as yet. So he borrowed more money and set about making the greatest arrangements possible to Durden's for the reception of the coming magnates; and galvanized his dead enthusiasm to rouse the people to a more proper sense of the coming event, and to awaken in them the high hopes that he was now too weary to entertain. For now he felt that he was driven on and held up to his purpose more through fear of failure than through the realized value of what he was striving for. But also he knew that now for him there was no choice, for as he looked back, every barrier that

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had hindered his onward march seemed to have doubled in strength once he had passed it; what had been hard to pass, now became impossible to repass; and he saw with growing despair that there was no retracing his steps; his mistakes held him in worse than Egyptian bondage. There was no middle way for him now, the end must be either an absolute success, or an overwhelming failure; and even the *thought* of failure had become torture too exquisite to be borne; no toil that might avert this could be too hard—no risk could be too dangerous that might gain success for him!

And two bands of silver came in the dark hair on his temples, and the light in his eyes had become an unhealthy glitter.

CHAPTER X.

" 'Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life—

'As far as might be to carve out
Free space for every human doubt,
That the whole mind might orb about.'

'Yea,' saith the voice, 'thy dream was good
While thou abodest in the bud,
It was the stirring of the blood.'"

JERRY made a speech in which the people did not see the effort, and a small sum was gathered to provide for the reception of the excursion party. "What weuns eats every day is good enough fur them, I reckon," and Mrs. Milton gave a dollar; "an' I'll tuck in three 'thout chargin' no bo'de," and Jerry telegraphed that the sleeping-cars must be brought the whole way.

He thought much on the subject, and knew that he would be doing well if he could rouse the people to the necessity of seeing that the strangers had enough to eat; more than this was impossible, and he would not suggest even any further effort. So he made a list of the strangers coming, and put them about with the people according to the number they each agreed to provide food for; then wrote a letter explaining as best he might the customs and resources of the place, and the type of accommodations that could be furnished.

And the Directors laughed, and prepared as for a great picnic. What did they care for the feelings of these wild borderers—feelings Jerry had used all his power to rouse successfully into a state of hospitality; what did they think of the eager expectation of making a show, that possessed the hearts of the Durden's people; what did they realize of the willingness to help Mr. Wilkerson, and the latent pride the people had in this man who was one of themselves, yet powerful enough to have influence with these "money-princes;" and further, how could they appreciate the precarious position of this young man, who not so long ago had moved among them as one of themselves, but who had to be now one of the mob?

They stocked their train with every delicacy; they carried a full corps of servants; they spent great sums in transporting, without jarring, much priceless wine; and put on an extra car for a few wives and daughters who were "ecstatic and wild to see the romantic Western life; the dear miners, and the heroic women who were brave enough to share their frontier life"—which was not frontier life, but hopelessly within the border for the excitement of Indians, or of anything more romantic than wild creatures and tramps. An old mining town that had been deserted and kept in the shade for twenty odd years—that had been given over as a failure until one year ago. Of course the frontier was across the plains by this time, and all the Indian agencies and reservations seemed as far from Durden's, almost, as the great Eastern cities.

But these people from the centres of American civilization and luxury did not realize this; to them the South and West were unknown parts of the earth—the South meant oranges, and flowers, and "Ku Klux;" and the West meant Indians and gold mines. And Indians were all the "Last of the Mohicans," and gold mines were beautiful grottos where stalwart men, clothed in red and blue shirts and spotless white trousers, carelessly gathered shining lumps of gold.

And Jerry worked hard to make the town look clean after the hard winter, so that the excursionists would not be too much disappointed.

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"My mother and sister will come," Greg said, "but against my advice."

"You may have my house prepared for them," Jerry answered quickly.

Greg shook his head.

"They must remain in the sleeper," he said; "it will be for two days only. I cannot make them as comfortable anywhere as they will be there; but I thank you very much. By the way," pausing doubtfully, "Henley is come—arrived this morning."

"Did he?" and Jerry's pen moved none the less steadily because the beating of his heart had doubled.

"I have not seen him," Greg went on, "but he sent me the news of my mother's coming; I believe he expects to entertain many people."

"Your people?" and for the first time Jerry looked up.

"Not with my consent," Greg answered, coming nearer this man who puzzled him so often, "you know that I do not trust Henley."

Jerry returned to his work.

"I think we had better make your house or my house ready for them," he said.

But Greg would not agree; he was sure that the car would be the best place for them. Then he left Jerry to his work, and going down the road met Paul Henley—Paul Henley who grasped both his hands; who was dressed as would be Greg's civilized friends, giving him a home look; who rattled off the Eastern news; who was grateful to Greg's mother and sister for bringing his adopted sister out with them, and who was dreadfully anxious that everything in the doctor's house should be in proper order to receive them.

"I suppose you know that your mother and sister will stay with me?" he finished.

"No," Greg answered, bluntly; "no, I did not know it."

"Well, they will," and Paul watched Greg keenly.

"You are very kind," Greg answered, his brown face showing more color than he would have liked if he had seen himself, "but I think they had better stay in the sleeper."

Paul laughed.

"Your mother's only objection to coming was her dislike to the sleeper," he said.

Greg walked on a little space in silence; he did not trust Paul Henley; he was angry with himself that he had not warned his family against this man; he was provoked that they should have agreed to stop at Paul's house, and he determined to make an effort to change all these plans. His house could be prepared for them, or Jerry's house—he would go and see Jerry about it.

"You have never met my adopted sister?" Paul went on.

"No," and Greg looked interested; he could not but look interested when a man talked to him of his sister.

"She has no notion of taking care of herself," Paul went on, "and could not have come unless with your mother, and she and your sister are friends."

"Are they?" and Greg felt that his plans were becoming impossible.

"And you had better come to my house also," Paul went on, "and stay while your mother and sister are with me, you can then see so much more of them."

"You are very kind," Greg answered, "but I have made other arrangements for them."

"The 'sleeper'?" laughing amiably; "that is impossible, for I promised your mother that so soon as they reached Eureka I should have them transported to the most civilized house in the place, and that you should come and stay with them; so do not trouble yourself needlessly; and deprive me of this pleasure."

"You are very kind," Greg said again, then turned off toward the mine.

What would Wilkerson say? was his first thought; then angrily he asked himself, what right had Jerry to say anything? No right in the world; and in his secret heart Greg knew that Jerry would not say one word; probably he would not look at him, but go on quietly with whatever he might be doing.

This was the sore spot, that Jerry could and probably would listen to his words of explanation silently, then quietly put him and his mother and sister aside with Paul Henley, and go on his own way.

And if Jerry did, what matter to him?

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he had not espoused Jerry's side to any extent; he had not become an intimate of Jerry's; his father had advised against this, and he had acquiesced. Still—and Greg quickened his pace, and drove his hands deeper into his pockets; he despised Paul Henley, and he was learning to value strangely Jerry's approbation and good will; was growing anxious to break through the reserve and silence in which Jerry wrapped himself. And that this should be thus was the heart of the problem for Greg; why should this man be of any special importance to him? Jerry had no higher aims now than many men Greg knew, no higher motives—why should Greg wish for his friendship? Jerry had grown selfish, intensely selfish. At first there had been at the root of his work the desire for the good of the many; this had been the enthusiasm that had set the work in motion, as well as the force that had been at first the motive power; but Greg knew that this enthusiasm was dead; how he knew this, or when this force had died, he could not tell, but the fact of its death dwelt with him, and strange to say, had raised Jerry in his estimation as a practical man! The loss of the higher motive that had seemed chimerical, gave the venture a solidity that enhanced Greg's faith in it, and increased his respect for Jerry.

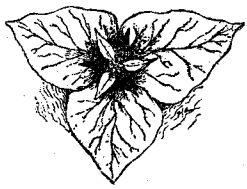
It had seemed weak to him at first, this plan to improve a town for the good of the town's people, and not as a speculation; to build up a community that possibly would help all, but positively would make the fortune of no one person; it had seemed wild and unstable, and a mere waste of energy; it was against the spirit of the age that was for monopoly, even though it might go hand in hand with the theory of the age which was for humanity. This theory was wrong; it would weaken any man to help all about him, and to be helped in return. Every man must fight through his own life, and shape his own fortunes; every man must run his own race and win his own prize; this it was that made men of Americans! The national creed that every man was free to run; every man had equal chances; every man could have all he could get and hold against the odds brought to force his gains from him; this made men strong and hard for the battle, and this was what had at last made him look up to and respect Jerry; this very power to take all he wanted—to guide all to suit his will, and yet to build all on the fair foundation of the public good!

Greg was forced into admiration—Paul was forced into envy and malice.

And Greg went home angry with himself that he had not guided his steps better than to wander from under the shadow of this man's power. This man whose power was bound to increase because daily he was learning the motto of the age—"Every man for himself." If every man stop to help his brother; to "pour in oil and wine" and bring him to a safe resting-place, who could first reach the goal? who could do more than win food and raiment, if this were the code? The creed of individualism can permit no such weakness as this; the narrower the aim, and the harder the heart, the surer the success!

The creed of Individualism and the Creed of the Christ touch but at one point: "Thou canst not serve God and Mammon."

(To be continued.)



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THE POINT OF VIEW.

IN the great future battle of the world between the two systems of Socialism and Individualism, one of the vital points of difference is to be *privacy;* and it is important to note that it *is* between individualism and socialism that the point of difference lies, and that privacy is not by any means an attribute of aristocracy as opposed to democracy. That Western citizen who raised the curtain of the new-comer's shanty and desired to know "what was going on so darned private in here," was the typical socialist, not the typical democrat. But the contrary view is so commonly accepted that it is pleasant to see the first thoughtful article on the legal rights a man has to privacy, in the columns of an American periodical. The thesis of a man's right to his personality, as well as his person, his property, and his reputation, is well maintained in an exhaustive sketch of the law on this point, printed in the December number of the *Harvard Law Review.*

Here we are shown how "the right to life has come to mean the right to enjoy life—the right to be let alone." We are to be protected from instantaneous photographs and the unlawful entries of "newspaper enterprise." To a burlesque actress and to an English lady of title we owe the vindication of one's rights to one's person and to protection from likenesses made thereof. Now from newspaper gossip we may yet be saved; that personal gossip which, as the authors well say, both belittles, by inverting the relative importance of things, thus dwarfing the thoughts and aspirations of a people, and perverts, by destroying at once robustness of thought and delicacy of feeling. "No enthusiasm can flourish, no generous impulse survive its blighting influence."

But our inherited Common Law, it appears, secures to each of us the right to determine to what extent our thoughts, sentiments, and emotions shall be communicated to others. For at least a century and a half it has protected privacy in certain cases; and in France, every publication in a periodical of a fact of private life is punishable by a fine of 500 francs. Personal peculiarities may not be disclosed, nor the charms of our young ladies (unless they desire) be even described in the graphic English of society reporters. Our Jeameses will take notice. But it is high time this thing were understood.

FRENCH art knows no Pyrenees, and the separation of the incorporated body of French artists into two rival camps causes a ripple on this side of the Atlantic, where, despite our Anglo-Saxon descent and a slight tincture of Germanic influence, our adolescent art is forming itself on Gallic lines. We are told in a recent magazine article* how Meissonier, followed by four hundred of the leading artists of France, stalked majestically out of the hall where the Société des Artistes Français, in their general assembly, had repudiated their implied obligation to follow precedent and count the medals won at the Universal Exposition at their full value as Salon awards. The story is in-

* The New Departure in Parisian Art. By Birge Harrison, in the Atlantic Monthly, December, 1890.

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teresting, and affects many of our painters who, prophets without honor at home, would have found themselves, if more honest counsels had prevailed, *hors concours* in the foremost picture show in Europe or the world. From the deductions of the article in question, however, one must, from a Cisatlantic point of view, be allowed to differ. The new Salon of the Champ de Mars was undoubtedly a great success, but one that was greatly aided by its retrospective character. As time goes on and the new-comers are forced to meet the rival faction on more equal ground; when they, like the old Salon, are compelled to show one year's work instead of the garnered production of a decade, the merits of the two factions will be seen to be nearly equal, and their aims, it is to be feared, almost identical. For though founded on virtue the new Salon cannot long exist without cakes and ale; and though it would be ungrateful to question the generous manifestation of principle which caused the movement, it may be permitted to doubt if an exhibition of the character of the new Salon can long endure without official patronage, and with official patronage there enter, as they manage these things in France —and elsewhere— all the influences which were the cause of the revolt against the old system. Of medals there need be none, but purchases by the state and city there must be in order that painting and sculpture may find its best and highest expression. The men who after Meissonier are the leaders in the new movement are, many of them, those who felt that government patronage might be better distributed by their hands than by the Nestors of painting who hold the reins of power in the old Salon. With the success of the new exhibition they will undoubtedly be able to divert a certain amount of patronage in their direction, and it remains to be seen whether they will be more catholic in their distribution of rewards than their elders, whose chief crime may have been that they chose to linger too long on the field, and were too desirous to apportion the spoils of war. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, is to be feared; but if this pessimistic belief, born of some little knowledge of the existing state of Parisian art, is well founded, there will yet remain for France, and consequently for the world, the good which always results from a general shaking up of dry bones, from a revolution such as this new departure. There were many men, well placed and enjoying all the advantages that can be gained from a fair opportunity to show their work in the new Salon who were admitted more to emphasize the liberal character of the exhibition than from any sympathy with their work felt by such fiery *intransigeants* as Meissonier and certain of his followers; just as in the old Salon certain men for the first time found a leniency exercised by the jury, who possibly wished to disprove the existing prejudice that they were *réactionnaires*.

The conditions of an artist's existence in Paris, indeed, are such that there is danger that the new Salon will soon have its assailants, that the accusations of wire-pulling and favoritism will soon arise. The aspirants are many, the favors are comparatively few; and the "struggle-for-lifeur," as the French have adapted our phrase, is as common in the ranks of art as elsewhere in the overcrowded marts of Europe. The *médaille Jullien*, a common phrase for a reward which came more from influence than merit in the old Salon, had its counterpart in the *médaille de marchand*, which meant a medal given at the dictation of a picture-dealer; and if the new camp has not the *Académie Jullien* among its followers, it is safe to say that the dealer is not far away and will exercise his influence in the new as in the old Salon. His influence is undoubtedly checked, in some degree, however, by the government patronage, which, when it goes to the right man, is an influence wholly for good.

And it must be said that while intrigue and unworthy influence have occasional power in its direction, we owe to state patronage the possibility of existence of many of the best artists of France. It was state patronage that adorned the walls of the Pantheon with the mural paintings of Puvis de Chavannes; it was state patronage that called Baudry's work and Carpeaux's work at the Nouvel Opéra into existence; it is state patronage that has given Paris the Jeanne d'Arc of Frémiet, and that enables Rodin (in the vast studio in the rue de l'Université, lent him for the purpose by the city of Paris) to pursue in peace his realization of the divine comedy which will

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cover the doors of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. These are the victories that peace hath no less than war; this is the reason why art is not altogether, in France at least, given over to the lust of mammon; and now that a newly organized force has appeared, let us hope that they will be jealous to guard, and vigilant to defend, the best interests of art.

We have seen in this city, within the last twelve years, the advantages accruing from a healthy competition. No one in either camp, if their limits can still be defined, would hesitate to doubt the healthy influence of the Society of American Artists on the National Academy of Design, or *vice versa*. In a larger way the same conditions in Paris will work for good, and the future Corot may find that, though one door be closed, the other will open at least wide enough for him to slip through. In further proof of this opinion is the fact that the little good that has come out of that Nazareth of art, Great Britain, in these last years, can be directly traced to the opposition directed against the Royal Academy and the establishment of rival exhibitions. Therefore the new departure is in the direction of progress, and its outcome will perhaps be all that Mr. Harrison foresees.

In the month of December the wills of two very rich men who died in New York were made public. One testator left a widow and several children. The other was childless, but his wife survived him. The former left the whole of his estate, with the exception of some unimportant legacies to his wife and children. The other, after providing for his wife an income sufficient for her maintenance in reasonable comfort during her life, left very large bequests to colleges and hospitals. His heirs-at-law were remembered with modest legacies, and his executors named as residuary legatees. These two wills being probated about the same time, and disposing of estates believed to be of approximately equal amount, have been much compared and contrasted, and have been the subject of amusing criticism. The testator who left money to the colleges was lauded and held up as a man of splendid generosity; while the fact that the other departing millionaire left nothing to charity, was put down in evidence of his selfishness.

Now it is a very good plan for very rich men to leave bequests to charitable uses. But the fact that a man leaves a great fortune to charity by will is no proof at all that he was a generous man. He doesn't give his own money, he gives money that *was* his; that, perhaps, he held on to as long as he could, and that necessarily found a new owner as soon as the breath passed out of his body. It is impossible to be generous by will. A will does not give, it only regulates a division. A will may be cited in evidence of the testator's affection or of his sense of justice, but not of his generosity; unless, indeed he is known to have denied himself aud saved and accumulated money, not because he wanted it for himself, but for the sake of those who would have it after him.

Of those two wills the one that, on the face of it, might readily excite criticism is the one that contains the bequests to the colleges and hospitals. That will might convey the impression of a lack of cordial relations, or that the testator was a man who did not want his widow or his legal heirs to have anything more than they absolutely needed. Of course such an impression might do the testator great injustice, but we are not considering facts, but only appearances. As for the other will, it was, in appearance, the will of a man who loved and respected his wife and his children. Practically it was such a will as the law makes for men who die intestate, and it may be presumed that such a will accords pretty closely with public sentiment.

It has been remarked that the name of the man who remembers the colleges will live long after that of the man whose children get his money. But that, too, is a hasty conclusion, and one that it is adverse to public policy to concede. For first, it were a poor compliment to pay any man to say that the money he left in the world was of more value to it than the children he left; his money is something apart from him, but his children are part of himself. And, moreover, that a man is better employed in building up a fortune than in raising sons and daughters, is what many Americans seem to think; but the very fact that they

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think so, and act upon that opinion, seems to a good many philosophers a reason to fear for the future of the American people. The childless man who endows colleges does well, and we do well to praise him. But we cannot afford to let such praise go the length of disparaging the example of a man who raises and endows a family. For that husbands should honor their wives, and fathers should take thought for their children, are conditions necessarily precedent to the preservation of those "family stocks" that President Eliot tells us are of such importance to the republic.

It is, perhaps, not desirable to lessen in any degree the detestation that intelligent Americans feel for those features of our politics that make a political career difficult for self-respecting men; but, after all, are not some of them the "defects of the qualities" of our system of government? Do we quite understand that the most obvious advantages of that system tend logically to produce this particularly disagreeable disadvantage? Yet it seems to me clear that, in some degree, our government is so bad because there is so little of it. The federal administration touches the daily life of the citizen at very few points, and at most of those so lightly that he does not know it, unless he has gone to a good deal of trouble to trace the facts. Almost any reader of this magazine—if he be not an avowed politician or a student of politics—might spend a half-hour in diligent reflection before he could recall definitely any single interest, habit, occupation, or purpose of his that is distinctly affected, to his profit or loss, to his satisfaction or annoyance, by the operation of any federal law, or the conduct of any federal official. At least he could have done so before the recent tariff legislation increased the cost of his cigars, or of some article of personal use or abuse. Though State governments deal more directly with our immediate interests, their action has to be extremely bad or unusually good to bring the consequences "home," as Bacon has it, "to the business and the bosoms" of most of us. By far the larger number of us are, as a rule, indifferent to public matters, because their course, one way or another, is, relatively to the things that mostly occupy our attention, indifferent to us. The question presented to us in each election is, generally, should we be a little better or a little worse for the result; the influence of one vote or of one man's efforts upon this vague and not very important quantity fails to stir us to the needed effort. Doubtless the tendency is now to extend the sphere of government. It is very marked in England, and there are unmistakable signs of it in our own country. In the end good or evil may come out of this, but it will be long in coming in the United States. In the meanwhile it is worth while recognizing the fact that one of the reasons why Americans do not seek the opportunity for useful activity in politics is that the opportunity for pernicious activity in that field is proportionately limited.

*** Answers to the Charades printed on pages 195 and 196 of this number:—

I. Ozone. II. Larkspur. III. Catacomb.

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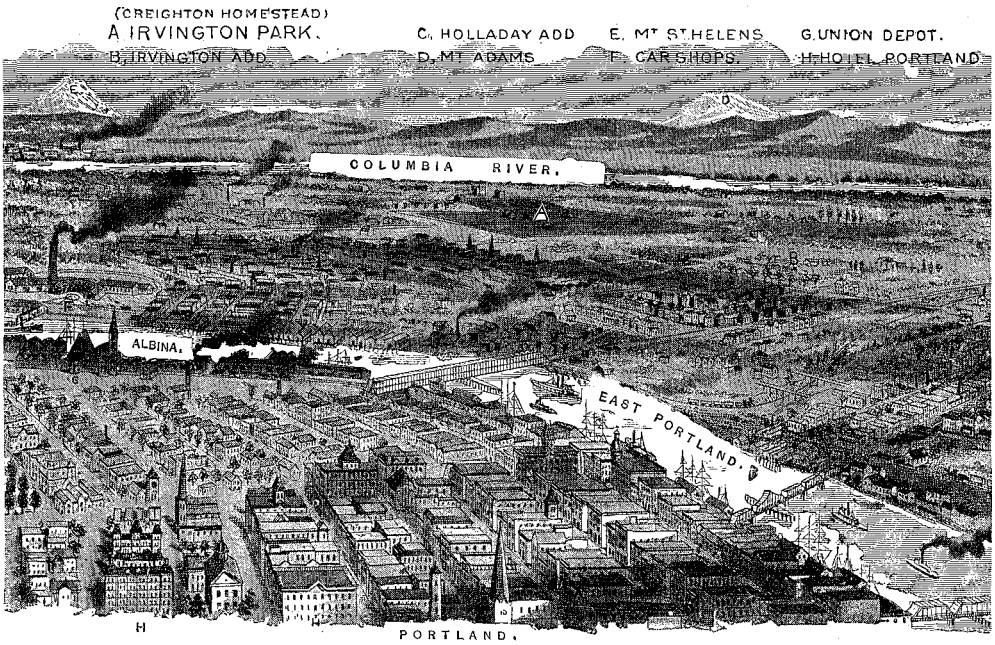
"WHERE ROLLS THE OREGON."



VIEW OF A PORTION OF PORTLAND AND ITS ENVIRONS.

IN the long ago a large vessel, richly laden, sailed along the Pacific coast in quest of a harbor. Entering the Columbia, the "Oregon" of song, she found the only waterway that pierces the mountain ranges, for a distance of over two thousand miles, up and down the coast. Following this stream ninety miles, our sturdy pioneer entered the Willamette, and sailed ten miles farther inland to the head of navigation. Anchoring here, the cargo was bartered to the natives, another taken in return, and the ship sailed away. She returned, was followed by others, a hamlet grew up at the landing—and Portland is that hamlet enlarged to a metropolis, where last year nearly five hundred ocean vessels anchored.

As a railway centre Portland stands supreme in the West. Every road that crosses the continent either runs into her depot or makes close connections with those that do. The wealth of the city is proverbial, her jobbing trade $165,000,000 per year, her bank resources $25,000,000, her manufacturing interests the wonder of the new West. She has never had a failure of a bank or large mercantile house, and everyone of her score of millionaires made his money in Portland. This solid, stable, prosperous city is not on a "boom." Her growth is large and steady, but due to natural causes. Her new buildings last year cost over $8,000,000. Many eight and nine storied buildings, a fine City Hall, $1,250,000 Union depot, $150,000 public library, $500,000 Chamber of Commerce, are some of the buildings under way. Portland property has never suffered a decrease, but has always steadily advanced; but never was the outlook so bright, never did it promise so much as today.

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THE SENIOR MEMBER.

MR. S. B. RIGGEN, the senior member of the firm of Riggen & Holbrook, of Portland, was born in Knoxville, Ill., thirty-seven years ago. When five years of age his parents wended their way to California, their conveyance being an ox-team. After leaving school, Mr. Riggen first engaged in the drug, and afterward in the insurance business, and when only twenty-three years of age he came to Portland, as the manager of the New Zealand Fire & Marine Insurance Company, for the North west. Portland was at that time but a small place, but Mr. Riggen was not long in coming to the conclusion that the city had a future second to none in the West, and quickly decided to cast his fortunes with the Oregon metropolis. While he was an adept in the insurance business, enjoying in an eminent degree the confidence of his employers, and refusing many flattering offers of advancement in other territories, yet he clung steadily and persistently to the idea that those who cast their lot with Portland must ultimately win. The underwriters' occupation did not give full play to his powers. It was, he argued, at best but a routine—to-day like yesterday, and to-morrow like to-day.

S. B. RIGGEN.

In 1881 he embarked in the real estate business, and no man in that profession can point to a cleaner and brighter record than he. Bringing to his new avocation ideas peculiarly his own, he has left an honorable imprint upon the business in the Northwest that can never be effaced. His watch-word has always been "Make money for my customers." To this end he at once undertook the selling of desirable residence property, and to give the purchasers the better opportunity to make money, he argued that the entire addition should be cleaned up, so that no lots would remain at the original price, as a menace to those who wished the advance that improvements and growth of population justly entitled them to. In this respect he has been universally successful, having always closed out entire every addition he has undertaken to sell.

Another innovation of his was selling on the instalment plan. At the beginning it was very hard to obtain property to sell in this way. But Mr. Riggen contended that owners really got their money sooner than if sold on the usual terms of one, two, and three years. Besides, it gave, he argued, the poor man, mechanic, clerk, or working woman an opportunity to get a home that they could not otherwise enjoy. In this branch he has been so successful that it is now the recognized system all over the Northwest.

In 1887 the firm of Riggen & Holbrook was formed, Mr. F. B. Holbrook coming in as an equal partner. Since then the firm has rapidly come to be recognized as standing at the very head. They are now giving their entire attention to the disposal of the grand old Creighton Homestead, platted as Irvington Park, upon which they have long cast wistful eyes as the choicest site on the peninsula, Portland's *élite* residence site. This addition they could readily sell in Portland, but their aim is to make a wider distribution of it, knowing that each purchaser must make a large profit, thereby giving Riggen & Holbrook the best of all permanent advertisements. To this end theyoffer it at $125 to $200 per lot, at $5 down and $5 per month, without interest, or ten per cent. off for cash. We believe that it is just as sure to make money for every purchaser as the sun is to shine. By remitting at once you will secure a bargain, and the best unsold lots will be selected for you. If you delay it may be too late, as this choice addition is selling very rapidly.

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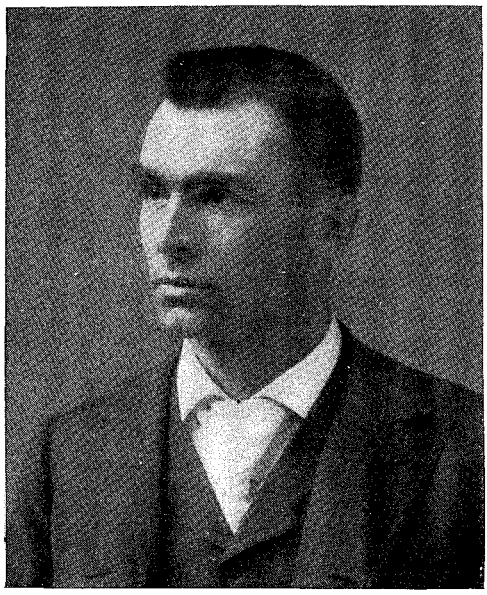
THE JUNIOR MEMBER.

MR. F. B. HOLBROOK, the junior member of the firm of Riggen & Holbrook, of Portland, is a good illustration of what a young man of industry and integrity can do in the West. He was born twenty-seven years ago, in the State of Wisconsin. After leaving school he served his apprenticeship as a mechanic in one of the great manufacturing houses of his native State. Tiring of work at the bench, he determined to go West, and obtained a position as travelling auditor with one of the largest implement houses on the coast. In this capacity he travelled over Oregon and Washington for several years, gaining as good a knowledge of those States as any man in the country. Wearying of this nomadic employment, he began to study the prospects of the various cities, with the purpose of investing and settling down. With this end in view, he visited Portland in 1887, having decided that this city was destined to distance all other points in the West in point of growth and general prosperity. Asking his friends' advice as to whom he should go to for the purchase of property, they recommended to him S. B. Riggen, saying he was the most reliable real estate dealer in the city. He called upon him, and they got into a buggy to go and see an addition Mr. Riggen was handling. As they compared notes on the way they soon discovered that their ideas of Portland's future, and of conducting business were identical, and before many days Mr. Holbrook had negotiated for a half-interest in the business. And thus came about the firm of Riggen & Holbrook.



F. B. HOLBROOK.

The realty business in a city like Portland, where property is never on a decline or at a stand-still, but always advancing, is different from what it is in other places, and has to be conducted on a different basis. In other cities dealers can "book" long lists of so-called "bargains" or "snaps," but in Portland these long-time contracts or options are not obtainable, except at an anticipated price, and particularly on inside and business property. Occasionally, as in the case of Riggen & Holbrook with Irvington Park, a choice addition can be secured for a short time by a reliable, go-ahead, pushing firm, on advantageous terms. But even these chances are scarce. Hence, this firm has adopted the course of buying inside or business property for their customers as called upon. They act as agents for their clients, and through their small army of sub-agents they can always find what is wanted at the very bottom figure. Hence, should the reader wish to invest a few hundred or thousand dollars in Portland property, all that is necessary is to write Riggen & Holbrook, and state what is wanted. Give your references, say about how much cash you wish to put in, how much you desire on time, character of the property wanted, whether income or vacant, business, prospective business, or inside residence, and they will be able to offer you bargains, from either their own holdings, or can at once find what you want. And always remember that they stake their reputation on their ability to get you a bargain on which you will surely make money. They do a largely increasing business in this line each year, to the complete satisfaction of their patrons and the extension of their reputation as a trustworthy firm.

Of course, if you wish to invest a small amount, they unhesitatingly recommend Irvington Park, at $125 to $200 per lot, $5 down and $5 per month without interest, or ten per cent. off for spot cash. That is a buy that must make money for every purchaser, as it is undoubtedly the cheapest property on the market in the United States.

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A SOLID INVESTMENT.

RIGGEN & HOLBROOK have long recognized that the peninsula was the coming *élite* residence portion of Portland. That they were correct is best evidenced by the growth of that section, during the last decade, of over three thousand per cent., and the improvements now going on in that vicinity. They have also believed that the grand old Creighton Homestead would be the very centre of this desirable locality, but not until during the last few weeks could it possibly be secured. They have at last obtained it, and now place it on the market as

IRVINGTON PARK.

This superb tract is less than thirty blocks from the business centre. It is in the direct path of all great improvements. Beautiful mansions dot its entire surroundings. With electric five cent transportation, fine graded macadamized streets, beautiful shade-trees, city water, and all other desirable improvements, these lots will surely soon double and quadruple in price. The famous *Peninsula Boulevard*, one hundred feet wide, one of the finest drives on the continent, passes directly through this tract from east to west.

They have placed this addition upon the market at a price that cannot possibly be duplicated in the United States. In any other city of equal importance, similar property would sell for $300 to $500 per lot, and in Portland it is by long odds the cheapest property offered. The prices fixed upon it are $125 for inside lots, $175 for corners, except on the Boulevard, where inside lots are $150, and corners $200. From these prices a discount of ten per cent. is allowed for spot cash. All lots twenty-five by one hundred, except corner lots on Boulevard, which are thirty-two feet wide. The Boulevard lots are sold only in fours, three inside and one corner. Other inside lots sold as desired, but to get a corner at least three adjoining lots must be taken. The title to this property is perfect. A contract is given on first payment, with warranty deed and abstract on final payment.

It is a mistaken idea to think that only the rich man can make money in real estate, when such property as this can be had on such terms. Almost any man or woman can handle at least a pair of these lots. In a couple of years they will have been paid for, and so easily that you will hardly miss the money. Just think of it—only thirty-five cents a day for a pair of lots that will be worth from $1,000 to $1,500, when paid for.

Remember this is no catch-penny scheme, run by some irresponsible firm. It is a *bona fide* business affair, conducted by one of the solid, reputable firms of the West, and it is hoped that it will become a permanent advertisement of Riggen & Holbrook. Understand that, if they can distribute this property among five hundred or one thousand readers, and make them from $1,000 to $2,000 each, they will have five hundred to one thousand living, walking, enthusiastic advertisers, who will follow them into future deals.

As to Portland, those who read these pages in December know something about it. It is to-day the most prosperous city in the West, with the brightest future of any city on the coast. Her tributary country is now somewhat tied up, being blockaded with wheat, which railways, vessels, and other motive powers are powerless to handle rapidly enough, the crop of 1890 being so great. Consider this in contradistinction to the cry that comes up from the mid-west for food. Crop failures! Oregon and Washington never knew one, Portland never experienced a panic, a bank failure, or the serious embarrassment of a wholesale house.

We have pamphlets, maps, plats, circulars, and folders that tell all about these things, which will be sent free on application. But if you desire to make a small but profitable investment in something we *know* to be good, you had better remit $10, $20, or more, at once, and let us select you the best unsold lots in Irvington Park.

RIGGEN & HOLBROOK,
PORTLAND, ORE.

D. P. THOMPSON, *President.* FRANK DEKUM, *Vice-President.*
R. L. DURHAM, *Cashier.* H. C. WORTMAN, *Ass't Cashier.*

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK.

CAPITAL, $250,000. UNDIVIDED PROFITS, $170,000.

Portland, November 25, 1890.

Having done a large and constantly increasing business for many years with Riggen & Holbrook, I am warranted, from evidence of their able business management, in expressing the opinion that they are decidedly progressive, and at the same time conservative, and are a financially strong and solid firm. Further than this, from my personal acquaintance with them, I believe them to be highly honorable men, with the disposition as well as the ability to carry out to the full all agreements they may make.

R. L. DURHAM,
Cashier.

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DRAWN BY ROBERT BLUM.

THE MUSMEE.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

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